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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

(973)

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTEENTH.

CONTAINING

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.
KING LEAR.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, W. J. and J. Richardson, J. Nichols and Son, F. and C. Rivington, T. Payne R. Faulder, G and J. Robinson, W. Lowndes, G. Wilkie, J. Scatcherd, T. Egerton, J. Walker, W. Clarke and Son, J. Barker and Son, D. Ogilvy and Son, Cuthell and Martin, R. Lea, P. Macqueen, J. Nunn, Lackington, Allen and Co. T. Kay, J. Deighton, J. White, W. Miller, Vernor and Hood, D. Walker, B. Crosby and Co. Longman and Rees, Cadell and Davies, T. Hurst, J. Harding, R. H. Evans, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, Blacks and Perry, R. Hunt, J. Badcock, J. Asperne, and T. Ostell.

1803.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.*

* ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.] Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra*." It is entered by Symon Waterſon, for whom ſome of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whoſe *Cleopatra* there are ſeveral editions; and, among others, one in 1594.

In the ſame volumes, May 20, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." This is the firſt notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

Antony and Cleopatra was written, I imagine, in the year 1608. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

LLe2
VM.XVII

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæsar,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.

Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *Friends of* Antony.

Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus, } *Friends to* Cæsar.

Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius, } *Friends of* Pompey.

Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæsar.
Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to* Antony.
Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *Army.*
Euphronius, *an Ambassador from* Antony *to* Cæsar.
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, *and* Diomedes; *Attendants on* Cleopatra.
A Soothsayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Egypt.
Octavia, *Sister to* Cæsar, *and Wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras, } *Attendants on* Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersed; in several Parts of the Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's,[1]
O'erflows the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges[2] all temper;

[1] ——*of our general's,*] It has already been obſerved that this phraſeology (not, of our *general,*) was the common phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

An erroneous reference in Mr. Malone's edition, prevents me from doing complete juſtice to his remark. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*reneges*—] Renounces. POPE.

So, in *King Lear: "Renege,* affirm," &c. This word is likewiſe uſed by Stanyhurſt, in his verſion of the ſecond Book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *reneageth.*"
STEEVENS.

And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipſy's luſt.[3] Look, where they come!

[3] *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To cool a gipſy's luſt.] In this paſſage ſomething ſeems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly uſed for contrary purpoſes, were probably oppoſed by the author, who might perhaps have written:
——*is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To kindle and *to cool a gypſy's luſt.* JOHNSON.

In Lyly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is uſed both to *cool* and to kindle: "Methinks Venus and Nature ſtand with *each of them a pair of bellows*, one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my lofty affections." STEEVENS.

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakſpeare conſidered it here merely as an inſtrument of *wind*, without attending to the domeſtick uſe to which it is commonly applied. We meet with a ſimilar phraſeology in his *Venus and Adonis:*
"Then, with her *windy* ſighs, and golden hairs,
"To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, ſhe ſeeks."
The following lines in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. ix. at once ſupport and explain the text:
"But to delay the heat, left by miſchaunce
"It might breake out, and ſet the whole on fyre,
"There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
"A huge great payre of *bellowes*, which did ſtyre
"Continually, and *cooling breath* inſpyre." MALONE.

Johnſon's amendment is unneceſſary, and his reaſons for it ill founded. The bellows and the fan have the ſame effects. When applied to a fire, they increaſe it; but when applied to any other warm ſubſtance, they *cool* it. M. MASON.

——gipſy's *luſt.*] *Gipſy* is here uſed both in the original meaning for an *Ægyptian*, and in its accidental ſenſe for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

Flouriſh. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Trains*; Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The triple pillar[4] of the world transform'd
Into a ſtrumpet's fool: behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.[5]

Cleo. I'll ſet a bourn[6] how far to be belov'd.

[4] *The* triple *pillar*—] *Triple* is here uſed improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three maſters of the world. WARBURTON.

So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
" He bade me ſtore up as a *triple* eye." MALONE.

To ſuſtain *the pillars of the earth* is a ſcriptural phraſe. Thus, in Pſalm 75: " The earth and all the inhabitants thereof are diſſolved. I bear up *the pillars of it.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *There's* beggary *in the love that can be reckon'd.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" They are but beggars that can count their worth."
" *Baſia pauca cupit, qui numerare poteſt.*"
Mart. L. VI. Ep. 36.

Again, in the 13th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*; as tranſlated by Golding, p. 172:

Pauperis eſt numerare pecus.
" Tuſh! beggars of their cattel uſe the number for to know." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" I were but little happy, If I could ſay how much."
MALONE.

[6] ——*bourn*—] Bound or limit. POPE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —— one that fixes
" No *bourn* 'twixt his and mine." STEEVENS.

Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.[7]

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The ſum.[8]

Cleo. Nay, hear them,[9] Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this*;
Take in that kingdom,[1] *and enfranchiſe that*;
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's proceſs?[2] Cæſar's, I would ſay?—
Both?—
Call in the meſſengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,

[7] *Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven,* &c.] Thou muſt ſet the boundary of my love at a greater diſtance than the preſent viſible univerſe affords. Johnson.

[8] —— *The ſum.*] Be brief, *ſum* thy buſineſs in a few words. Johnson.

[9] *Nay, hear* them,] i. e. the *news*. This word, in Shakſpeare's time, was conſidered as plural. So, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: "Antonius hearing *theſe* newes," &c. Malone.

[1] *Take in* &c.] i. e. ſubdue, conquer. See Vol. IX. p. 374, n. 9; and Vol. XVI. p. 27, n. 9. Reed.

[2] *Where's Fulvia's proceſs?*]. *Proceſs* here means *ſummons*. M. Mason.

"The writers of our common lawyers ſometimes call that the *proceſs*, by which a man is called into the court and no more." Minſheu's *Dict.* 1617, in v. *Proceſſe*.—"To ſerve with proceſſe. Vide to *cite*, to *ſummon*." *Ibid.* Malone.

Thou bluſheſt, Antony: and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager: elſe ſo thy cheek pays ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds.—The meſſen-
gers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall![3] Here is my ſpace;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair,
[*Embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet,[4]
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—

[3] ——*and the wide arch*
Of the rang'd *empire fall!*] Taken from the Roman cuſtom of raiſing triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. Warburton.

I am in doubt whether Shakſpeare had any idea but of a fabrick ſtanding on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raiſed* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was firſt given.
Johnson.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Coriolanus*:

" —— bury all which yet diſtinctly *ranges*,
" In heaps and piles of ruin."

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. ii: " Whatſoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine."
Steevens.

The term *range* ſeems to have been applied, in a peculiar ſenſe, to maſon-work, in our author's time. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. ix:

" It was a vault y-built for great diſpence,
" With many *raunges* rear'd along the wall." Malone.

What, in ancient maſons' or bricklayers' work, was denominated a *range*, is now called a *courſe*. Steevens.

[4] ——*to weet,*] To know. Pope.

I'll ſeem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.[5]—
Now, for the love of Love, and her ſoft hours,[6]
Let's not confound the time[7] with conference harſh:
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: What ſport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes,[8] to chide, to laugh,

[5] ——*Antony*
Will be himſelf.
Ant. *But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.*] *But,* in this paſſage, ſeems to have the old Saxon ſignification of *without, unleſs, except. Antony,* ſays the queen, *will recollect his thoughts.* Unleſs *kept,* he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra.* JOHNSON.

What could Cleopatra mean by ſaying *Antony will recollect his thoughts?* What thoughts were they, for the recollection of which ſhe was to applaud him? It was not for her purpoſe that he ſhould think, or rouſe himſelf from the lethargy in which ſhe wiſhed to keep him. By *Antony will be himſelf,* ſhe means to ſay, "that Antony will act like the joint ſovereign of the world, and follow his own inclinations, without regard to the mandates of Cæſar, or the anger of Fulvia." To which he replies, *If but ſtirr'd by Cleopatra*; that is, if moved to it in the ſlighteſt degree by her. M. MASON.

[6] *Now, for the love of Love, and* her *ſoft hours,*] For the love of Love, means, for the ſake of the queen of love. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Let *Love,* being light, be drowned if *ſhe* ſink."

Mr. Rowe ſubſtituted *his* for *her,* and this unjuſtifiable alteration was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[7] *Let's not* confound *the time*—] i. e. let us not conſume the time. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"How could'ſt thou in a mile *confound* an hour,
"And bring thy news ſo late?" MALONE.

Whom every thing becomes,]

"Quicquid enim dicit, ſeu facit, omne decet."
Marullus, Lib. II. STEEVENS.

To weep;[9] whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives[1]
To make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No meſſenger; but thine and all alone,[2]
To-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets,[3] and note

[9] *Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,*
To weep;] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet:
" Whence haſt thou this *becoming* of things ill,
" That in the very refuſe of thy deeds
" There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
" That in my mind thy worſt all beſt exceeds?"
MALONE.

[1] ——whoſe *every paſſion fully ſtrives*—] The folio reads—*who*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe; but " *whoſe every* paſſion" was not, I ſuſpect, the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. The text however is undoubtedly corrupt. MALONE.

Whoſe every, is an undoubted phraſe of our author. So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" A ſpace, *whoſe every* cubit
" Seems to cry out," &c.
See Vol. IV. p. 74. Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act I. ſc. vii:
" ——this hand, whoſe touch,
" *Whoſe every* touch" &c.
The ſame expreſſion occurs again in another play, but I have loſt my reference to it. STEEVENS.

[2] *No meſſenger; but thine and all alone*, &c.] Cleopatra has ſaid, " Call in the meſſengers;" and afterwards, " Hear the ambaſſadors." Talk not to me, ſays Antony, of meſſengers; I am now wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the ſtreets. The ſubſequent words which he utters as he goes out, " Speak not to us," confirm this interpretation. MALONE.

[3] *To-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets*, &c.] So, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *The Life of Antonius*:—" —Sometime alſo when he would goe up and downe the citie diſguiſed like a ſlave in the night, and would peere into poore mens' windowes and their ſhops, and ſcold and brawl with them within the houſe; Cleopatra would be alſo in a chamber maides array, and amble up and down the ſtreets with him," &c.
STEEVENS.

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Laſt night you did deſire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEOP. *with their Train.*

Dem. Is Cæſar with Antonius priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phi. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full ſorry,
That he approves the common liar,[4] who
Thus ſpeaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Sooth-ſayer.[5]

Char. Lord Alexas, ſweet Alexas, moſt any thing, Alexas, almoſt moſt abſolute Alexas, where's the

[4] *That he* approves *the common liar,*] Fame. That he *proves* the common liar, fame, in his caſe to be a true reporter.
MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet:*
"He may *approve* our eyes, and ſpeak to it."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothſayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprius,* a Soothſayer, *Rannius, Lucilius,* Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias,* as his author for ſome of the ſtories he relates of the profuſeneſs and luxury of Antony's entertainments at Alexandria. Shakſpeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every inci-

ſoothſayer that you praiſed ſo to the queen? O, that I knew this huſband, which, you ſay, muſt change his horns with garlands![6]

dent and every perſonage he met with in his hiſtorian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lamprias* is entirely overlooked, together with the others whoſe names we find in this ſtage-direction.

It is not impoſſible, indeed, that *Lamprius, Rannius, Lucilius*, &c. might have been ſpeakers in this ſcene as it was firſt written down by Shakſpeare, who afterwards thought proper to omit their ſpeeches, though at the ſame time he forgot to eraſe their names as originally announced at their collective entrance. STEEVENS.

[6] ——change *his horns with garlands!*] This is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:—*muſt* charge *his horns with garlands*, i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his *garlands*. I am in doubt whether to *change* is not merely to *dreſs*, or *to dreſs with changes of* garlands. JOHNSON.

So, Taylor, the water-poet, deſcribing the habit of a coachman: "—with a cloak of ſome pyed colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes, in the time of Shakſpeare, ſignified *variety* of them. Coriolanus ſays that he has received "*change* of honours" from the Patricians. Act II. ſc. i.

That to *change with*, "applied to two things, one of which is to be put in the place of the other," is the language of Shakſpeare, Mr. Malone might have learned from the following paſſage in *Cymbeline*, Act I. ſc. vi. i. e. the Queen's ſpeech to Piſanio:

"——— to ſhift his being,
"Is to *exchange* one miſery *with* another."

Again, in the 4th Book of Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, v. 892:

"——where thou might'ſt hope to *change*
"Torment *with* eaſe." STEEVENS.

I once thought that theſe two words might have been often confounded, by their being both abbreviated, and written *chge*. But an *n*, as the Biſhop of Dromore obſerves to me, was ſometimes omitted both in MS. and print, and the omiſſion thus marked, but an *r* never. This therefore might account for a compoſitor inadvertently printing *charge* inſtead of *change*, but

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

not *change* inſtead of *charge*; which word was never abbreviated. I alſo doubted the phraſeology—*change* with, and do not at preſent recollect any example of it in Shakſpeare's plays or in his time; whilſt in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have the modern phraſeology—change *for*:

"To *change* true rules *for* odd inventions."

But a careful reviſion of theſe plays has taught me to place no confidence in ſuch obſervations; for from ſome book or other of the age, I have no doubt almoſt every combination of words that may be found in our author, however uncouth it may appear to our ears, or however different from modern phraſeology, will at ſome time or other be juſtified. In the preſent edition, many which were conſidered as undoubtedly corrupt, have been incontrovertibly ſupported.

Still, however, I think that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, becauſe it affords a clear ſenſe; whilſt, on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none: for ſuppoſing *change with* to mean *exchange for*, what idea is conveyed by this paſſage? and what other ſenſe can theſe words bear? The ſubſtantive *change* being formerly uſed to ſignify *variety*, (as *change* of clothes, of honours, &c.) proves nothing: *change of clothes* or *linen* neceſſarily imports more than one; but the thing ſought for is the meaning of the *verb* to *change*, and no proof is produced to ſhow that it ſignified to *dreſs*; or that it had any other meaning than to *exchange*.

Charmian is talking of her *future* huſband, who certainly could not change his horns, *at preſent*, for garlands, or any thing elſe, having not yet obtained them; nor could ſhe mean, that when he did get them, he ſhould *change* or part with them, for garlands: but he might *charge* his horns, when he ſhould marry Charmian, with garlands: for having once got them, ſhe intended, we may ſuppoſe, that he ſhould wear them *contentedly* for life. Horns *charged with garlands* is an expreſſion of a ſimilar import with one which is found in *Characteriſmi*, or *Lenton's Leaſures*, 8vo. 1631. In the deſcription of a contented cuckold, he is ſaid to "hold his *velvet horns* as high as the beſt of them."

Let it alſo be remembered that *garlands* are uſually wreathed round the *head*; a circumſtance which adds great ſupport to the emendation now made. So, Sidney:

"A *garland* made, on *temples* for to wear."

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, ſir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough, Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good ſir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

It is obſervable that the ſame miſtake as this happened in *Coriolanus*, where the ſame correction was made by Dr. Warburton, and adopted by all the ſubſequent editors:

"And yet to *charge* thy ſulphur with a bolt,
"That ſhould but rive an oak."

The old copy there, as here, has *change*. Since this note was written, I have met with an example of the phraſe—*to change with*, in Lyly's *Maydes Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

"The ſweetneſs of that banquet muſt forego,
"Whoſe pleaſant taſte is *chang'd with* bitter woe."

I am ſtill, however, of opinion that *charge*, and not *change*, is the true reading, for the reaſons aſſigned in my original note. Malone.

"To change his horns *with* [i. e. for] garlands," ſignifies, to be a triumphant cuckold; a cuckold who will conſider his ſtate as an honourable one. Thus, ſays Benedick, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "There is no ſtaff more honourable than one tipt with *horn*."—We are not to look for ſerious argument in ſuch a "ſkipping dialogue" as that before us. Steevens.

Alex. Vex not his preſcience; be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Spoth. You ſhall be more beloving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver[7] with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty,[8] to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:[9] find me

[7] *I had rather heat my liver* &c.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"And let my *liver* rather *heat* with wine." Steevens.

To know why the lady is ſo averſe from *heating* her *liver*, it muſt be remembered, that a heated liver is ſuppoſed to make a pimpled face. Johnson.

The following paſſage in an ancient ſatirical poem, entitled *Notes from Blackfryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnſon's obſervation:

"He'll not approach a taverne, no nor drink ye,
"To ſave his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?
"For heating's liver; which ſome may ſuppoſe
"Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his noſe.*" Malone.

The *liver* was conſidered as the ſeat of deſire. In anſwer to the Soothſayer, who tells her ſhe ſhall be very loving, ſhe ſays, "She had rather heat her liver by drinking, if it was to be heated." M. Mason.

[8] —— *let me have a child at fifty,*] This is one of Shakſpeare's natural touches. Few circumſtances are more flattering to the fair ſex, than breeding at an advanced period of life. Steevens.

[9] —— *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:*] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea: but I believe there is an alluſion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expreſſion founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the perſonages in the myſteries of our early ſtage, on which he was conſtantly repreſented as a fierce, haughty, bluſtering tyrant, ſo that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expreſſive of turbulence

to marry me with Octavius Cæſar, and companion me with my miſtreſs.

Sooth. You ſhall outlive the lady whom you ſerve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.[1]

Sooth. You have ſeen and proved a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names:[2] Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

and rage. Thus, Hamlet ſays of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods Herod.*" And, in this tragedy, Alexas tells Cleopatra, that "not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when ſhe is angry;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod.* According to this explanation, the ſenſe of the preſent paſſage will be—Charmian wiſhes for a ſon who may arrive at ſuch power and dominion that the proudeſt and fierceſt monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. Steevens.

[1] ——*I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. Steevens.

[2] *Then, belike, my children ſhall* have no names:] If I have already had the beſt of my fortune, then I ſuppoſe *I ſhall never name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?*
Johnson.

A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her anſwer then implies, that belike all her children will be baſtards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus ſays Launce, in the third Act of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "That's as much as to ſay *baſtard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*"
Steevens.

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation:
"Thy iſſue blurr'd with *nameleſs baſtardy.*" Malone.

Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertile every wiſh, a million.[3]

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.[4]

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

[3] *If every of your wiſhes had a womb,*
And fertile *every wiſh, a million.*] For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold*. *Foretel* favours the emendation of Dr. Warburton, which is made with great acuteneſs; yet the original reading may, I think, ſtand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wiſhes, and* I ſhould *foretel all thoſe wiſhes, I ſhould foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipſis very frequent in converſation; *I ſhould ſhame you, and tell all*; that is, *and if I ſhould* tell all. *And is* for *and if*, which was anciently, and is ſtill provincially, uſed for *if*.
JOHNSON.

If every one of your wiſhes, ſays the Soothſayer, had a womb, and each womb-inveſted wiſh were likewiſe *fertile*, you then would have a million of children. The merely ſuppoſing each of her wiſhes to have a womb, would not warrant the Soothſayer to pronounce that ſhe ſhould have *any* children, much leſs a million; for, like Calphurnia, each of theſe wombs might be ſubject to "the ſterile curſe." The word *fertile*, therefore, is abſolutely requiſite to the ſenſe.

In the inſtance given by Dr. Johnſon, "I ſhould ſhame you and tell all," *I* occurs in the former part of the ſentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no perſonal pronoun has been introduced. MALONE.

The epithet *fertile* is applied to womb, in *Timon of Athens:*
"Enſear thy *fertile* and conceptious womb."
I have received Dr. Warburton's moſt happy emendation.

The reader who wiſhes for more inſtruction on this ſubject, may conſult Goulart's *Admirable Hiſtories*, &c. 4to. 1607, p. 222, where we are told of a Sicilian woman who "was ſo *fertill*, as at thirty birthes ſhee had ſeaventie three children."
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *I forgive thee for a witch.*] From a common proverbial reproach to ſilly ignorant females: "You'll never be burnt for a witch." STEEVENS.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes, to-night, ſhall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſooth-ſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſtication,[5] I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chooſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune,[6] his fortune.—O, let

[5] *Nay, if an oily* palm *be not a fruitful prognoſtication,* &c.] So, in *Othello:*

" ——This *hand* is *moiſt,* my lady:—
" This argues *fruitfulneſs* and liberal heart." Malone.

Antonio, in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian,* has the ſame remark:

" I have a *moiſt, ſweaty palm*; the more's my ſin."
Steevens.

[6] *Alexas,—come, his fortune,*] [In the old copy, the name of *Alexas* is prefixed to this ſpeech.]

Whoſe fortune does Alexas call out to have told? But, in ſhort, this I dare pronounce to be ſo palpable and ſignal a tranſpoſition, that I cannot but wonder it ſhould have ſlipt the obſervation of all the editors; eſpecially of the ſagacious Mr. Pope,

him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet Iſis, I beſeech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worſe! and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Iſis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Iſis, I beſeech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wived, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Iſis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Huſh! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

who has made this declaration, *That if, throughout the plays, had all the* ſpeeches *been printed without the very* names *of the perſons, he* believes *one might have applied them* with certainty *to every ſpeaker.* But in how many inſtances has Mr. Pope's want of judgment falſified this opinion? The fact is evidently this: Alexas brings a fortune-teller to Iras and Charmian, and ſays himſelf, *We'll know all our fortunes.* Well; the Soothſayer begins with the women; and ſome jokes paſs upon the ſubject of huſbands and chaſtity: after which, the women hoping for the ſatisfaction of having ſomething to laugh at in Alexas's fortune, call him to hold out his hand, and wiſh heartily that he may have the prognoſtication of cuckoldom upon him. The whole ſpeech, therefore, muſt be placed to Charmian. There needs no ſtronger proof of this being a true correction, than the obſervation which Alexas immediately ſubjoins on their wiſhes and zeal to hear him abuſed. Theobald.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

CLEO. Saw you my lord?[7]

ENO. No, lady.

CLEO. Was he not here?

CHAR. No, madam.

CLEO. He was diſpos'd to mirth; but on the ſudden
A Roman thought hath ſtruck him.—Enobarbus,—

ENO. Madam.

CLEO. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

ALEX. Here, madam,[8] at your ſervice.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a* Meſſenger *and* Attendants.

CLEO. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothſayer, *and* Attendants.

MESS. Fulvia thy wife firſt came into the field.

ANT. Againſt my brother Lucius?

MESS. Ay:
But ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate

[7] Saw *you my lord?*] Old copy—*Save* you. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. *Saw* was formerly written *ſawe*. MALONE.

[8] *Here,* madam,] The reſpect due from Alexas to his miſtreſs, in my opinion, points out the title—*Madam,* (which is wanting in the old copy,) as a proper cure for the preſent defect in metre. STEEVENS.

Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt Cæſar;
Whoſe better iſſue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.[9]

Ant. Well,
What worſt?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus
(This is ſtiff news[1]) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Aſia from Euphrates;[2]

[9] ——drave *them.*] *Drave* is the ancient preterite of the verb, to *drive,* and frequently occurs in the Bible. Thus, in *Joſhua,* xxiv. 12: "—and *drave* them out from before you." Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 24th *Iliad:*

"——to chariot he aroſe,
"*Drave* forth,—." Steevens.

[1] (*This is* ſtiff *news*)] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Fearing ſome *hard* news from the warlike band."
Malone.

[2] *Extended Aſia from Euphrates;*] i. e. widened or extended the bounds of the Leſſer Aſia. Warburton.

To *extend,* is a term uſed for to *ſeize;* I know not whether this be not the ſenſe here. Johnson.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's explanation is right. So, in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks,* 1594:

"Ay, though on all the world we *make extent,*
"From the ſouth pole unto the northern bear."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night:*

"——this uncivil and unjuſt *extent*
"Againſt thy peace."

Again, in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts,* the Extortioner ſays:

"This manor is *extended* to my uſe."

Mr. Tollet has likewiſe no doubt but that Dr. Johnſon's ex-

His conquering banner ſhook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilſt——

Ant. Antony, thou would'ſt ſay,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe; and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie ſtill;[3] and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

planation is juſt; "for (ſays he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Aſia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia." To *extend* is a law term uſed for to ſeize lands and tenements. In ſupport of his aſſertion he adds the following inſtance: "Thoſe waſteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be ſeized." Savile's tranſlation of *Tacitus*, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth. And then obſerves, that "Shakſpeare knew the legal ſignification of the term, as appears from a paſſage in *As you like it*:

"And let my officers of ſuch a nature
"Make an *extent* upon his houſe and lands."

See Vol. VIII. p. 82, n. 6.

Our ancient Engliſh writers almoſt always give us Euphrātes inſtead of Euphrātes.

Thus, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 21:

"That gliding go in ſtate, like ſwelling Euphrātes."

See note on *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[3] *When our quick* winds *lie ſtill*;] The ſenſe is, that man, not agitated by cenſure, like ſoil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good. Johnson.

An idea, ſomewhat ſimilar, occurs alſo in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV*: "—the cankers of a *calm world* and a *long peace*." Again, in *The Puritan*: "—hatched and nourished in the *idle calms* of peace."

Mess. At your noble pleaſure. [*Exit.*

Again, and yet more appoſitely, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" For what doth *cheriſh weeds*, but *gentle air?*"

Dr. Warburton has propoſed to read—*minds.* It is at leaſt a conjecture that deſerves to be mentioned.

Dr. Johnſon, however, might, in ſome degree, have countenanced his explanation by a ſingular epithet, that occurs twice in the *Iliad*—ἀνεμοτρεφὲς; literally, *wind-nouriſhed.* In the firſt inſtance, L. XI. 256, it is applied to the tree of which a ſpear had been made; in the ſecond, L. XV. 625, to a wave, impelled upon a ſhip. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, ſome provincial word, ſignifying either *arable lands,* or the *inſtruments of husbandry* uſed in tilling them. *Earing* ſignifies *plowing* both here and in page 48. So, in *Geneſis,* c. xlv: " Yet there are five years, in the which there ſhall neither be *earing* nor harveſt." BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may ſweeten during their fallow ſtate, are ſtill called *wind*-rows. *Quick winds,* I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *teeming fallows*; for ſuch *fallows* are always *fruitful* in *weeds.*

Wind-rows likewiſe ſignify heaps of manure, conſiſting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and diſtributed in long rows under hedges. If theſe *wind-rows* are ſuffered to *lie ſtill,* in two ſenſes, the farmer muſt fare the worſe for his want of activity. Firſt, if this compoſt be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* ſpontaneouſly; ſecondly, if it be ſuffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of uſeleſs and obnoxious herbage. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's deſcription of *wind-rows* will gain him, I fear, but little reputation with the huſbandman; nor, were it more accurate, does it appear to be in point, unleſs it can be ſhown that *quick winds* and *wind-rows* are ſynonymous; and, further, that his interpretation will ſuit with the context. Dr. Johnſon hath conſidered the poſition as a general one, which indeed it is; but being made by Antony, and applied to himſelf, *he,* figuratively, is the *idle ſoil*; the MALICE that *ſpeaks home,* the *quick,* or cutting *winds,* whoſe froſty blaſts deſtroy the proſuſion of weeds; whilſt our ILLS (that is *the* TRUTH faithfully) *told us*; a repreſentation of our vices in their naked odiouſneſs—*is as our*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

EARING; ſerves to plough up the neglected ſoil, and enable it to produce a profitable crop.

When the *quick winds lie ſtill*, that is, *in a mild winter*, thoſe weeds which "the tyrannous breathings of the north" would have cut off, will continue to grow and ſeed, to the no ſmall detriment of the crop to follow. HENLEY.

Whether my definition of *winds* or *wind-rows* be exact or erroneous, in juſtice to myſelf I muſt inform Mr. Henley, that I received it from an Eſſex farmer; obſerving, at the ſame time, that in different counties the ſame terms are differently applied. STEEVENS.

The words *lie ſtill* are oppoſed to *earing*; *quick* means pregnant; and the ſenſe of the paſſage is: "When our pregnant *minds* lie idle and untilled, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them." The pronoun *our* before *quick*, ſhows that the ſubſtantive to which it refers muſt be ſomething belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick* winds lying *ſtill*, is little better than nonſenſe. M. MASON.

The words—*lie ſtill*, appear to have been technically uſed by thoſe who borrow their metaphors from huſbandry. Thus Aſcham, in his *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 32: "—as a grounde which is apt for corne, &c. if a man let it *lye ſtill*, &c. if it be wheate it will turne into rye." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon thus explains the old reading:

"The ſenſe is, that man, not agitated by cenſure, like ſoil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good." This certainly is true of *ſoil*, but where did Dr. Johnſon find the word *ſoil* in this paſſage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to ſubſtitute *ſoil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, ſuppoſes *winds* to mean *fallows*, becauſe "the ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind*-rows;" though ſurely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows expoſed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown graſs laid in heaps to dry, are alſo called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, [*minds*,] and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnſon's note we ſubſtitute, *not cultivated*, inſtead of—"*not ventilated by quick winds*," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited. Our *quick* minds, means

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there ſuch an one?

2 *Att.* He ſtays upon your will.[4]

Ant. Let him appear,—
Theſe ſtrong Egyptian fetters I muſt break,

Enter another Meſſenger.

Or loſe myſelf in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died ſhe?

our lively, apprehenſive minds. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "It aſcends me into *the brain*;—makes it apprehenſive, *quick*, forgetive."

Again, in this play: "The *quick* comedians," &c.

It is, however, proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation: "While the active principle within us lies immerged in ſloth and luxury, we bring forth vices, inſtead of virtues, weeds inſtead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honeſtly, is, as it were, the firſt culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harveſt."

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I ſhould not have done it in this inſtance, but that the word *winds*, in the only ſenſe in which it has yet been proved to be uſed, affords no meaning; and I had the leſs ſcruple on the preſent occaſion, becauſe the ſame error is found in *King John*, Act V. ſc. vii. where we have, in the only authentick copy:

"Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
"Leaves them inviſible; and his ſiege is now
"Againſt the *wind*." Malone.

The obſervations of ſix commentators are here exhibited. To offer an additional line on this ſubject, (as the Meſſenger ſays to Lady Macduff,) "were fell cruelty" to the reader.

Steevens.

[4] *He ſtays upon your will.*] We meet with a ſimilar phraſe in *Macbeth*:

"Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay *upon* your leiſure."

Steevens.

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears.
[*Gives a Letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.—
[*Exit* Meſſenger.
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again;[5] the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf:[6] ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back,[7] that ſhov'd her on.

[5] *We wiſh it ours again.*] Thus, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II:
"We mone that loſt which had we did bemone."
STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *the preſent pleaſure*
By revolution lowering, *does become*
The oppoſite *of itſelf*:] The alluſion is to the ſun's diurnal courſe; which riſing in the *eaſt*, and by *revolution lowering*, or ſetting in the *weſt*, becomes *the oppoſite of itſelf*.
WARBURTON.

This is an obſcure paſſage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is ſuch, that I can add nothing to it; yet, perhaps, Shakſpeare, who was leſs learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleaſures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNSON.

I rather underſtand the paſſage thus: *What we often caſt from us in contempt we wiſh again for, and what is at preſent our greateſt pleaſure, lowers in our eſtimation by the revolution of time*; or *by a frequent return of poſſeſſion becomes undeſirable and diſagreeable*. TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumſtances. This ſenſe appears to remove every difficulty from the paſſage.—*The pleaſure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumſtances, often loſes all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain*. STEEVENS.

[7] *The hand* could *pluck her back*, &c.] The verb *could* has a peculiar ſignification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The ſenſe is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again*. HEATH.

I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

ENO. What's your pleaſure, ſir?

ANT. I muſt with haſte from hence.

ENO. Why, then, we kill all our women: We ſee how mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

ANT. I muſt be gone.

ENO. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die: It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment:[8] I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

ANT. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

ENO. Alack, ſir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears;[9] they

Could, would, and *ſhould,* are a thouſand times indiſcriminately uſed in the old plays, and yet appear to have been ſo employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*poorer moment:*] For leſs reaſon; upon meaner motives. JOHNSON.

[9] *We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears;*] I once idly ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote—"We cannot call her ſighs and tears, winds and waters;"—which is certainly the phraſeology we ſhould now uſe. I mention ſuch idle conjec-

are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. O, ſir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bleſſed withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, ſir, give the gods a thankful ſacrifice. When it pleaſeth their deities to take the wife of a

tures, however plauſible, only to put all future commentators on their guard againſt ſuſpecting a paſſage to be corrupt, becauſe the diction is different from that of the preſent day. The arrangement of the text was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare, and probably of his time. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"——You muſt be well contented,
"To make *your houſe our Tower*."

We ſhould certainly now write—to make our Tower your houſe.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"What good condition can a treaty find,
"I' the part that is at mercy?"

i. e. how can the party that is at mercy or in the power of another, expect to obtain in a treaty terms favourable to them?—See alſo a ſimilar inverſion in Vol. VII. p. 297, n. 7.

The paſſage, however, may be underſtood without any inverſion. "We cannot call the clamorous heavings of her breaſt, and the copious ſtreams which flow from her eyes, by the ordinary name of ſighs and tears; they are greater ſtorms," &c.

Malone.

Dr. Young has ſeriouſly employed this image, though ſuggeſted as a ridiculous one by Enobarbus:

"*Sighs* there are *tempeſts* here,"

ſays Carlos to Leonora, in *The Revenge*. Steevens.

man from him, it ſhows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein,[1] that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe to be lamented: this grief is crowned with conſolation; your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion,[2] that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the ſtate,
Cannot endure my abſence.

[1] ——*it ſhows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein,* &c.] I have printed this after the original, which, though harſh and obſcure, I know not how to amend. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—They ſhow *to man the tailors of the earth; comforting* him therein, &c. I think the paſſage, with ſomewhat leſs alteration, for alteration is always dangerous, may ſtand thus—*It ſhows to* men *the tailors of the earth, comforting* them, &c. Johnson.

The meaning is this—*As the gods have been pleaſed to take away your wife Fulvia, ſo they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.* Anonymous.

When the deities are pleaſed to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to ſupply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, ſupplies him with another. Malone.

[2] ——*the tears live in an onion,* &c.] So, in *The Noble Soldier,* 1634: "So much water as you might ſqueeze out of *an onion* had been tears enough," &c. i. e. your ſorrow ſhould be a forced one. In another ſcene of this play we have *onion-eyed*; and, in *The Taming of a Shrew,* the Lord ſays:

"——If the boy have not a woman's gift
"To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
"An *onion* will do well."

Again, in Hall's *Vigidemiarum,* Lib. VI:

"Some ſtrong-ſmeld *onion* ſhall ſtirre his eyes
"Rather than no ſalt tears ſhall then ariſe." Steevens.

Eno. And the buſineſs you have broached here cannot be without you; eſpecially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience[3] to the queen,
And get her love to part.[4] For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,[5]

[3] *The cauſe of our* expedience—] *Expedience* for expedition. Warburton.

See Vol. VIII. p. 82, n. 7. Reed.

[4] *And get her* love *to part.*] I have no doubt but we ſhould read *leave*, inſtead of *love*. So afterwards:

"Would ſhe had never given you *leave* to come!"

M. Mason.

The old reading may mean—*And prevail on her love to conſent to our ſeparation*. Steevens.

I ſuſpect the author wrote:

And get her leave *to part.*

The greater part of the ſucceeding ſcene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permiſſion to depart, and in vows of everlaſting conſtancy, not in perſuading her to forget him, or love him no longer:

"————I go from hence,
"Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
"As thou affect'ſt."

I have lately obſerved that this emendation had been made by Mr. Pope.—If the old copy be right, the words muſt mean, I will get her love to permit and endure our ſeparation. But the word *get* connects much more naturally with the word *leave* than with *love*.

The ſame error [as I have ſince obſerved] has happened in *Titus Andronicus*, and therefore I have no longer any doubt that *leave* was Shakſpeare's word. In that play we find:

"He *loves* his pledges dearer than his life,"

inſtead of—He *leaves*, &c. Malone.

[5] ——*more urgent touches,*] Things that touch me more ſenſibly, more preſſing motives. Johnson.

So, Imogen ſays in *Cymbeline*:

"——a *touch* more rare
"Subdues all pangs, all fears." M. Mason.

Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home:[6] Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæſar, and commands
The empire of the ſea: our ſlippery people
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt,) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his ſon; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier: whoſe quality, going on,
The ſides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courſer's hair,[7] hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.[8]

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Petition us at home:*] Wiſh us at home; call for us to reſide at home. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*the courſer's hair,* &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horſe dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

So, in Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 224: "—A *horſe-haire* laid in a pale full of the like water will in a ſhort time ſtirre and become a living creature. But ſith the certaintie of theſe things is rather proved by few," &c.

Again, in Churchyard's *Diſcourſe of Rebellion* &c. 1570:

"Hit is of kinde much worſſe then *horſes heare*
"That lyes in donge, where on vyle *ſerpents* brede."

STEEVENS.

Dr. Liſter, in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, ſhowed that what were vulgarly called animated horſe-hairs, are real inſects. It was alſo affirmed, that they moved like ſerpents, and were poiſonous to ſwallow. TOLLET.

[8] ——*Say, our pleaſure,*
To ſuch whoſe place is *under us, requires*
Our quick remove from hence.] Say to thoſe whoſe place

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Where is he?[9]

CHAR. I did not ſee him ſince.

CLEO. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not ſend you;[1]—If you find him ſad,

is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleaſure requires us to remove in haſte from hence. The old copy has—"whoſe *places* under us," and "*require*." The correction, which is certainly right, was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

I ſhould read the paſſage thus:

——*Say our pleaſure*
To ſuch who've *places under us, requires*
Our quick remove &c.

The amendment is as slight as that adopted by the editor, and makes the ſenſe more clear. M. MASON.

I concur with Mr. Malone. Before I had ſeen his note, I had explained theſe words exactly in the ſame manner.

I learn, from an ancient *Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Houſehold*, &c. publiſhed by the Society of Antiquaries, 1790, that it was the office of "Gentlemen Uſhers to give the whole houſe warning upon a remove." STEEVENS.

[9] *Where is he?*] The preſent defect of metre might be ſupplied, by reading:

Where is he now?

So, in *Macbeth*: "The thane of Fife had a wife; where is ſhe *now?*" STEEVENS.

[1] ——*I did not ſend you*;] You muſt go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"We met by chance; you did not find me here." MALONE.

Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick: Quick, and return.
[*Exit* ALEX.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too far: I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.[2]

Ant. Now, my deareſt queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, ſtand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

[2] —— *the ſides of nature*
Will not ſuſtain it.] So, in *Twelfth-Night*:
"There is no woman's *ſides*
"Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion."
STEEVENS.

Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods beſt know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the firſt,
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in ſwearing ſhake the throned gods,[3]
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? Riotous madneſs,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliſs in our brows' bent;[4] none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heaven:[5] They are ſo ſtill,

[3] *Though you in ſwearing ſhake the throned gods,*] So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"Although, I know, you'll ſwear, terribly ſwear,
"Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heavenly agues,
"The immortal gods that hear you." Steevens.

[4] ——*in our* brows' bent;] i. e. in the arch of our eyebrows. So, in *King John:*

"Why do you *bend* ſuch ſolemn *brows* on me?"
Steevens.

[5] ——*a race of heaven:*] i. e. had a ſmack or flavour of heaven. Warburton.

Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a while; but my full heart
Remains in uſe[6] with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil ſwords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domeſtick powers
Breeds ſcrupulous faction: The hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'd
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,[7]
Is Fulvia's death.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taſte of the ſoil. Sir T. Hanmer, not underſtanding the word, reads, *ray*. See Vol. IV. p. 41, n. 1. Johnson.

I am not ſure that the poet did not mean, was of *heavenly origin*. Malone.

[6] *Remains in uſe*—] The poet ſeems to allude to the legal diſtinction between the *uſe* and *abſolute poſſeſſion*. Johnson.

The ſame phraſe has already occurred in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I am content, ſo he will let me have
"The other half *in uſe*,—." Steevens.

[7] ——*ſhould* ſafe *my going*,] i. e. ſhould render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any miſchief to you. Mr.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs:—Can Fulvia die?[8]

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy ſovereign leiſure, read
The garboils ſhe awak'd;[9] at the laſt, beſt:[1]

Theobald, inſtead of *ſafe*, the reading of the old copy, unneceſſarily reads *ſalve*. Malone.

——*ſafe* my going, is the true reading. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene, a ſoldier ſays to Enobarbus:

"——Beſt you *ſafed* the bringer
"Out of the hoſt." Steevens.

[8] *It does from childiſhneſs:—Can Fulvia die?*] That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reaſon to doubt; the meaning therefore of her queſtion ſeems to be: *Will there ever be an end of your excuſes? As often as you want to leave me, will not ſome Fulvia, ſome new pretext be found for your departure?* She has already ſaid that though age could not exempt her from follies, at leaſt it frees her from a childiſh belief in all he ſays. Steevens.

I am inclined to think, that Cleopatra means no more than—Is it poſſible that Fulvia ſhould die? I will not believe it. Ritson.

Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not ſo childiſh, as to have apprehenſions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed? Such, I think, is the meaning. Malone.

[9] *The* garboils *ſhe awak'd*;] i. e. the commotion ſhe occaſioned. The word is uſed by Heywood, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

"——thou Tarquin, doſt alone ſurvive,
"The head of all thoſe *garboiles*."

Again, by Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation of the firſt Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:

"Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt and martial horror."

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607: "Days of mourning by continuall *garboiles* were, however, numbered and encreaſed." The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly, great ſtir*." Steevens.

See, when, and where ſhe died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water?[2] Now I ſee, I ſee,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd ſhall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give the advice: Now, by the fire,[3]
That quickens Nilus' ſlime, I go from hence,
Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:

In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 8vo. 1604, *garboile* is explained by the word *hurlyburly*. Malone.

[1] ——*at the laſt, beſt:*] This conjugal tribute to the memory of Fulvia, may be illuſtrated by Malcolm's eulogium on the thane of Cawdor:

"——nothing in his life
"Became him, like the leaving it." Steevens.

[2] *O moſt falſe love!*
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water?] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans ſometimes put into the urn of a friend. Johnson.

So, in the firſt Act of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, ſaid to be written by Fletcher, in conjunction with Shakſpeare:

"Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
"*Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*" Steevens.

[3] ——*Now, by the fire*, &c.] Some word, in the old copies, being here wanting to the metre, I have not ſcrupled to inſert the adverb—*Now*, on the authority of the following paſſage in *King John*, as well as on that of many others in the different pieces of our author:

"*Now*, by the ſky that hangs above our heads,
"I like it well:—." Steevens.

So Antony loves.[4]

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
Belong to Egypt:[5] Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my ſword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the beſt: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman[6] does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I muſt part,—but that's not it:

[4] *So Antony loves.*] i. e. uncertain as the ſtate of my health is the love of Antony. Steevens.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right; yet before I read his note, I thought the meaning to be,—"My fears quickly render me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me." *So*, for *ſo that*. If this be the true ſenſe of the paſſage, it ought to be regulated thus:

I am quickly ill,—and well again,
So Antony loves.

Thus, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"——I would, thou didſt;
"*So* half my Egypt were ſubmerg'd." Malone.

[5] ——*to Egypt*:] To me, the Queen of Egypt. Johnson.

[6] ——Herculean *Roman*—] Antony traced his deſcent from *Anton*, a ſon of *Hercules*. Steevens.

Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.[7]

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.[8]

[7] *O, my oblivion is a very Antony,*
And I am all forgotten.] Cleopatra has ſomething to ſay, which ſeems to be ſuppreſſed by ſorrow; and after many attempts to produce her meaning, ſhe cries out: *O, this oblivious memory of mine is as falſe and treacherous to me as Antony is, and I forget every thing. Oblivion,* I believe, is boldly uſed *for a memory apt to be deceitful.*

If too much latitude be taken in this explanation, we might with little violence read, as Mr. Edwards has propoſed in his MS. notes:

Oh me! *oblivion is a very Antony*, &c. Steevens.

Perhaps nothing more is neceſſary here than a change of punctuation; *O my!* being ſtill an exclamation frequently uſed in the Weſt of England. Henley.

Oh my! in the provincial ſenſe of it, is only an imperfect exclamation of—*Oh my* God! The decent exclaimer always ſtops before the ſacred name is pronounced. Could ſuch an exclamation therefore have been uttered by the Pagan Cleopatra?

Steevens.

• The ſenſe of the paſſage appears to me to be this: "O, my oblivion, as if it were another Antony, poſſeſſes me ſo entirely, that I quite forget myſelf." M. Mason.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that Mr. Steevens's explanation of this paſſage is juſt. Dr. Johnſon ſays, that "it was her memory, not her oblivion, that like Antony, was forgetting and deſerting her." It certainly was; it was her *oblivious memory*, as Mr. Steevens has well interpreted it; and the licence is much in our author's manner. Malone.

[8] *But that your royalty,*
Holds idleneſs your ſubject, I ſhould take you
For idleneſs itſelf.] i. e. But that your charms hold me, who am the *greateſt* fool on earth, in chains, I ſhould have adjudged you to be the *greateſt*. That this is the ſenſe is ſhown by her anſwer:

Cleo. 'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart
As Cleopatra this.' But, ſir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me,[9] when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your ſword
Sit laurel'd victory![1] and ſmooth ſucceſs
Be ſtrew'd before your feet!

'Tis ſweating labour,
To bear ſuch idleneſs ſo near the heart,
As Cleopatra this.— Warburton.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is a very coarſe one. The ſenſe may be:—But that your queenſhip chooſes idleneſs for the ſubject of your converſation, I ſhould take you for idleneſs itſelf. So Webſter, (who was often a cloſe imitator of Shakſpeare,) in his *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"——how *idle* am I
"To *queſtion* my own *idleneſs!*"

Or an antitheſis may be deſigned between *royalty* and *ſubject.*—But that I know you to be a queen, and that your royalty holds idleneſs in ſubjection to you, exalting you far above its influence, I ſhould ſuppoſe you to be the very genius of idleneſs itſelf. Steevens.

Mr. Steevens's latter interpretation is, I think, nearer the truth. But perhaps *your ſubject* rather means, whom being in ſubjection to you, you can command at pleaſure, "to do your bidding," to aſſume the airs of coquetry, &c. Were not this coquet one of your attendants, I ſhould ſuppoſe you yourſelf were this capricious being. Malone.

[9] *Since my* becomings *kill me,*] There is ſomewhat of obſcurity in this expreſſion. In the firſt ſcene of the play Antony had called her—

"——wrangling queen,
"Whom every thing *becomes.*"

It is to this, perhaps, that ſhe alludes. Or ſhe may mean—That conduct which, in my own *opinion*, becomes me, as often as it appears ungraceful to you, is a ſhock to my ſenſibility. Steevens.

[1] ——*laurel'd victory!*] Thus the ſecond folio. The inaccurate predeceſſor of it—*laurel* victory. Steevens.

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our ſeparation ſo abides, and flies,
That thou, reſiding here,[2] go'ſt yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter Octavius Cæsar, Lepidus, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may ſee, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæſar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor:[3] From Alexandria
This is the news; He fiſhes, drinks, and waſtes

[2] *That thou, reſiding here,* &c.] This conceit might have been ſuggeſted by the following paſſage in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I:

"She went they ſtaid; or, rightly for to ſay,
"She ſtaid with them, they went in thought with her."

Thus alſo, in *The Mercator* of Plautus: "Si domi ſum, foris eſt animus; ſin foris ſum, animus domi eſt." Steevens.

[3] One *great competitor:*] Perhaps—*Our* great competitor. Johnson.

Johnſon is certainly right in his conjecture that we ought to read—"*Our* great competitor," as this ſpeech is addreſſed to Lepidus, his partner in the empire. *Competitor* means here, as it does wherever the word occurs in Shakſpeare, *aſſociate* or *partner*. So Mamillius ſays:

"Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe *competitors*,
"Are in thy veſſel."

And again, Cæſar, ſpeaking of Antony, ſays—

"That thou, my brother, my *competitor*,
"In top of all deſign, my mate in empire."

M. Mason.

The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchſaf'd to think he had partners:[4] You ſhall find there
A man, who is the abſtract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodneſs:
His faults, in him, ſeem as the ſpots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackneſs;[5] hereditary,

[4] ——— *or*
Vouchſaf'd to *think he had partners*:] The irregularity of metre in the firſt of theſe lines induces me to ſuppoſe the ſecond originally and elliptically ſtood thus:
Or *vouchſaf'd think he had partners* &c.
So, in *Cymbeline*, Act II. ſc. ii:
"Will force him think I have pick'd the lock" &c.
not *to* think. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*as the ſpots of heaven*,
More fiery by night's blackneſs;] If by ſpots are meant ſtars, as night has no other fiery ſpots, the compariſon is forced and harſh, ſtars having been always ſuppoſed to beautify the night; nor do I comprehend what there is in the counterpart of this ſimile, which anſwers to night's blackneſs. Hanmer reads:
——*ſpots* on ermine,
Or fires, *by night's blackneſs*. JOHNSON.

The meaning ſeems to be—As the ſtars or ſpots of heaven are not obſcured, but rather rendered more bright, by the blackneſs of the night, ſo neither is the goodneſs of Antony eclipſed by his evil qualities, but, on the contrary, his faults ſeem enlarged and aggravated by his virtues.

That which anſwers to the *blackneſs of the night*, in the counterpart of the ſimile, is *Antony's goodneſs*. His goodneſs is a ground which gives a relief to his faults, and makes them ſtand out more prominent and conſpicuous.

It is objected, that ſtars rather beautify than deform the night. But the poet conſiders them here only with reſpect to their *prominence and ſplendour*. It is ſufficient for him that their

Rather than purchas'd;[6] what he cannot change,
Than what he chooſes.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amiſs to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to ſit
And keep the turn of tippling with a ſlave;
To reel the ſtreets at noon, and ſtand the buffet
With knaves that ſmell of ſweat: ſay, this becomes him,
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh,[7]) yet muſt Antony

ſcintillations appear ſtronger in conſequence of darkneſs, as jewels are more reſplendent on a black ground than on any other.—That the *prominence* and *ſplendour* of the ſtars were alone in Shakſpeare's contemplation, appears from a paſſage in *Hamlet*, where a ſimilar thought is leſs equivocally expreſſed:

"Your ſkill ſhall, like a ſtar i' the darkeſt night,
"*Stick fiery off* indeed."

A kindred thought occurs in *King Henry V.*:

"——though the truth of it ſtands off as groſs
"As black from white, my eye will ſcarcely ſee it."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"And like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
"My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
"Shall ſhow more goodly, and attract more eyes,
"Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off." MALONE.

See *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*purchas'd*;] Procured by his own fault or endeavour. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*ſay, this becomes him,*
(As *his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,*
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh,)] This ſeems inconſequent. I read:

And *his compoſure* &c.

Grant that this becomes him, *and* if it can become him, he muſt have in him ſomething very uncommon, *yet*, &c. JOHNSON.

Though the conſtruction of this paſſage, as Dr. Johnſon ob-

No way excuſe his foils,[8] when we do bear
So great weight in his lightneſs.[9] If he fill'd

ſerves, appears harſh, there is, I believe, no corruption. In *As you like it* we meet with the ſame kind of phraſeology:

" —— what though you *have* beauty,
" (*As* by my faith I ſee no more in you
" Than without candle may go dark to bed,)
" Muſt you therefore be proud and pitileſs?"

See Vol. VIII. p. 130, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] *No way excuſe his* foils.] The old copy has—*foils*. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. In the MSS. of our author's time ſ and f are often undiſtinguiſhable, and no two letters are ſo often confounded at the preſs. Shakſpeare has ſo regularly uſed this word in the ſenſe required here, that there cannot, I imagine, be the ſmalleſt doubt of the juſtneſs of this emendation. So, in *Hamlet*:

" —— and no *foil*, nor cautel, doth beſmirch
" The virtue of his will."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" The only *foil* of his fair virtue's gloſs."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Who is as free from touch or *foil* with her,
" As the from one ungot."

Again, *ibid*:

" My *unfoil'd* name; the auſtereneſs of my life."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" For all the *foil* of the achievement goes
" With me into the earth."

In the laſt Act of the play before us we find an expreſſion nearly ſynonymous:

" —— His *taints* and honours
" Wag'd equal in him."

Again, in Act II. ſc. iii:

" Read not my *blemiſhes* in the world's reports."

MALONE.

If *foils* be inadmiſſible, (which I queſtion,) we might read—*fails*. In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with this ſubſtantive, which ſignifies omiſſion, or non-performance:

" Mark, and perform it. See'ſt thou? for the *fail*
" Of any point in't, ſhall not only be
" Death to thyſelf," &c.

Yet, on the whole, I prefer Mr. Malone's conjecture.

STEEVENS.

[9] *So great weight in his lightneſs.*] The word *light* is one

His vacancy with his voluptuouſneſs,
Full ſurfeits, and the dryneſs of his bones,
Call on him for't:[1] but, to confound ſuch time,[2]
That drums him from his ſport, and ſpeaks as loud
As his own ſtate, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,[3]
Pawn their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebel to judgment.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Moſt noble Cæſar, ſhalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is ſtrong at ſea;
And it appears, he is belov'd of thoſe
That only have fear'd Cæſar:[4] to the ports

of Shakſpeare's favourite play-things. The ſenſe is—His trifling levity throws ſo much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

[1] *Call on him for't:*] *Call on him*, is, *viſit him*. Says Cæſar—If Antony followed his debauches at a time of leiſure, I ſhould leave him to be puniſhed by their natural conſequences, by *ſurfeits* and *dry bones*. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*to* confound *ſuch time*,] See p. 10, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] ——*boys; who, being mature in knowledge*,] For this Hanmer, who thought the *maturity* of a *boy* an inconſiſtent idea, has put:

——*who*, immature *in knowledge*:

but the words *experience* and *judgment* require that we read *mature*: though Dr. Warburton has received the emendation. By *boys mature in knowledge*, are meant, *boys old enough to know their duty*. JOHNSON.

[4] *That only have fear'd Cæſar:*] Thoſe whom not *love* but *fear* made adherents to Cæſar, now ſhow their affection for Pompey. JOHNSON.

The diſcontents repair,[5] and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I ſhould have known no leſs:—
It hath been taught us from the primal ſtate,
That he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd.[6] This common body,
Like a vagabond flag upon the ſtream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itſelf[7] with motion.[8]

[5] *The diſcontents repair,*] That is, the *malecontents.* So, in *King Henry IV.* P. 1:

" —— that may pleaſe the eye
" Of fickle changelings and poor *diſcontents.*"

See Vol XI. p. 403, n. 4. MALONE.

[6] —— *he, which is, was wiſh'd, until he were;*
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*] [Old copy—*fear'd.*] Let us examine the ſenſe of this [as it ſtood] in plain proſe. *The earlieſt hiſtories inform us, that the man in ſupreme command was always wiſh'd to gain that command, till he had obtain'd it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly ſeen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes to be* fear'd *by them.* But do the multitude *fear* a man becauſe they want him? Certainly, we muſt read:

Comes dear'd, *by being lack'd.*

i. e. endear'd, a favourite to them. Beſides, the context requires this reading; for it was not fear, but love, that made the people flock to young Pompey, and what occaſioned this reflection. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" I ſhall be *lov'd,* when I am *lack'd.*" WARBURTON.

The correction was made in Theobald's edition, to whom it was communicated by Dr. Warburton. Something, however, is yet wanting. What is the meaning of—" ne'er lov'd till *ne'er* worth love?" I ſuppoſe that the ſecond *ne'er* was inadvertently repeated at the preſs, and that we ſhould read—till *not* worth love. MALONE.

[7] —— *rot* itſelf—] The word *itſelf,* is, I believe, an interpolation, but one wholly uſeleſs to the ſenſe, and injurious to the meaſure. STEEVENS.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear[2] and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime

[1] *Goes to, and back,* lackeying *the varying tide,*
To rot itself with motion.] [Old copy—*lashing.*] But how can a flag, or rush, floating upon a stream, and that has no motion but what the fluctuation of the water gives it, be said to lash the tide? This is making a scourge of a weak ineffective thing, and giving it an active violence in its own power. 'Tis true, there is no sense in the old reading; but the addition of a single letter will not only give us good sense, but the genuine word of our author into the bargain:

——lackeying *the varying tide,*

i. e. floating backwards and forwards with the variation of the tide, like a page, or *lackey,* at his master's heels. Theobald.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by a passage in the fifth Book of Chapman's translation of Homer's *Odyssey:*

"——who would willingly
"*Lacky* along so vast a lake of brine?"

Again, in his version of the 24th *Iliad:*

"My guide to Argos either ship'd or *lackying* by thy side."

Again, in the Prologue to the second part of *Antonio and Melilda,* 1602:

"O that our power
"Could *lacky* or keep pace with our desires!"

Again, in *The whole magnificent Entertainment given to King James, Queen Anne his Wife, &c. March* 15, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "The minutes (that *lackey* the heeles of time) run not faster away than do our joyes."

Perhaps *another messenger* should be noted here, as entering with fresh news. Steevens.

[2] ——*which they* ear—] To *ear,* is to *plough*; a common metaphor. Johnson.

To *ear,* is not, however, at this time, a common word. I meet with it again in Turberville's *Falconry,* 1575:

"——because I have a larger field to *ear.*"

[1] See also Vol. VIII. p. 237, n. 9. Steevens.

Lack blood to think on't,[1] and flush youth[2] revolt:
No veſſel can peep forth, but 'tis as ſoon
Taken as ſeen; for Pompey's name ſtrikes more,
Than could his war reſiſted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy laſcivious waſſals.[3] When thou once
Waſt beaten from Modena, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirtius and Panſa, conſuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than ſavages could ſuffer: Thou didſt drink
The ſtale of horſes,[4] and the gilded puddle[5]
Which beaſts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughеſt berry on the rudeſt hedge;
Yea, like the ſtag, when ſnow the paſture ſheets,
The barks of trees thou browſed'ſt; on the Alps
It is reported, thou didſt eat ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did die to look on: And all this

[1] *Lack blood to think on't,*] Turn pale at the thought of it. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *and* flush *youth*—] *Flush* youth is youth ripened to manhood; *youth* whoſe blood is at the flow. So, in *Timon of Athens*:

"Now the time is *flush*,—." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *thy laſcivious* waſſels.] *Waſſel* is here put for intemperance in general. For a more particular account of the word, ſee *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 88, n. 4. The old copy, however, reads—*vaiſſailes*. STEEVENS.

Vaſſals is, without queſtion, the true reading. HENLEY.

[4] —— *Thou didſt drink*
The ſtale of horſes,] All theſe circumſtances of Antony's diſtreſs, are taken literally from Plutarch. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *gilded puddle*—] There is frequently obſervable on the ſurface of ſtagnant pools that have remained long undiſturbed, a reddiſh gold coloured ſlime: to this appearance the poet here refers. HENLEY.

(It wounds thine honour, that I ſpeak it now,)
Was borne ſo like a ſoldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. — It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his ſhames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain[6]
Did ſhow ourſelves i' the field; and, to that end,
Aſſemble we immediate council:[7] Pompey

[6] *Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain* &c.] The defect of the metre induces me to believe that ſome word has been inadvertently omitted. Perhaps our author wrote:

Drive him to Rome diſgrac'd: *'Tis time we twain* &c.

So, in Act III. ſc. xi:

"———So ſhe
"From Egypt *drive* her all-*diſgraced* friend."

MALONE.

I had rather perfect this defective line, by the inſertion of an adverb which is frequently uſed by our author, and only enforces what he apparently deſigned to ſay, than by the introduction of an epithet which he might not have choſen. I would therefore read:

——*'Tis time* indeed *we twain*
Did ſhow ourſelves &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *Aſſemble* we *immediate council:*] [Old copy—aſſemble *me.*] Shakſpeare frequently uſes this kind of phraſeology, but I do not recollect any inſtance where he has introduced it in ſolemn dialogue, where one equal is ſpeaking to another. Perhaps therefore the correction made by the editor of the ſecond folio is right: Aſſemble *we* &c. So, afterwards:

"——Haſte *we* for it:
"Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, deſpatch *we,*" &c.

Since this note was written, I have obſerved the ſame phraſeology uſed by our poet in grave dialogue. See *Troilus* and *Creſſida,* Act III. ſc. iii:

"——A ſtrange fellow here
"*Writes me,* that man, however dearly parted," &c.

MALONE.

I adhere to the reading of the ſecond folio. Thus, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. King Henry V. ſays:

"Now call *we* our high court of parliament."

STEEVENS.

Thrives in our idleneſs.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæſar,
I ſhall be furniſh'd to inform you rightly
Both what by ſea and land I can be able,
To 'front this preſent time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my buſineſs too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you ſhall know mean time
Of ſtirs abroad, I ſhall beſeech you, ſir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, ſir;
I knew it for my bond.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.[9]

[8] ——*I knew it for my* bond.] That is, to be my bounden duty. M. Mason.

[9] ——*mandragora.*] A plant of which the infuſion was ſuppoſed to procure ſleep. Shakſpeare mentions it in *Othello*:

"Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
"Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
"Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep——."

Johnson.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might ſleep out this great gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him
Too much.

Cleo. O, treaſon![1]

Char. Madam, I truſt, not ſo.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highneſs' pleaſure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee ſing; I take no pleaſure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Haſt thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honeſt to be done:

So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"Come violent death,
"Serve for *mandragora*, and make me ſleep."

STEEVENS.

Gerard, in his *Herbal*, ſays of the *mandragoras*: "Dioſcorides doth particularly ſet downe many faculties hereof, of which notwithſtanding there be none proper unto it, ſave thoſe that depend upon the drowſie and ſleeping power thereof."

In Adlington's *Apuleius* (of which the epiſtle is dated 1566) reprinted 1639, 4to. bl. l. p. 187, Lib. X: "I gave him no poyſon, but a doling drink of *mandragoras*, which is of ſuch force, that it will cauſe any man to ſleepe, as though he were dead." PERCY.

See alſo Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, by Holland, 1601, and Plutarch's *Morals*, 1602, p. 19. RITSON.

[1] *O, [illegible]!*] Old copy, coldly and unmetrically—
O, 's treaſon! STEEVENS.

Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horſe?
O happy horſe, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horſe! for wot'ſt thou whom thou mov'ſt?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.[2]—He's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my ſerpent of old Nile?*
For ſo he calls me: Now I feed myſelf
With moſt delicious poiſon:[3]—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad fronted Cæſar,[4]
When thou waſt here above the ground, I was
A morſel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would ſtand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;

[2] *And* burgonet *of men.*] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet.* So, in *King Henry VI:*

"This day I'll wear aloft my *burgonet.*"

Again, in *The Birth of Merlin,* 1662:

"This, by the gods and my good ſword, I'll ſet
"In bloody lines upon thy *burgonet.*" Steevens.

[3] ——*delicious poiſon:*] Hence, perhaps, Pope's *Eloiſa:*

"Still drink *delicious poiſon* from thine eye."

Stelvens.

[4] ——*Broad-fronted Cæſar,*] Mr. Steward is of opinion, that the poet wrote—*bald-fronted Cæſar.* The compound epithet—*broad-fronted,* occurs, however, in the tenth Book of Chapman's verſion of the *Iliad:*

"————a heifer moſt ſelect,
"That never yet was tam'd with yoke, *broad-fronted,*
one year old." Steevens.

——*Broad-fronted,* in alluſion to Cæſar's baldneſs.

Henley.

There would he anchor his aſpect,[5] and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.[6]—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Laſt thing he did, dear queen,
He kiſs'd,—the laſt of many doubled kiſſes,—
This orient pearl;—His ſpeech ſticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear muſt pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *the firm Roman to great Egypt ſends*
This treaſure of an oyſter; at whoſe foot
To mend the petty preſent, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the caſt,

[5] ——anchor *his aſpect,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"Whilſt my invention, hearing not my tongue,
"*Anchors* on Iſabel.". STEEVENS.

[6] ——*that great medicine hath*
With his tinct gilded thee.] Alluding to the philoſopher's ſtone, which, by its touch, converts baſe metal into gold. The alchemiſts call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform tranſmutation, a *medicine.* JOHNSON.

Thus Chapman, in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594:
"O then, thou *great elixir* of all treaſures."
And on this paſſage he has the following note: "The philoſopher's ſtone, or *philoſophica medicina*, is called the *great Elixir*, to which he here alludes." Thus, in *The Chanones Yemannes Tale* of Chaucer, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 16,330:
"——the philoſophre's ſtone,
"*Elixir* cleped, we ſeken faſt eche on."
See Vol. IV. p. 169, n. 2. STEEVENS.

Say thou, *ſhall call her miſtreſs.* So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount a termagant ſteed,[7]

[7] —— termagant *ſteed,*] Old copy—*arm-gaunt*; i. e. his ſteed worn lean and thin by much ſervice in war. So, Fairfax:
" His *ſtall-worn* ſteed the champion ſtout beſtrode."
WARBURTON.

On this note Mr. Edwards has been very laviſh of his pleaſantry, and indeed has juſtly cenſured the miſquotation of *ſtall-worn*, for *ſtall-worth*, which means *ſtrong*, but makes no attempt to explain the word in the play. Mr. Seward, in his preface to Beaumont and Fletcher, has very elaborately endeavoured to prove, that an *arm-gaunt* ſteed is a ſteed with *lean ſhoulders*. *Arm* is the Teutonick word for *want*, or *poverty*. *Arm-gaunt* may be therefore an old word, ſignifying, *lean* for *want*, ill fed. Edwards's obſervation, that a worn-out horſe is not proper for Atlas to mount in battle, is impertinent; the horſe here mentioned ſeems to be a poſt-horſe, rather than a war-horſe. Yet as *arm-gaunt* ſeems not intended to imply any defect, it perhaps means, a horſe ſo ſlender that a man might claſp him, and therefore formed for expedition. Hanmer reads:

—— *arm*-girt *ſteed.* JOHNSON.

On this paſſage, which I believe to be corrupt, I have nothing ſatisfactory to propoſe. It is clear, that whatever epithet was uſed, it was intended as deſcriptive of a beautiful horſe, ſuch (we may preſume) as our author has deſcribed in his *Venus and Adonis.*

Dr. Johnſon muſt have looked into ſome early edition of Mr. Edwards's book, for in his *ſeventh* edition he has this note: " I have ſometimes thought, that the meaning may poſſibly be, *thin-ſhoulder'd*, by a ſtrange compoſition of Latin and Engliſh:—*gaunt* quoad *armos.*" MALONE.

I ſuppoſe there muſt be ſome error in the paſſage, and ſhould amend it by reading:

And ſoberly did mount a termagant *ſteed,*
That *neigh'd* &c.

Termagant means *furious.* So Douglas, in *Henry IV.* is called the *termagant* Scot, an epithet that agrees well with the ſteed's neighing ſo high. Beſides, by ſaying that Antony mounted compoſedly a horſe of ſuch mettle, Alexas preſents Cleopatra with a flattering image of her hero, which his mounting ſlowly a jaded poſt-horſe, would not have done. M. MASON.

Who neigh'd ſo high, that what I would have ſpoke
Was beaſtly dumb'd by him.[8]

Cleo. What, was he ſad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor ſad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided diſpoſition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not ſad; for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay

When I firſt met with Mr. Maſon's conjecture, I own I was ſtartled at its boldneſs; but that I have ſince been reconciled to it, its appearance in the preſent text of Shakſpeare will ſufficiently prove.

It ought to be obſerved, in defence of this emendation, that the word *termagaunt* originally the proper name of a clamorous Saracenical deity) did not, without paſſing through ſeveral gradations of meaning, become appropriated (as at preſent) to a turbulent female. I may add, that the ſobriety diſplayed by Antony in mounting a ſteed of temper ſo oppoſite, reminds us of a ſimilar contraſt in Addiſon's celebrated compariſon of the Angel:

"*Calm* and *ſerene* he drives the *furious* blaſt."

Let the critick who can furniſh a conjecture nearer than *termagaunt* to the traces of the old reading *arm-gaunt*, or can make any change productive of ſenſe more appoſite and commodious, diſplace Mr. M. Maſon's amendment, which, in my opinion, is to be numbered among the *feliciter audentia* of criticiſm, and meets at leaſt with my own unequivocal approbation. Steevens.

[8] *Was beaſtly* dumb'd *by him.*] The old copy has *dumbe.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. "Alexas means (ſays he) the horſe made ſuch a neighing, that if he had ſpoke, he could not have been heard." Malone.

The verb which Mr. Theobald would introduce, is found in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Deep clerks ſhe *dumbs*" &c. Steevens.

In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'ſt thou ſad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man elſe.—Met'ſt thou my poſts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty ſeveral meſſengers:
Why do you ſend ſo thick?[9]

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to ſend to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæſar ſo?

Char. O that brave Cæſar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with ſuch another emphaſis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæſar!

Cleo. By Iſis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæſar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.

Cleo. My ſallad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaid then![1]—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he ſhall have every day
A ſeveral greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.[2]

[*Exeunt.*

[9] ——*ſo* thick?] i. e. in ſuch quick ſucceſſion. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— As *thick* as tale,
"Came poſt with poſt,—."

See Vol. X. p. 44, n. 3. Steevens.

[1] *My ſallad days;*
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaid then!] *Cold in blood*, is an upbraiding

ACT II. SCENE I.

Meſſina. *A Room in* Pompey's *Houſe.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, *and* MENAS.[3]

POM. If the great gods be juſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of juſteſt men.

MENE. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

POM. Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne, decays
The thing we ſue for.[4]

MENE. We, ignorant of ourſelves,

expoſtulation to her maid. *Thoſe*, ſays ſhe, *were my fallad days, when I was green in judgment; but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the ſame opinion of things now as I had then.* WARBURTON.

[2] —— *unpeople Egypt.*] By ſending out meſſengers. JOHNSON.

[3] The perſons are ſo named in the firſt edition; but I know not why Menecrates appears; Menas can do all without him. JOHNSON.

All the ſpeeches in this ſcene that are not ſpoken by Pompey and Varrius, are marked in the old copy, *Mene*, which muſt ſtand for *Menecrates*. The courſe of the dialogue ſhows that ſome of them at leaſt belong to Menas; and accordingly they are to him attributed in the modern editions; or, rather, a ſyllable [*Men*.] has been prefixed, that will ſerve equally to denote the one or the other of theſe perſonages. I have given the firſt two ſpeeches to Menecrates, and the reſt to Menas. It is a matter of little conſequence. MALONE.

[4] *Whiles we are ſuitors to their throne,* decays
The thing we ſue for.] The meaning is, *While we are praying, the thing for which we pray* is loſing its value. JOHNSON.

Beg often our own harms, which the wiſe powers
Deny us for our good; ſo find we profit,
By loſing of our prayers.

Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people love me, and the ſea is mine;
My power's a creſcent,[5] and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæſar gets money, where
He loſes hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæſar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty ſtrength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis falſe.

Men. From Silvius, ſir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all charms[6] of love
Salt Cleopatra, ſoften thy wan'd lip![7]

[5] *My* power's *a creſcent*, &c.] In old editions:
My powers are *creſcent, and my auguring hope*
Says it *will come to the full.*
What does the relative *it* belong to? It cannot in *ſenſe* relate to *hope*; nor in *concord* to *powers*. The poet's alluſion is to the *moon*; and Pompey would ſay, he is yet but a half moon, or *creſcent*; but his hopes tell him, that creſcent will come to a *full* orb. Theobald.

[6] —— *charms*—] Old copy—*the* charms—. The article is here omitted, on account of metre. Steevens.

[7] —— *thy* wan'd *lip!*] In the old edition it is—
—— *thy* wand *lip!*
Perhaps, for *fond* lip, or *warm* lip, ſays Dr. Johnſon. *Wand*, if it ſtand, is either a corruption of *wan*, the adjective, or a contraction of *wanned*, or *made wan*, a participle. So, in *Hamlet:*
"That, from her working, all his viſage *wan'd*."

Let witchcraft join with beauty, luſt with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feaſts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyleſs ſauce his appetite;
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulneſs.[8]—How now Varrius?

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*:

"Now you look *wan* and pale; *lips'* ghoſts you are."

Again, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*:

"——— a cheek
"Not as yet *wan'd*."

Or perhaps *waned* lip, i. e. decreaſed, like the moon, in its beauty. So, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

"And Cleopatra then to ſeek had been
"So firm a lover of her *wained* face."

Again, in *The Skynner's Play*, among the Cheſter collection of *Myſteries*, MS. Harl. 1013, p. 152:

"O bleſſed be thou ever and aye;
"Now *wayned* is all my woo."

Yet this expreſſion of Pompey's, perhaps, after all, implies a wiſh only, that every charm of love may confer additional ſoftneſs on the lips of Cleopatra: i. e. that her beauty may improve to the ruin of her lover: or, as Mr. Ritſon expreſſes the ſame idea, that "her *lip*, which was become *pale* and *dry* with *age*, may recover the *colour* and *ſoftneſs* of her *fallad* days." The epithet *wan* might indeed have been added, only to ſhow the ſpeaker's private contempt of it. It may be remarked, that the lips of Africans and Aſiaticks are paler than thoſe of European nations. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare's orthography [or that of his ignorant publiſhers] often adds a *d* at the end of a word. Thus, *vile* is (in the old editions) every where ſpelt *vild*. *Laund* is given inſtead of *lawn*: why not therefore *wan'd* for *wan* here?

If this however ſhould not be accepted, ſuppoſe we read with the addition only of an apoſtrophe, *wan'd*; i. e. *waned*, declined, gone off from its perfection; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon paſt the full. PERCY.

[8] *That ſleep and feeding may prorogue* his honour,
Even till *a Lethe'd dulneſs.*] I ſuſpect our author wrote:
That ſleep and feeding may prorogue his hour, &c.

Enter VARRIUS.

VAR. This is moſt certain that I ſhall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; ſince he went from Egypt, 'tis
A ſpace for further travel.[9]

POM. I could have given[1] leſs matter

So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" ——let not that part of nature,
" Which my lord paid for, be of any power
" To expel ſickneſs, but *prolong his hour*."

The words *honour* and *hour* have been more than once confounded in theſe plays. What Pompey ſeems to wiſh is, that Antony ſhould ſtill *remain* with Cleopatra, totally forgetful of every other object.

" To prorogue his *honour*," does not convey to me at leaſt any preciſe notion. If, however, there be no corruption, I ſuppoſe Pompey means to wiſh, that ſleep and feaſting may prorogue to ſo diſtant a day all thoughts of fame and military achievement, that they may totally ſlide from Antony's mind.

MALONE.

Even till *a Lethe'd dulneſs.*] i. e. *to* a Lethe'd dulneſs. That *till* was ſometimes uſed inſtead of *to*, may be aſcertained from the following paſſage in Chapman's verſion of the eighteenth *Iliad*:

" They all aſcended, two and two; and trod the honor'd ſhore
" *Till* where the fleete of myrmidons, drawn up in heaps, it bore."

Again, in *Candlemas Day*, 1512, p. 13:

" Thu lurdeyn, take hed what I ſey the *tyll*."

To *prorogue his honour*, &c. undoubtedly means, *to delay his ſenſe of honour from exerting itſelf till he is become habitually ſluggiſh*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſince he went from Egypt, 'tis*
A ſpace for further travel.] i. e. ſince he quitted Egypt, a ſpace of time has elapſed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome. STEEVENS.

[1] *I could have given* &c.] I cannot help ſuppoſing, on account of the preſent irregularity of metre, that the name of

A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous ſurfeiter would have don'd his helm[2]
For ſuch a petty war: his ſoldierſhip
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow[3] pluck
The ne'er luſt-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,[4]
Cæſar and Antony ſhall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did treſpaſſes to Cæſar;
His brother warr'd upon him;[5] although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How leſſer enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we ſtand up againſt them all,

Menas is an interpolation, and that the paſſage originally ſtood as follows:

Pom. *I could have given*
Leſs matter better ear.—*I did not think*—. Steevens.

[2] ——*would have* don'd *his helm*—] To *don* is to *do on*, to put on. So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"Call upon our dame aloud,
"Bid her quickly *don* her ſhrowd." Steevens.

[3] ——*Egypt's* widow—] Julius Cæſar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned. Steevens.

[4] *I cannot* hope, &c.] Mr. Tyrwhitt, the judicious editor of *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, in five vols. 8vo. 1775, &c. obſerves, that to *hope*, on this occaſion, means to *expect*. So, in *The Reve's Tale*, v. 4027:

"Our manciple I *hope* he wol be ded." Steevens.

[5] ——warr'd *upon him*;] The old copy has—*wan'd*. The emendation, which was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, is ſupported by a paſſage in the next ſcene, in which Cæſar ſays to Antony:

"——your wife and brother
"Made *wars* upon me." Malone.

'Twere pregnant they ſhould ſquare[6] between themſelves;
For they have entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the fear of us
May cement their diviſions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only ſtands
Our lives upon,[7] to uſe our ſtrongeſt hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*[8]

[6] ——*ſquare*—] That is, *quarrel*. So, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the gentle Craft*, 1600:

"What? *ſquare* they, maſter Scott?"
"——Sir, no doubt:
"Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out." STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 346, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] ——*It only ſtands*
Our lives upon, &c.] i. e. to exert our utmoſt force, is the only *conſequential* way of ſecuring our lives.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"——for it *ſtands me much upon*
"To ſtop all hopes" &c.

i. e. is of the utmoſt conſequence to me. See Vol. XIV. p. 437, n. 3. STEEVENS.

[8] This play is not divided into Acts by the author or firſt editors, and therefore the preſent diviſion may be altered at pleaſure. I think the firſt Act may be commodiouſly continued to this place, and the ſecond Act opened with the interview of the chief perſons, and a change of the ſtate of action. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that it is of ſmall importance, where theſe unconnected and deſultory ſcenes are interrupted. JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the Houſe of* Lepidus.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Lepidus.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to entreat your captain
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.

Eno. I ſhall entreat him
To anſwer like himſelf: if Cæſar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæſar's head,
And ſpeak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not ſhave to-day.[9]

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private ſtomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt give way.

Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.

Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion:
But, pray you, ſtir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

[9] *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,*
I would not ſhave to-day.] I believe he means, *I would meet him undreſſed, without ſhow of reſpect.* Johnson.

Plutarch mentions that Antony, "after the overthrow he had at Modena, ſuffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipt it, that it was marvelous long." Perhaps this circumſtance was in Shakſpeare's thoughts. Malone.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæſar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compoſe well here,[1] to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecœnas; aſk Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiſs,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earneſtly beſeech,)
Touch you the ſoureſt points with ſweeteſt terms,
Nor curſineſs grow to the matter.[2]

Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

[1] *If we* compoſe *well here,*] i. e. if we come to a lucky *compoſition,* agreement. So afterwards:

"I crave our *compoſition* may be written—."

i. e. the terms on which our differences are ſettled. STEEVENS.

[2] *Nor curſineſs grow to the matter.*] Let not *ill-humour* be added to the real *ſubject* of our difference. JOHNSON.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, ſir![3]

Cæs. Nay,
Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not ſo;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I muſt be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay myſelf offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I ſhould

[3] Cæſ. *Sit.*

Ant. *Sit, ſir!*] Antony appears to be jealous of a circumſtance which ſeemed to indicate a conſciouſneſs of ſuperiority in his too ſucceſsful partner in power; and accordingly reſents the invitation of Cæſar to be ſeated: Cæſar anſwers, *Nay, then*; i. e. if you are ſo ready to reſent what I meant as an act of civility, there can be no reaſon to ſuppoſe you have temper enough for the buſineſs on which at preſent we are met. The former editors leave a full point at the end of this, as well as the preceding ſpeech. STEEVENS.

The following circumſtance may ſerve to ſtrengthen Mr. Steevens's opinion: When the fictitious Sebaſtian made his appearance in Europe, he came to a conference with the Conde de Lemos; to whom, after the firſt exchange of civilities, he ſaid, *Conde de Lemos, be covered.* And being aſked, by that nobleman, by what pretences he laid claim to the ſuperiority expreſſed by ſuch permiſſion, he replied, I do it by right of my birth; I am Sebaſtian. JOHNSON.

I believe, the author meant no more than that Cæſar ſhould deſire Antony to be ſeated: "*Sit.*" To this Antony replies, Be you, ſir, ſeated firſt: "*Sit, ſir.*" "*Nay, then*" rejoins Cæſar, if you ſtand on ceremony, to put an end to farther talk on a matter of ſo little moment, I will take my ſeat.—However, I have too much reſpect for the two preceding editors, to ſet my judgment above their concurring opinions, and therefore have left the note of addition placed by Mr. Steevens at the end of Antony's ſpeech, undiſturbed. MALONE.

Once name you derogately, when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæſar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my reſiding here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there
Did practiſe on my ſtate,[4] your being in Egypt
Might be my queſtion.[5]

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their conteſtation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.[6]

[4] *Did* practiſe *on my ſtate.*] To *practiſe* means to employ unwarrantable arts or ſtratagems. So, in *The Tragedie of Antonie,* done into Engliſh by the Counteſs of Pembroke, 1595:

"——nothing kills me ſo
"As that I do my Cleopatra ſee
"*Practiſe* with Cæſar."

See Vol. VI. p. 390, n. 2. Steevens.

[5] ——*queſtion.*] i. e. My theme or ſubject of converſation. So again in this ſcene:

"Out of our *queſtion* wipe him."

See Vol. IX. p. 317, n. 7. Malone.

[6] ——*their conteſtation*
Was theme *for you, you were the word of war.*] The only meaning of this can be, that the war, which Antony's wife and brother made upon Cæſar, was theme for Antony too to make war; or was the occaſion why he did make war. But this is directly contrary to the context, which ſhows, Antony did neither encourage them to it, nor ſecond them in it. We cannot doubt then, but the poet wrote:

——*and their conteſtation*
Was them'd *for you,*

i. e. The pretence of the war was on your account, they took

Ant. You do miſtake your buſineſs; my brother never

up arms in your name, and you were made the theme and ſubject of their inſurrection. Warburton.

I am neither ſatisfied with the reading nor the emendation: *them'd* is, I think, a word unauthoriſed, and very harſh. Perhaps we may read:

——*their conteſtation*
Had *theme* from *you, you were the word of war.*

The diſpute derived its ſubject from you. It may be corrected by mere tranſpoſition:

——*their conteſtation*
You were theme for, *you were the word*— Johnson.

Was theme for you, I believe, means only, *was propoſed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extenſive plan*; as *themes* are given for a writer to dilate upon. Shakſpeare, however, may prove the beſt commentator on himſelf. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i:

" ——throw forth greater *themes*
" For inſurrection's arguing."

Sicinius calls Coriolanus, " —the *theme* of our aſſembly."
Steevens.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——Two truths are told
" As happy prologues to the ſwelling act
" Of the imperial *theme.*"

And, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——When a ſoldier was the *theme*, my name
" Was not far off." Henley.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation is certainly a juſt one, as the words now ſtand; but the ſenſe of the words thus interpreted, being directly repugnant to the remaining words, which are evidently put in appoſition with what has preceded, ſhows that there muſt be ſome corruption. If their conteſtation was a *theme for Antony to dilate upon, an example for him to follow*, what congruity is there between theſe words and the concluſion of the paſſage—" *you were the word of war:* i. e. your name was employed by them to draw troops to their ſtandard?" On the other hand, " their conteſtation *derived* its *theme* or ſubject from you; you were their word of war," affords a clear and conſiſtent ſenſe. Dr. Warburton's emendation, however, does not go far enough. To obtain the ſenſe deſired, we ſhould read—

Was *them'd from* you,—

Did urge me in his act:[7] I did enquire it;
And have my learning from ſome true reports,[8]
That drew their ſwords with you. Did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Having alike your cauſe?[9] Of this, my letters

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"She is a *theme* of honour and renown,
"A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"——So like the king,
"That was and is the *queſtion* of theſe wars."

In almoſt every one of Shakſpeare's plays, ſubſtantives are uſed as verbs. That he muſt have written *from*, appears by Antony's anſwer:

"You do miſtake your buſineſs; my brother never
"Did urge *me* in his act."

i. e. never made *me* the *theme* for "inſurrection's arguing."

MALONE.

I ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome of the words in this ſentence have been miſplaced, and that it ought to ſtand thus:

——*and for conteſtation*
Their theme was you; you were the word of war.

M. MASON.

[7] ——*my brother never*
Did urge me in his act;] i. e. Never did make uſe of my name as a pretence for the war. WARBURTON.

[8] ——*true* reports,] *Reports* for *reporters*. Mr. Tollet obſerves that Holinſhed, 1181, uſes *records* for *vouchers*; and in *King Richard II.* our author has *wrongs* for *wrongers:*

"To rouſe his *wrongs* and chaſe them to the bay."

See Vol. XI. p. 79. STEEVENS.

[9] Having *alike* your *cauſe?*] The meaning ſeems to be, *having the ſame cauſe as you to be offended with me.* But why, becauſe he was offended with Antony, ſhould he make war upon Ceſar? May it not be read thus:

——*Did he not rather*
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the wars alike againſt my ſtomach,
Hating *alike* our *cauſe?* JOHNSON.

Before did ſatisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,[1]
It muſt not be with this.

Cæs. You praiſe yourſelf
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuſes.

Ant. Not ſo, not ſo;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes[2] attend thoſe wars

The old reading is immediately explained by Antony's being the partner with Octavius in the cauſe againſt which his brother fought. Steevens.

Having alike your cauſe?] That is, *I* having alike your cauſe. The meaning is the ſame as if, inſtead of "againſt *my* ſtomach," our author had written—againſt *the ſtomach of me*. Did he not (ſays Antony) make wars againſt the inclination of me alſo, of me, who was engaged in the ſame cauſe with yourſelf? Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed that *having* meant, *he* having, and hence has ſuggeſted an unneceſſary emendation. Malone.

[1] *As matter whole you* have not *to make it with,*] The original copy reads:

As matter whole you have *to make it with,*

Without doubt erroneouſly; I therefore only obſerve it, that the reader may more readily admit the liberties which the editors of this author's works have neceſſarily taken. Johnson.

The old reading may be right. It ſeems to allude to Antony's acknowledged neglect in aiding Cæſar; but yet Antony does not allow himſelf to be faulty upon the preſent cauſe alledged againſt him. Steevens.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that the correction, which was made by Mr. Rowe, is right. The ſtructure of the ſentence, "*As* matter," &c. proves deciſively that *not* was omitted. Of all the errors that happen at the preſs, omiſſion is the moſt frequent. Malone.

[2] —— *with* graceful *eyes*—] Thus the old copy reads, and I believe, rightly. We ſtill ſay, *I could not look* handſomely *on* ſuch or ſuch a proceeding. The modern editors read—*grateful*. Steevens.

Which 'fronted[3] mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another:[4]
The third o'the world is yours; which with a ſnaffle
You may pace eaſy, but not ſuch a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all ſuch wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæſar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdneſs of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much diſquiet: for that, you muſt
But ſay, I could not help it.

[3] ——*fronted*—] i. e. *Oppoſed*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"Your preparation can *affront* no leſs
"Than what you hear of." STEEVENS.

[4] *I would you had her ſpirit in ſuch another*:] Antony means to ſay, I wiſh you had the ſpirit of Fulvia, embodied in ſuch another woman as her; I wiſh you were married to ſuch another ſpirited woman; and then you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of ſuch a woman is not an eaſy matter.

By the words, you *had* her ſpirit, &c. Shakſpeare, I apprehend, meant, you were *united to*, or poſſeſſed of, *a woman with* her ſpirit.

Having formerly miſapprehended this paſſage, and ſuppoſed that Antony wiſhed Auguſtus to *be acquainted* by a ſpirit ſimilar to Fulvia's, I propoſed to read—*e'en* ſuch another, *i. e.* being frequently printed for *e'en* in theſe plays. But there is no need of change. MALONE.

Such, I believe, ſhould be omitted, as both the verſe and meaning are complete without it:

I would you had her ſpirit in another.

The compoſitor's eye might have caught the here ſuperfluous *ſuch*, from the next line but one, in which *ſuch* is abſolutely neceſſary both to the ſenſe and meaſure.

The plain meaning of Antony is—I wiſh you had my wife's ſpirit *in* another wife;—i. e. *in* a wife of your own.

STEEVENS.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my miſſive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myſelf;[5] which was as much
As to have aſk'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our ſtriſe; if we contend,
Out of our queſtion wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you ſhall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæſar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak;
The honour's ſacred[6] which he talks on now,

[5] *I told him of myſelf;*] i. e. told him the condition I was in, when he had his laſt audience. Warburton.

[6] *The honour's* ſacred—] *Sacred,* for unbroken, unviolated. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton ſeems to underſtand this paſſage thus; *The honour which he* talks *of me as* lacking, *is* unviolated. *I never lacked it.* This, perhaps, may be the true meaning; but, before I read the note, I underſtood it thus: Lepidus interrupts Cæſar, on the ſuppoſition that what he is about to ſay will be too harſh to be endured by Antony; to which Antony replies—*No, Lepidus, let him ſpeak; the ſecurity of* honour on which he now ſpeaks, *on which this conference is held now,* is ſacred, *even* ſuppoſing that I lacked *honour* before. Johnson.

Antony, in my opinion, means to ſay—The theme of honour which he now ſpeaks of, namely, the religion of an oath, for which he ſuppoſes me not to have a due regard, is ſacred; it is a tender point, and touches my character nearly. Let him therefore urge his charge, that I may vindicate myſelf.

Malone.

Suppoſing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæſar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poiſon'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honeſty
Shall not make poor my greatneſs, nor my power
Work without it:[7] Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myſelf, the ignorant motive, do
So far aſk pardon, as befits mine honour
To ſtoop in ſuch a caſe.

Lep. 'Tis nobly ſpoken.[8]

Mec. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further

I do not think that either Johnſon's or Malone's explanation of this paſſage is ſatisfactory. The true meaning of it appears to be this:—"Cæſar accuſes Antony of a breach of honour in denying to ſend him aid when he required it, which was contrary to his oath. Antony ſays, in his defence, that he did not deny his aid, but, in the midſt of diſſipation, neglected to ſend it: that having now brought his forces to join him againſt Pompey, he had redeemed that error; and that therefore the honour which Cæſar talked of, was *now* ſacred and inviolate, ſuppoſing that he had been ſomewhat deficient before, in the performance of that engagement."—The adverb *now* refers to *is*, not to *talks on*; and the line ſhould be pointed thus:

The honour's ſacred that he talks on, now,
Suppoſing that I lack'd it. M. Mason.

[7] —— *nor my power*
Work without it:] Nor my greatneſs work without mine honeſty. Malone.

[8] *'Tis* nobly *ſpoken.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt—*noble.* Steevens.

The griefs[9] between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the preſent need
Speaks to atone you.[1]

Lep. Worthily ſpoke, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the inſtant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you ſhall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing elſe to do.

Ant. Thou art a ſoldier only; ſpeak no more.

Eno. That truth ſhould be ſilent,[2] I had almoſt forgot.

Ant. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your conſiderate ſtone.[3]

The griefs—] i. e. grievances. See Vol. XI. p. 392, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] ——*to* atone *you.*] i. e. reconcile you. See *Cymbeline*, Vol. XVIII. Act I. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

[2] *That truth ſhould be ſilent,*] We find a ſimilar ſentiment in *King Lear*: "Truth's a dog that muſt to kennel,—." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*your conſiderate ſtone.*] This line is paſſed by all the editors, as if they underſtood it, and believed it univerſally intelligible. I cannot find in it any very obvious, and hardly any poſſible, meaning. I would therefore read:

Go to then, you *conſiderate* ones.

You who diſlike my frankneſs and temerity of ſpeech, and are ſo *conſiderate* and diſcreet, *go to,* do your own buſineſs. JOHNSON.

I believe, *Go to then; your conſiderate ſtone,* means only this:—If I muſt be chidden, henceforward I will be mute as a marble ſtatue, which ſeems to think, though it can ſay nothing. *As ſilent as a ſtone,* however, might have been once a common phraſe. So, in the interlude of *Jacob and Eſau,* 1598:

"Bring thou in thine, Mido, and ſee thou be *a ſtone.*

"*Mido.*] *A ſtone,* how ſhould that be, &c.

"*Rebecca.*] I meant *thou ſhould'ſt nothing ſay.*"

Cæs. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech:[4] for it cannot be,
We ſhall remain in friendſhip, our conditions

Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

" Guy let it paſſe *as ſtill as ſtone*,
" And to the ſteward word ſpake none."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*, Act III. ſc. i:

" A *ſtone is ſilent* and offendeth not."

Again, Chaucer:

" To riden by the way, *dombe as a ſtone*."

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I. Sect. 2, Memb. 3, Subſ. 15, is the following quotation from Horace:

" ——*ſtatua taciturnior* exit,
" Plerumque et riſum populi quatit."

The ſame idea, perhaps, in a more dilated form, will be found in our author's *King Henry VIII*:

" —————If we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
" In fear our motion ſhould be mock'd or carp'd at,
" We ſhould take root here where we ſit, or ſit
" State *ſtatues* only."

Mr. Tollet explains the paſſage in queſtion thus: " I will henceforth ſeem ſenſeleſs as a ſtone, however I may obſerve and conſider your words and actions." STEEVENS.

The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the ſenſe rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):

——*your conſiderateſt one.*

I doubt, indeed, whether this adjective is ever uſed in the ſuperlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned. BLACKSTONE.

Your, like *hour*, &c. is uſed as a diſſyllable; the metre, therefore, is not defective. MALONE.

That the metre is completed by reading *your* as a diſſyllable, my ear, at leaſt, is unconvinced. STEEVENS.

As Enobarbus, to whom this line belongs, generally ſpeaks in plain proſe, there is no occaſion for any further attempt to harmonize it. RITSON.

[4] *I do not much diſlike the* matter, *but*
The manner of his ſpeech:] I do not, ſays Cæſar, think the man wrong, but too free of his interpoſition; *for it cannot be, we ſhall remain in friendſhip: yet if it were poſſible, I would endeavour it.* JOHNSON.

So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop ſhould hold us ſtaunch,[5] from edge to edge
O' the world I would purſue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæſar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou haſt a ſiſter by the mother's ſide,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not ſo, Agrippa;[6]
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deſerv'd[7] of raſhneſs.

[5] *What* hoop *ſhould hold us ſtaunch,*] So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

"A *hoop* of gold, to bind thy brothers in—."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Say not* ſo, *Agrippa;*] The old copy has—*Say not* ſay. Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary correction. MALONE.

[7] ——*your reproof*
Were well deſerv'd—] In the old edition:
——*your* proof
Were well deſerved—
which Mr. Theobald, with his uſual triumph, changes to *approof*, which he explains, *allowance*. Dr. Warburton inſerted *reproof* very properly into Hanmer's edition, but forgot it in his own. JOHNSON.

Your *reproof* &c.] That is, you might be reproved for your raſhneſs, and would well deſerve it.—*Your* reproof, means, the reproof you would undergo. The expreſſion is rather licentious; but one of a ſimilar nature occurs in *The Cuſtom of the Country*, where Arnoldo, ſpeaking to the Phyſician, ſays:

"——And by your ſucceſs
"In all your undertakings, propagate
"*Your* great opinion in the world."

Here, *your* opinion means, the opinion conceived of you.
M. MASON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is certainly right. The error was one of many which are found in the old copy, in conſequence of the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. So, in another

Ant. I am not married, Cæſar: let me hear
Agrippa further ſpeak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unſlipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whoſe beauty claims
No worſe a huſband than the beſt of men;
Whoſe virtue, and whoſe general graces, ſpeak
That which none elſe can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealouſies, which now ſeem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,[8]
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have ſpoke;
For 'tis a ſtudied, not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæſar ſpeak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is ſpoke already.[9]

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would ſay, *Agrippa, be it ſo,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæſar, and

ſcene of this play, we find in the firſt copy—*mine nightingale*, inſtead of *my* nightingale; in *Coriolanus*, news is *coming*, for news is *come in*; in the ſame play, *higher* for *hire*, &c. &c.
MALONE.

[8] ——but *tales*,] The conjunction—*but*, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to perfect the metre. We might read, I think, with leſs alliteration—*as* tales. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*already*.] This adverb may be fairly conſidered as an interpolation. Without enforcing the ſenſe, it violates the meaſure. STEEVENS.

His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairly ſhows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And ſway our great deſigns!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A ſiſter I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love ſo dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my ſword 'gainſt Pompey;
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great,
Of late upon me: I muſt thank him only,
Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;[1]
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us[2] muſt Pompey preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeeks out us.

Ant. And where[3] lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Miſenum.

Ant. What's his ſtrength
By land?

Cæs. Great, and increaſing: but by ſea

[1] *Leſt my remembrance ſuffer ill report;*] Leſt I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I muſt barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him. Johnson.

[2] *Of us* &c.] In the language of Shakſpeare's time, means by us. Malone.

[3] And *where*—] *And* was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

He is an abſolute maſter.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had ſpoke together? Haſte we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourſelves in arms, deſpatch we
The buſineſs we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With moſt gladneſs;[4]
And do invite you to my ſiſter's view,
Whither ſtraight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not ſickneſs ſhould detain me.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* Cæsar, Antony, *and* Lepidus.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, ſir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæſar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well digeſted. You ſtaied well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, ſir; we did ſleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roaſted whole at a breakfaſt, and but twelve perſons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of feaſt, which worthily deſerved noting.

Mec. She's a moſt triumphant lady, if report be ſquare to her.[5]

[4] ——moſt *gladneſs*;] i. e. greateſt. So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

"But always reſolute in *moſt* extremes." Steevens.

[5] ——*to ſquare to her.*] i. e. if report *quadrates* with her, or ſuits with her merit. Steevens.

Eno. When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purſed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.[6]

Agr. There ſhe appeared indeed; or my reporter deviſed well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:
The barge ſhe ſat in,[7] like a burniſh'd throne,

[6] *When ſhe firſt met Mark Antony, ſhe purſed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.*] This paſſage is a ſtrange inſtance of negligence and inattention in Shakſpeare. Enobarbus is made to ſay that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus; but it appears from the concluſion of his own deſcription, that Antony had never ſeen her there; that, whilſt ſhe was on the river, Antony was ſitting alone, enthroned in the market-place, whiſtling to the air, all the people having left him to gaze upon her: and that, when ſhe landed, he ſent to her to invite her to ſupper. M. Mason.

[7] *The barge ſhe ſat in,* &c.] The reader may not be diſpleaſed with the preſent opportunity of comparing our author's deſcription with that of Dryden:

"Her galley down the ſilver Cydnus row'd,
"The tackling, ſilk, the ſtreamers wav'd with gold,
"The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple ſails:
"Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
"Where ſhe, another ſea-born Venus, lay.—
"She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
"And caſt a look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
"As if, ſecure of all beholders' hearts,
"Neglecting ſhe could take 'em: Boys, like Cupids,
"Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
"That play'd about her face: But if ſhe ſmil'd,
"A darting glory ſeem'd to blaze abroad;
"That man's deſiring eyes were never wearied,
"But hung upon the object: To ſoft flutes
"The ſilver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
"The hearing gave new pleaſure to the ſight,
"And both to thought. 'Twas heaven, or ſomewhat more;
"For ſhe ſo charm'd all hearts, that gazing crouds
"Stood panting on the ſhore, and wanted breath
"To give their welcome voice." Reed.

Burn'd on the water:[8] the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the ſails, and ſo perfumed, that
The winds were love-ſick with them: the oars were ſilver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faſter,
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her own perſon,
It beggar'd all deſcription: ſhe did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tiſſue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee,[9]
The fancy out-work nature: on each ſide her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diverſe-colour'd fans, whoſe wind did ſeem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.[1]

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,[2]

[8] ——*like a burniſh'd* throne,
Burn'd *on the water*:] The ſame idea occurs in Chapman's tranſlation of the tenth Book of the *Odyſſey*:

"——In a *throne* ſhe plac'd
"My welcome perſon. Of a curious frame
"'Twas, and ſo bright, I *ſet as in a flame*."

Steevens.

[9] *O'er-picturing that Venus, where we ſee,* &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes, mentioned by Pliny, L. XXXV. c. x. Warburton.

[1] *And what they undid, did.*] It might be read leſs harſhly: *And what they did, undid.* Johnson.

The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans ſeemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what they undid*; i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminiſh or allay, *they did*, i. e. they ſeemed to produce. Malone.

[2] ——*tended her i' the eyes,*] Perhaps *tended her* by th' *eyes*, diſcovered her will by her eyes. Johnson.

And made their bends adornings:[3] at the helm

Perhaps this expreſſion, as it ſtands in the text, may ſignify that the attendants on Cleopatra looked obſervantly into her eyes, to catch her meaning, without giving her the trouble of verbal explanation. Shakſpeare has a phraſe as uncommon, in another play:

"Sweats *in the eye* of Phœbus—."

After all, I believe that "*tended her in th' eyes*" only ſignifies waited before her, in her preſence, in her ſight. So, in *Hamlet*, Act IV. ſc. iv:

"If that his majeſty would aught with us,
"We ſhall *expreſs our duty in his eye*."

i. e. in our perſonal attendance on him, by giving him ocular proof of our reſpect. Mr. Henley explains it thus: *obeyed her looks without waiting for her words.* See note on *Hamlet*, Act IV. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

So, Spenſer, *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. iii:

"——he wayted diligent,
"With humble ſervice to her will prepar'd;
"*From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,*
"*And by her looks conceited her intent.*"

Again, in our author's 149th Sonnet:

"Commanded by the motion of thine eyes."

The words of the text *may*, however, only mean, they performed their duty in the ſight of their miſtreſs. MALONE.

[3] *And made their bends* adornings:] This is ſenſe indeed, and may be underſtood thus:—Her maids bowed with ſo good an air, that it added new graces to them. But this is not what Shakſpeare would ſay. Cleopatra, in this famous ſcene, perſonated Venus juſt riſing from the waves; at which time, the mythologiſts tell us, the ſea-deities ſurrounded the goddeſs to *adore*, and pay her homage. Agreeably to this fable, Cleopatra had dreſſed her maids, the poet tells us, like Nereids. To make the whole, therefore, conformable to the ſtory repreſented, we may be aſſured, Shakſpeare wrote:

And make their bends adorings.

They did her obſervance in the poſture of *adoration*, as if ſhe had been Venus. WARBURTON.

That Cleopatra perſonated Venus, we know; but that Shakſpeare was acquainted with the circumſtance of homage being paid her by the deities of the ſea, is by no means as certain. The old term will probably appear the more elegant of the two to modern readers, who have heard ſo much about *the line*

A ſeeming Mermaid ſteers; the ſilken tackle

beauty. The whole paſſage is taken from the following in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "She diſdained to ſet forward otherwiſe, but to take her barge in the riuer of Cydnus, the poope whereof was of golde, the ſailes of purple, and the owers of ſiluer, whiche kept ſtroke in rowing after the ſounde of the muſicke of flutes, howboyes, citherns, viols, and ſuch other inſtruments as they played vpon in the barge. And now for the perſon of her ſelfe: ſhe was layed under a pauillion of cloth of gold of tiſſue, apparelled and attired like the Goddeſſe Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretie faire boyes apparelled as painters do ſet forth God Cupide, with little fannes in their hands, with the which they fanned wind vpon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen alſo, the faireſt of them were apparelled like the nymphes Nereides (which are the mermaides of the waters) and like the Graces, ſome ſtearing the helme, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderfull paſſing ſweete ſauor of perfumes, that perfumed the wharfes ſide, peſtered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all alongſt the riuer's ſide: others alſo ranne out of the citie to ſee her coming in. So that in thend, there ranne ſuch multitudes of people one after another to ſee her, that Antonius was left poſt alone in the market place, in his imperiall ſeate to geve audience:" &c. STEEVENS.

There are few paſſages in theſe plays more puzzling than this; but the commentators ſeem to me to have neglected entirely the difficult part of it, and to have confined all their learning and conjectures to that which requires but little, if any explanation: for if their interpretation of the words, *tended her i' the eyes*, be juſt, the obvious meaning of the ſucceeding line will be, that in paying their obeiſance to Cleopatra, the humble inclination of their bodies was ſo graceful, that it added to their beauty.

Warburton's amendment, the reading *adorings*, inſtead of *adornings*, would render the paſſage leſs poetical, and it cannot expreſs the ſenſe he wiſhes for, without an alteration; for although, as Mr. Steevens juſtly obſerves, the verb *adore* is frequently uſed by the ancient dramatick writers in the ſenſe of *to adorn*, I do not find that *to adorn* was reciprocally uſed in the ſenſe of *to adore*. Tollet's explanation is ill imagined: for though the word *band* might formerly have been ſpelled with an e, and a troop of beautiful attendants would add to the general magnificence of the ſcene, they would be more likely to eclipſe than

Swell with the touches of thoſe flower-ſoft hands,

to increaſe the charms of their miſtreſs. And as for Malone's conjecture, though rather more ingenious, it is juſt as ill founded. That a particular bend of the eye may add luſtre to the charms of a beautiful woman, every man muſt have felt; and it muſt be acknowledged that the words, *their bends*, may refer to the eyes of Cleopatra; but the word *made* muſt neceſſarily refer to her gentlewomen: and it would be abſurd to ſay that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes, adornings.—But all theſe explanations, from the firſt to the laſt, are equally erroneous, and are founded on a ſuppoſition that the paſſage is correct, and that the words, *tended her i' the eyes*, muſt mean, that her attendants watched her eyes, and from them received her commands. How thoſe words can, by any poſſible conſtruction, imply that meaning, the editors have not ſhown, nor can I conceive. Of this I am certain, that if ſuch arbitrary and fanciful interpretations be admitted, we ſhall be able to extort what ſenſe we pleaſe from any combination of words.—The paſſage, as it ſtands, appears to me wholly unintelligible; but it may be amended by a very ſlight deviation from the text, by reading, *the guiſe*, inſtead of *the eyes*, and then it will run thus:

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the guiſe,
And made their bends, adornings.

In the guiſe, means in the form of mermaids, who were ſuppoſed to have the head and body of a beautiful woman, concluding in a fiſh's tail: and by the bends *which they made' adornings*, Enobarbus means the flexure of the fictitious fiſhes' tails, in which the limbs of the women were neceſſarily involved, in order to carry on the deception, and which it ſeems they adapted with ſo much art as to make them an ornament, inſtead of a deformity. This conjecture is ſupported by the very next ſentence, where Enobarbus, proceeding in his deſcription, ſays:

"———— at the helm
"A ſeeming mermaid ſteers." M. Mason.

In many of the remarks of Mr. M. Maſon I perfectly concur, though they are ſubverſive of opinions I had formerly hazarded. On the preſent occaſion, I have the misfortune wholly to diſagree with him.

His deviation from the text cannot be received; for who ever employed the phraſe he recommends, without adding ſomewhat immediately after it, that would determine its preciſe meaning? We may properly ſay—in the guiſe *of a ſhepherd*,

That yarely frame the office.† From the barge

of a friar, or *of a Nereid*. But to tell us that Cleopatra's women attended her "in *the guiſe*," without ſubſequently informing us what that guiſe was, is phraſeology unauthorized by the practice of any writer I have met with. In *Cymbeline*, Poſthumus ſays:

"To ſhame *the guiſe of the* world, I will begin
"The faſhion, leſs without, and more within."

If the word the commentator would introduce had been genuine, and had referred to the antecedent, *Nereides*, Shakſpeare would moſt probably have ſaid—"tended her in *that* guiſe:—at leaſt he would have employed ſome expreſſion to connect his ſupplement with the foregoing clauſe of his deſcription. But—"in the *guiſe*" ſeems unreducible to ſenſe, and unjuſtifiable on every principle of grammar.—Beſides, when our poet had once abſolutely declared theſe women were like Nereides or Mermaids, would it have been neceſſary for him to ſubjoin that they appeared in the form, or with the accoutrements of ſuch beings? for how elſe could they have been diſtinguiſhed?

Yet, whatever grace the tails of legitimate mermaids might boaſt of in their native element, they muſt have produced but aukward effects when taken out of it, and exhibited on the deck of a galley. Nor can I conceive that our fair repreſentatives of theſe nymphs of the ſea were much more adroit and picturesque in their motions; for when their legs were cramped within the fictitious tails the commentator has made for them, I do not diſcover how they could have undulated their hinder parts in a lucky imitation of ſemi-fiſhes. Like poor Elkanah Settle, in his dragon of green leather, they could only wag the *remigium caudæ* without eaſe, variety, or even a chance of *labouring into a* graceful *curve*. I will undertake, in ſhort, the expence of providing characteriſtick tails for any ſet of mimick Nereides, if my opponent will engage to teach them the exerciſe of theſe adſcititious terminations, ſo "as to render them a grace inſtead of a deformity." In ſuch an attempt a party of Britiſh chambermaids would prove as docile as an equal number of Egyptian maids of honour.

It may be added alſo, that the Sirens and deſcendants of Nereus, are underſtood to have been complete and beautiful women, whoſe breed was uncroſſed by the ſalmon or dolphin tribes; and as ſuch they are uniformly deſcribed by Greek and Roman poets. Antony, in a future ſcene, (though perhaps with reference to this adventure on the Cydnus,) has ſtyled

A ſtrange inviſible perfume hits the ſenſe

Cleopatra his *Thetis*, a goddeſs whoſe train of Nereids is circumſtantially depicted by Homer, though without a hint that the vertebræ of their backs were lengthened into tails. Extravagance of ſhape is only met with in the loweſt orders of oceanick and terreſtrial deities. Tritons are furniſhed with fins and tails, and Satyrs have horns and hoofs. But a Nereid's tail is an unclaſſical image adopted from modern ſign-poſts, and happily expoſed to ridicule by Hogarth, in his print of *Strolling Actreſſes dreſſing in a Barn*. What Horace too has reprobated as a diſguſting combination, can never hope to be received as a pattern of the graceful:

" —— ut *turpiter* atrum
" Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne."

I allow that the figure at the helm of the veſſel was likewiſe a Mermaid or Nereid; but all mention of a tail is wanting there, as in every other paſſage throughout the dramas of our author, in which a Mermaid is introduced.

For reaſons like theſe, (notwithſtanding in ſupport of our commentator's appendages, and the preſent female faſhion of bolſtered hips and cork rumps, we might read, omitting only a ſingle letter—" *made their* ends *adornings*;"—and though I have not forgotten Bayes's advice to an actreſs—" Always, madam, up with your *end*,") I ſhould unwillingly confine the graces of Cleopatra's Nereids, to the flexibility of their pantomimick tails. For theſe, however ornamentally wreathed like Virgil's ſnake, or reſpectfully lowered like a lictor's faſces, muſt have afforded leſs decoration than the charms diffuſed over their unſophiſticated parts, I mean, the bending of their necks and arms, the riſe and fall of their boſoms, and the general elegance of ſubmiſſion paid by them to the vanity of their royal miſtreſs.

The plain ſenſe of the conteſted paſſage ſeems to be—that theſe Ladies rendered that homage which their aſſumed characters obliged them to pay to their Queen, a circumſtance ornamental to themſelves. Each inclined her perſon ſo gracefully, that the very act of humiliation was an improvement of her own beauty.

The foregoing notes ſupply a very powerful inſtance of the uncertainty of verbal criticiſm; for here we meet with the ſame phraſe explained with reference to four different images—BOWS, GROUPS, EYES, and TAILS. STEEVENS.

A paſſage in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, quarto, no date, may ſerve to illuſtrate that before us:

Of the adjacent wharfs. The city caſt

" The naked nymphes, ſome up, ſome downe deſcending,
" Small ſcattering flowres one at another flung,
" With *pretty turns* their lymber bodies *bending*,—."

I once thought, *their bends* referred to Cleopatra's eyes, and not to her gentlewomen. Her attendants, in order to learn their miſtreſs's will, watched the motion of her eyes, the *bends* or movements of which added new luſtre to her beauty. See the quotation from Shakſpeare's 149th Sonnet, p. 82.

In our author we frequently find the word *bend* applied to the eye. Thus, in the firſt Act of this play:

" —— thoſe his goodly *eyes*
" —— now *bend*, now turn," &c.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" Although they wear their faces to the *bent*
" Of the king's looks."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" And that fame *eye*, whoſe *bend* doth awe the world."

Mr. Maſon, remarking on this interpretation, acknowledges that " *their bends* may refer to Cleopatra's eyes, but the word *made* muſt refer to her gentlewomen, and it would be abſurd to ſay that *they* made the bends of *her* eyes adornings." Aſſertion is much eaſier than proof. In what does the abſurdity conſiſt? They thus ſtanding near Cleopatra, and diſcovering her will by the eyes, *were the cauſe* of her appearing more beautiful, in conſequence of the frequent motion of her eyes; i. e. (in Shakſpeare's language,) this their ſituation and office was the cauſe, &c. We have in every part of this author ſuch diction. But I ſhall not detain the reader any longer on ſo clear a point; eſpecially as I now think that the interpretation of theſe words given originally by Dr. Warburton is the *true one*.

Bend being formerly ſometimes uſed for a *band* or *troop*, Mr. Tollet very idly ſuppoſes that the word has that meaning here. MALONE.

I had determined not to enter into a controverſy with the editors on the ſubject of any of my former comments; but I cannot reſiſt the impulſe I feel, to make a few remarks on the ſtrictures of Mr. Steevens, both on the amendment I propoſed in this paſſage, and my explanation of it; for if I could induce him to accede to my opinion, it would be the higheſt gratification to me.

His objection to the amendment I have propoſed, that of reading *in the guiſe* inſtead of *in the eyes*, is, that the phraſe *in the guiſe* cannot be properly uſed, without adding ſomewhat to

Her people out upon her; and Antony,

it, to determine preciſely the meaning; and this, as a general obſervation, is perfectly juſt, but it does not apply in the preſent caſe; for the preceding lines,

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids,

and the ſubſequent line,

A ſeeming mermaid *ſteers*;

very clearly point out the meaning of the word *guiſe*. If you aſk *in what guiſe?* I anſwer in the *guiſe of mermaids*; and the connection is ſufficiently clear even for proſe, without claiming any allowance for poetical licence. But this objection may be entirely done away, by reading *that* guiſe inſtead of *the* guiſe, which I ſhould have adopted, if it had not departed ſomewhat farther from the text.

With reſpect to my explanation of the words, *and made their bends adornings*, I do not think that Mr. Steevens's objections are equally well founded.

He ſays that a mermaid's tail is an unclaſſical image, adopted from modern ſign poſts: that ſuch a being as a mermaid did never actually exiſt, I will readily acknowledge. But the idea is not of modern invention. In the oldeſt books of heraldry you will find *mermaids* delineated in the ſame form that they are at this day. The creſt of my own family, for ſome centuries, has been a *mermaid*; and the Earl of Howth, of a family much more ancient, which came into England with the Conqueror, has a *mermaid* for one of his ſupporters.

Boyſe tells us, in his *Pantheon*, on what authority I cannot ſay, that the Syrens were the daughters of Achelous, that their lower parts were like fiſhes, and their upper parts like women; and Virgil's deſcription of Scylla, in his third *Æneid*, correſponds exactly with our idea of a *mermaid*:

"Prima hominis facies, & pulchro pectore virgo.
"Pube tenus, poſtrema immani corpore priſtis."

I have, therefore, no doubt but this was Shakſpeare's idea alſo. Mr. Steevens's obſervations on the aukward and ludicrous ſituation of Cleopatra's attendants, when involved in their fiſhes' tails, is very jocular and well imagined; but his jocularity proceeds from his not diſtinguiſhing between reality and deception. If a modern fine lady were to repreſent a *mermaid* at a maſquerade, ſhe would contrive, I have no doubt, to dreſs in that character, yet to preſerve the free uſe of all her limbs, and that with eaſe; for the mermaid is not deſcribed as reſting on the

Enthron'd in the market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſtling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone[5] to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony ſent to her,
Invited her to ſupper: ſhe replied,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt;
Which ſhe entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard ſpeak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feaſt;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.[6]

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæſar lay his ſword to bed;
He plough'd her, and ſhe cropp'd.

Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick ſtreet:
And having loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,

extremity of her tail, but on one of the *bends of it, ſufficiently broad to conceal the feet.*

Notwithſtanding the arguments of Malone and Steevens, and the deference I have for their opinions, I can find no ſenſe in the paſſage as they have printed it. M. Mason.

[4] *That yarely frame the office.*] i. e. readily and dexterouſly perform the taſk they undertake. See Vol. IV. p. 5, n. 2. Steevens.

[5] ——*which, but for vacancy,*
Had gone——] Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum.* Warburton.

But for vacancy, means, for *fear* of a *vacuum.* Malone.

[6] *For what his* eyes eat *only.*] Thus Martial:
" Inſpexit molles pueros, *oculiſque comedit.*"
Steevens.

That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And, breathleſs, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony muſt leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom ſtale
Her infinite variety:[7] Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies.[8] For vileſt things
Become themſelves in her;[9] that the holy prieſts[1]

[7] *Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtom* ſtale
Her infinite variety:] Such is the praiſe beſtowed by Shakſpeare on his heroine; a praiſe that well deſerves the conſideration of our female readers. Cleopatra, as appears from the tetradrachms of Antony, was no Venus; and indeed the majority of ladies who moſt ſucceſsfully enſlaved the hearts of princes, are known to have been leſs remarkable for perſonal than mental attractions. The reign of inſipid beauty is ſeldom laſting; but permanent muſt be the rule of a woman who can diverſify the ſameneſs of life by an inexhauſted variety of accompliſhments.

To *ſtale* is a verb employed by Heywood, in *The Iron Age*, 1632:

"One that hath *ſtal'd* his courtly tricks at home."

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *Other women*
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies.] Almoſt the ſame thought, clothed nearly in the ſame expreſſions, is found in the old play of *Pericles:*

"Who ſtarves the ears ſhe feeds, and makes them hungry,
"The more ſhe gives them ſpeech."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd ſatiety,
"But rather famiſh them amid their plenty." MALONE.

[9] ——*For* vileſt things
Become *themſelves in her*;] So, in our author's 150th Sonnet:

"Whence haſt thou this *becoming* of *things ill?*"

MALONE.

Bleſs her, when ſhe is riggiſh.[2]

Mec. If beauty, wiſdom, modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A bleſſed lottery to him.[3]

[1] —— *the holy prieſts* &c.] In this, and the foregoing deſcription of Cleopatra's paſſage down the Cydnus, Dryden ſeems to have emulated Shakſpeare, and not without ſucceſs:

" —— ſhe's dangerous:
" Her eyes have power beyond Theſſalian charms,
" To draw the moon from heaven For eloquence,
" The ſea-green ſirens taught her voice their flattery;
" And, while ſhe ſpeaks, night ſteals upon the day,
" Unmark'd of thoſe that hear: Then, ſhe's ſo charming,
" Age buds at ſight of her, and ſwells to youth:
" The holy prieſts gaze on her when ſhe ſmiles;
" And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
" They bleſs her wanton eyes. Even I who hate her,
" With a malignant joy behold ſuch beauty,
" And while I curſe deſire it."

Be it remembered, however, that, in both inſtances, without a ſpark from Shakſpeare, the blaze of Dryden might not have been enkindled. REED.

[2] —— *when ſhe is* riggiſh.] *Rigg* is an ancient word meaning a ſtrumpet. So, in Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:

" Then loath they will both luſt and wanton love,
" Or elſe be ſure ſuch *ryggs* my care ſhall prove."

Again:

" Immodeſt *rigg*, I Ovid's counſel uſde."

Again, in Churchyard's *Dolorous Gentlewoman*, 1593:

" About the ſtreets was gadding, gentle *rigge*,
" With clothes tuckt up to ſet bad ware to ſale,
" For youth good ſtuffe, and for olde age a ſtale."

STEEVENS.

Again, in J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:

" When wanton *rig*, or lecher diſſolute,
" Do ſtand at Paules Croſs in a—ſuite." MALONE.

[3] —— *Octavia is*
A bleſſed lottery *to him.*] Dr. Warburton ſays, the poet wrote *allottery*, but there is no reaſon for this aſſertion. The ghoſt of Andrea, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, ſays:

" Minos in graven leaves of *lottery*
" Drew forth the manner of my life and death."

FARMER.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus make yourſelf my gueſt,
Whilſt you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, ſir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Octavia *between them*; Attendants *and a* Soothſayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will ſometimes
Divide me from your boſom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee ſhall bow my prayers[4]
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, ſir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemiſhes in the world's report:
I have not kept my ſquare; but that to come

So, in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of *Virgil*, 1582:
" By this hap eſcaping the filth of *lottarye* carnal."
Again, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, By Beaumont and Fletcher:
" —— fainting under
" Fortune's falſe *lottery*." Steevens.

Lottery for *allotment*. Henley.

[4] ——*ſhall bow* my *prayers*—] The ſame conſtruction is found in *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i:
" *Shouting their* emulation."
Again, in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. ii:
" *Smile you* my ſpeeches?"
Modern editors have licentiouſly read:
—— *bow* in *prayers*. Steevens.

Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, ſir.[5]

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and* Octavia.

Ant. Now, firrah! you do wiſh yourſelf in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you
Thither![6]

Ant. If you can, your reaſon?

Sooth. I ſee't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue:[7] But yet

[5] Ant. ——*Good night, dear lady.*—
Octa. *Good night, ſir.*] Theſe laſt words, which in the only authentick copy of this play are given to Antony, the modern editor have aſſigned to Octavia. I ſee no need of change. He addreſſes himſelf to Cæſar, who immediately replies, *Good night.* Malone.

I have followed the ſecond folio, which puts theſe words (with ſufficient propriety) into the mouth of Octavia.
Stevens.

Antony has already ſaid "Good night, ſir," to Cæſar, in the three firſt words of his ſpeech. The repetition would be abſurd.

The editor of the ſecond folio appears, from this and numberleſs other inſtances, to have had a copy of the firſt folio corrected by the players, or ſome other well-informed perſon.
Ritson.

[6] *'Would I had never come from thence, nor you*
Thither!] Both the ſenſe and grammar require that we ſhould read *hither*, inſtead of *thither*. To come *hither* is Engliſh, but to come *thither* is not. The Soothſayer adviſes Antony to hie back to Egypt, and for the ſame reaſon wiſhes he had never come to Rome; becauſe when they were together, Cæſar's genius had the aſcendant over his. M. Mason.

[7] *I ſee't in*
My motion, *have it not in my tongue:*] i. e. the divinitory agitation. Warburton.

Hie you again to Egypt.[8]

Ant. Say to me,
Whoſe fortunes ſhall riſe higher, Cæſar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæſar's.
Therefore, O Antony, ſtay not by his ſide:
Thy dæmon, that's thy ſpirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæſar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear,[9] as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make ſpace enough between you.

Mr. Theobald reads, with ſome probability, I ſee it in my *notion*. Malone.

[8] *Hie you again to Egypt.*] Old copy, unmetrically:
Hie you to Egypt again. Steevens.

[9] *Becomes a* Fear,] Mr. Upton reads:
Becomes aſear'd,——
The common reading is more poetical. Johnson.

A *Fear* was a perſonage in ſome of the old moralities. Beaumont and Fletcher allude to it in *The Maid's Tragedy*, where Aſpaſia is inſtructing her ſervants how to deſcribe her ſituation in needle-work:

" ——and then a *Fear:*
" Do that *Fear* bravely, wench."——

Spenſer had likewiſe perſonified *Fear*, in the 12th canto of the third Book of his *Fairy Queen*. In the ſacred writings *Fear* is alſo a perſon:

" I will put a Fear in the land of Egypt." *Exodus.*

The whole thought is borrowed from Sir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch: " With Antonius there was a ſoothſayer or aſtronomer of Ægypt, that coulde caſt a figure, and iudge of men's natiuities, to tell them what ſhould happen to them. He, either to pleaſe Cleopatra, or elſe for that he founde it ſo by his art, told Antonius plainly, that his fortune (which of it ſelfe was excellent good, and very great) was altogether blemiſhed, and obſcured by Cæſars fortune: and therefore he counſelled him vtterly to leaue his company, and to get him as farre from him as he could. For thy Demon ſaid he, (that is to ſay, the good angell and ſpirit that keepeth thee) is affraied of his: and

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to loſe; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainſt the odds; thy luſtre thickens,[1]
When he ſhines by: I ſay again, thy ſpirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away,[2] 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would ſpeak with him:—
[*Exit* Soothſayer.
He ſhall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath ſpoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our ſports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he ſpeeds:
His cocks do win the battle ſtill of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails[3] ever

being coragious and high when he is alone, becometh fearfull and timerous when he commeth neere vnto the other."
STEEVENS.

Our author has a little lower expreſſed his meaning more plainly:

"——I ſay again, *thy ſpirit*
"Is all *afraid* to govern thee near him."

We have this ſentiment again in *Macbeth*:

"——— near him,
"My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is ſaid,
"Mark Antony's was by Cæſar's."

The old copy reads—*that* thy ſpirit. The correction, which was made in the ſecond folio, is ſupported by the foregoing paſſage in Plutarch, but I doubt whether it is neceſſary. MALONE.

[1] ——*thy luſtre* thickens,] So, in *Macbeth*:
"——light *thickens*,—." STEEVENS.

[2] *But, he* away,] Old copy—*alway*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] ——*his quails*—] The ancients uſed to match quails as we match cocks. JOHNSON.

Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds.[4] I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the caſt my pleaſure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You muſt to Parthia; your commiſſion's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "For, it is ſaid, that as often as they two drew cuts for paſtime, who ſhould haue any thing, or whether they plaied at dice, Antonius alway loſt. Oftentimes when they were diſpoſed to ſee cockefight, or quailes that were taught to fight one with another, Cæſars cockes or quailes did euer ouercome." STEEVENS.

[4] ——inhoop'd, *at odds.*] Thus the old copy. *Inhoop'd* is *incloſed, confined,* that they may fight. The modern editions read:

Beat mine, in whoop'd-at *odds.*—— JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare gives us the practice of his own time; and there is no occaſion for *in whoop'd-at,* or any other alteration. John Davies begins one of his Epigrams upon Proverbs:

"He ſets cocke *on* the hoope, *in,* you would ſay;
"For cocking *in hoopes* is now all the play." FARMER.

The attempt at emendation, however, deſerves ſome reſpect; as, in *As you like it,* Celia ſays: "—and after that *out of all whooping.*" STEEVENS.

At odds was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Mortimeriados,* by Michael Drayton, no date:

"She ſtraight begins to bandy him about,
"*At* thouſand *odds,* before the ſet goes out." MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

LEP. Trouble yourſelves no further: pray you, haſten
Your generals after.
AGR. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiſs Octavia, and we'll follow.
LEP. Till I ſhall ſee you in your ſoldier's dreſs,
Which will become you both, farewell.
MEC. We ſhall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount[5]
Before you, Lepidus.
LEP. Your way is ſhorter,
My purpoſes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
MEC. AGR. Sir, good ſucceſs!
LEP. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*at mount*—] i. e. Mount *Miſenum*. STEEVENS.
Our author probably wrote—*a'the* mount. MALONE.

SCENE V.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

CLEO. Give me ſome muſick; muſick, moody food[6]
Of us that trade in love.
ATTEND. The muſick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

CLEO. Let it alone; let us to billiards:[7]
Come, Charmian.
CHAR. My arm is ſore, beſt play with Mardian.
CLEO. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, ſir?

[6] ——*muſick*, moody *food*—] The *mood* is the *mind*, or *mental diſpoſition*. Van Haaren's panegyrick on the Engliſh begins, *Grootmoedig Volk*, [*great-minded nation.*] Perhaps here is a poor jeſt intended between *mood* the *mind* and *moods* of muſick. JOHNSON.

Moody, in this inſtance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triſte*. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
"But *moody* and dull *melancholy*?" MALONE.

[7] ——*let us to* billiards:] This is one of the numerous anachroniſms that are found in theſe plays. This game was not known in ancient times. MALONE.

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is ſhow'd, though it come too ſhort,
The actor may plead pardon.[8] I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My muſick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fiſhes;[9] my bended hook ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And ſay, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a ſalt-fiſh[1] on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his ſword Philippan.[2] O! from Italy;—

[8] *And when good will is ſhow'd, though it come too ſhort,*
The actor may plead pardon.] A ſimilar ſentiment has already appeared in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*
"For never any thing can be amiſs,
"When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it." Steevens.

[9] *Tawny-finn'd fiſhes;*] The firſt copy reads:
Tawny fine *fiſhes,*——. Johnson.
Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[1] *Did hang a ſalt-fiſh* &c.] This circumſtance is likewiſe taken from Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of the life of Antony in Plutarch. Steevens.

——— *whilſt*
I wore his ſword Philippan.] We are not to ſuppoſe, nor is there any warrant from hiſtory that Antony had any particular ſword ſo called. The dignifying weapons, in this ſort, is a cuſtom of much more recent date. This therefore ſeems a com-

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings[3] in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

pliment *à poſteriori*. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boaſting of his own proweſs at Philippi:

" *Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
" His ſword e'en like a dancer; while I ſtruck
" The lean and wrinkled Caſſius;" &c.

That was the greateſt action of Antony's life; and therefore this ſeems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that this ſword ought to be denominated from that illuſtrious battle, in the ſame manner as modern heroes in romances are made to give their ſwords pompous names. THEOBALD.

[3] Ram *thou thy fruitful tidings*—] Shakſpeare probably wrote, (as Sir T. Hanmer obſerves,) *Rain thou* &c. *Rain* agrees better with the epithets *fruitful* and *barren*. So, in *Timon*:

" *Rain* ſacrificial whiſp'rings in his ear."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——Heavens *rain* grace!" STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect no corruption. The term employed in the text is much in the ſtyle of the ſpeaker; and is ſupported inconteſtably by a paſſage in *Julius Cæſar*:

" ——I go to meet
" The noble Brutus, *thruſting* this *report*
" *Into his ears.*"

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——ſay, and ſpeak thick,
" (Love's counſellor ſhould *fill the bores of hearing*,
" *To the ſmothering of the ſenſe*,) how far," &c.

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" You *cram* theſe words *into my ears*, againſt
" The ſtomach of my ſenſe." MALONE.

Ram is a vulgar word, never uſed in our author's plays, but once; by Falſtaff, where he deſcribes his ſituation in the buck-baſket. In the paſſage before us, it is evidently a miſprint for *rain*. The quotation from *Julius Cæſar* does not ſupport the old reading at all, the idea being perfectly diſtinct. RITSON.

Rammd, however, occurs in *King John*:

" Have we *ramm'd* up your gates againſt the world."

STEEVENS.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou ſay ſo, villain, thou kill'ſt thy miſtreſs:
But well and free,[4]
If thou ſo yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluеſt veins to kiſs; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kiſſing.

Mess. Firſt, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, ſirrah, mark; We uſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodneſs in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why ſo tart a favour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings?[5] If not well,

[4] *But well and free*, &c.] This ſpeech is but coldly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Falſe One*:

"*Cleop.* What of him? Speak: if ill, Apollodorus,
"It is my happineſs: and for thy news
"Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
"And kiſs my hand." STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *If Antony*
Be free, and healthful,—why *ſo tart a favour*
To trumpet ſuch good tidings?] The old copies have not the adverb—*why*; but, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, ſomewhat was wanting in the ſecond of theſe lines, both to the ſenſe and to the metre. He has, therefore, no doubt but the paſſage ought to run thus:

"——— *If Antony*
Be free; and healthful,—why *ſo tart a favour*
To uſher *&c.*

I have availed myſelf of this neceſſary expletive, which I find alſo in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition. STEEVENS.

Thou ſhould'ſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
Not like a formal man.[6]

Mess. Will't pleaſe you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to ſtrike thee, ere thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæſar,[7] or not captive to him,
I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.[8]

I ſuſpect a word was omitted at the preſs, and that Shakſpeare wrote:

——*If Antony*
Be free, and healthful, needs *ſo ſtart a favour* &c
MALONE.

[6] *Not like a* formal *man.*] Decent, regular. JOHNSON.

By a *formal* man, Shakſpeare means, a man *in his ſenſes. Informal* women, in *Meaſure for Meaſure,* is uſed for women *beſide themſelves.* STEEVENS.

A formal man, I believe, only means a man *in form,* i. e. *ſhape.* You ſhould come in the *form* of a fury, and not in the *form* of a man. So, in *A mad World my Maſters,* by Middleton, 1608:

"The very devil aſſum'd thee *formally.*"

i. e. aſſumed thy form. MALONE.

[7] *Yet, if thou ſay, Antony lives,* is *well,*
Or friends with Cæſar, &c.] The old copy reads—*'tis* well. MALONE.

We ſurely ſhould read—*is well.* The Meſſenger is to have his reward, if he ſays, that Antony is *alive,* in *health,* and *either friends with Cæſar, or not captive to him.* TYRWHITT.

[8] *I'll ſet thee in a ſhower of gold, and hail*
Rich pearls upon thee.] That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eaſtern ceremony, at the coronation of their Kings, to powder them with *gold-duſt* and *ſeed-pearl.* So, Milton:

"——the gorgeous eaſt with liberal hand
"Showers on her kings barbaric *pearl* and *gold.*"

In *The Life of Timur-bec, or Tamerlane,* written by a Perſian contemporary author, are the following words, as tranſlated by

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Mess. And friends with Cæſar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honeſt man.

Mess. Cæſar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence;[9] fye upon *but yet*:
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monſtrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,
Pour out the pack[1] of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friend with Cæſar;
In ſtate of health, thou ſay'ſt; and, thou ſay'ſt, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no ſuch report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the beſt turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Monſ. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, Book II. chap. i: "Les princes du ſang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains ſur ſa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries *ſelon la coûtume.*" WARBURTON.

[9] —— *it does allay*
The good precedence;] i. e. abates the good quality of what is already reported. STEEVENS.

[1] —— the *pack*—] A late editor [Mr. Capell] reads—*thy* pack. REED.

I believe our author wrote—*thy* pack. *The*, *thee*, and *thy*, are frequently confounded in the old copy. MALONE.

Cleo. The moſt infectious peſtilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What ſay you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll ſpurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou ſhalt be whipp'd with wire, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not ſo, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadſt
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beſide
Thy modeſty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liv'd too long.
[*Draws a Dagger.*[2]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.
[*Exit.*

Char. Good madam, keep yourſelf within yourſelf;[3]
The man is innocent.

[2] ——*Draws a Dagger.*] The old copy—*Draw a Knife.* Steevens.

See Vol. X. p. 67, n. 3. Malone.

[3] ——*keep yourſelf within yourſelf;*] i. e. contain yourſelf, reſtrain your paſſion within bounds. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Doubt not, my lord, we can *contain* ourſelves."

Steevens.

Cleo. Some innocents 'ſcape not the thunder-
bolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile![4] and kindly creatures
Turn all to ſerpents!—Call the ſlave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner than myſelf;[5] ſince I myſelf
Have given myſelf the cauſe.—Come hither, ſir.

Re-enter Meſſenger.

Though it be honeſt, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious meſſage

[4] *Melt Egypt into Nile!*] So, in the firſt ſcene of this play:
"Let Rome in Tyber *melt*," &c. Steevens.

[5] *Theſe hands do lack nobility, that they ſtrike*
A meaner than myſelf;] This thought ſeems to be borrowed from the laws of chivalry, which forbad a knight to engage with his inferior. So, in *Albumazar*:
"Stay; underſtand'ſt thou well the points of duel?
"Art born of gentle blood, and pure deſcent?—
"Was none of all thy lineage hang'd or cuckold?
"Baſtard, or baſtinado'd? is thy pedigree
"As long and wide as mine?—for otherwiſe
"Thou wert moſt unworthy, and 'twere loſs of honour
"In me to fight." Steevens.

Perhaps here was intended an indirect cenſure of Queen Elizabeth, for her unprincely and unfeminine treatment of the amiable Earl of Eſſex. The play was probably not produced till after her death, when a ſtroke at her proud and paſſionate demeanour to her courtiers and maids of honour (for her majeſty uſed to chaſtiſe *them* too) might be ſafely hazarded. In a ſubſequent part of this ſcene there is (as Dr. Grey has obſerved) an evident alluſion to Elizabeth's enquiries concerning the perſon of her rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. Malone.

An hoſt of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themſelves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer than I do,
If thou again ſay, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! doſt thou hold there ſtill?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didſt;
So half my Egypt were ſubmerg'd,[6] and made
A ciſtern for ſcal'd ſnakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadſt thou Narciſſus in thy face, to me
Thou would'ſt appear moſt ugly.[7] He is married?

Mess. I crave your highneſs' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To puniſh me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

[6] —— *were* ſubmerg'd,] *Submerg'd* is whelmed under water. So, in *The Martial Maid*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— ſpoil'd, loſt, and *ſubmerg'd* in the inundation," &c.

Again, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, Book III. Hiſt. xiv: "—as the cataracts of Nilus make it *ſubmerge* and waſh Egypt with her inundation." Steevens.

[7] —— *to me*
Thou would'ſt appear moſt ugly.] So, in *King John*, Act III. ſc. i:

"Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy ſight;
"This news hath made thee a *moſt ugly* man."

Steevens.

Cleo. O, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou'rt ſure of't?[8]—Get thee hence:

[8] *That art not!—What? thou'rt ſure of't?*] Old copy: *That art not what thou'rt ſure of.* Steevens.

For this, which is not eaſily underſtood, Sir Thomas Hanmer has given:

That ſay'ſt but *what thou'rt ſure of!*

I am not ſatisfied with the change, which, though it affords ſenſe, exhibits little ſpirit. I fancy the line conſiſts only of abrupt ſtarts:

O that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
That art—not what?—Thou'rt ſure on't. Get thee hence:

That his fault ſhould make a knave of thee that art—but what *ſhall I ſay thou art not?* Thou art then ſure of this *marriage.*—Get thee hence.

Dr. Warburton has received Sir T. Hanmer's emendation. Johnson.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. ii. is a paſſage ſo much reſembling this, that I cannot help pointing it out for the uſe of ſome future commentator, though I am unable to apply it with ſucceſs to the very difficult line before us:

"Dreſt in a little brief authority,
"*Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,*
"His glaſſy eſſence." Steevens.

That art not what thou'rt ſure of!] i. e. Thou art not an honeſt man, of which thou art thyſelf aſſured, but thou art, in my opinion, a knave by thy maſter's fault alone. Tollet.

A proper punctuation, with the addition of a ſingle letter, will make this paſſage clear; the reading of *ſure of't*, inſtead of *ſure of:*

O, that his fault ſhould make a rogue of thee
That art not!—What? thou'rt ſure of't?

That is, What? are you ſure of what you tell me, that he is married to Octavia? M. Mason.

I ſuſpect, the editors have endeavoured to correct this paſſage in the wrong place. Cleopatra begins now a little to recollect herſelf, and to be aſhamed of having ſtruck the ſervant for the fault of his maſter. She then very naturally exclaims:

The merchandiſe which thou haſt brought from
Rome,
Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Char. Good your highneſs, patience.

Cleo. In praiſing Antony, I have diſprais'd
Cæſar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.
Lead me from hence,
I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia,[9] her years,

O, that his fault ſhould make a knave of thee,
Thou art not what thou'rt ſore of!"

for ſo I would read, with the change of only one letter.—Alas, is it not ſtrange, that the fault of Antony ſhould make thee appear to me a knave, thee, that art innocent, and art not the cauſe of that ill news, in conſequence of which thou art yet *ſore* with my blows!

If it be ſaid, that it is very harſh to ſuppoſe that Cleopatra means to ſay to the Meſſenger, that *he* is not himſelf that *information* which he brings, and which has now made him ſmart, let the following paſſage in *Coriolanus* anſwer the objection:

"Leſt you ſhould chance to whip your *information*,
"And beat the meſſenger that bids beware
"Of what is to be dreaded."

The Egyptian queen has beaten her *information*.

If the old copy be right, the meaning is—Strange, that his fault ſhould make thee appear a knave, who art not that information of which thou bringeſt ſuch certain aſſurance.

MALONE.

I have adopted the arrangement, &c. propoſed, with ſingular acuteneſs, by Mr. M. Maſon; and have the greater confidence in it, becauſe I received the very ſame emendation from a gentleman who had never met with the work in which it firſt occurred. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the* feature *of Octavia,*] By *feature* ſeems to be

Her inclination, let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:[1]—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* ALEXAS.
Let him for ever go:[2]—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T'other way he's a Mars:[3]—Bid you Alexas
[*To* MARDIAN.

meant, the caſt and make of her face. *Feature*, however, anciently appears to have ſignified *beauty* in general.

So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "—rich thou art, *featured* thou art, feared thou art."

Spenſer uſes *feature* for the whole turn of the body. *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. viii:

"Thus when they had the witch diſrobed quite,
"And all her filthy *feature* open ſhown."

Again, in B. III. c. ix:

"She alſo doft her heavy haberjeon,
"Which the fair *feature of her limbs* did hide."

STEEVENS.

Our author has already, in *As you like it*, uſed *feature* for the general caſt of face. See Vol. VIII. p. 112, n. 4.

MALONE.

[1] ——*let him not leave out*
The colour of her hair:] This is one of Shakſpeare's maſterly touches. Cleopatra, after bidding Charmian to enquire of the Meſſenger concerning the beauty, age, and temperament of Octavia, immediately adds, *let him not leave out the colour of her hair*; as from thence ſhe might be able to judge for herſelf, of her rival's propenſity to thoſe pleaſures, upon which her paſſion for Antony was founded. HENLEY.

Verily, I would, for the inſtruction of mine ignorance, that the commentator had dealt more diffuſedly on this delectable ſubject, for I can in no wiſe divine what coloured hair is to be regarded as moſt indicative of venereal motions: perhaps indeed the κόμαι χρύσειαι; and yet, without experience, certainty may ſtill be wanting to mine appetite for knowledge. *Cuncta prius tentanda*, ſaith that waggiſh poet Ovidius Naſo. AMNER.

[2] *Let him for ever go:*] She is now talking in broken ſentences, not of the Meſſenger, but Antony. JOHNSON.

[3] *T'other way he's a Mars:*] In this paſſage the ſenſe is

Bring me word, how tall ſhe is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not ſpeak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Miſenum.

Enter POMPEY *and* MENAS, *at one ſide, with Drum and Trumpet: at another,* CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, *with Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hoſtages I have, ſo have you mine;
And we ſhall talk before we fight.
Cæs. Moſt meet,
That firſt we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purpoſes before us ſent;
Which, if thou haſt conſider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy diſcontented ſword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh here.
Pom. To you all three,
The ſenators alone of this great world,

clear, but, I think, may be much improved by a very little alteration.

Cleopatra, in her paſſion upon the news of Antony's marriage, ſays:

"Let him for ever go:—Let him *not*—Charmian,—
"Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
"T'other way he's a Mars."—

This, I think, would be more ſpirited thus:

Let him for ever go—let him—no,—*Charmian*;
Though he be painted, &c. TYRWHITT.

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father ſhould revengers want,
Having a ſon and friends; ſince Julius Cæſar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghoſted,[4]
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Caſſius to conſpire? And what
Made the[5] all-honour'd, honeſt, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd reſt, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whoſe burden
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To ſcourge the ingratitude that deſpiteful Rome
Caſt on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canſt not fear us,[6] Pompey, with thy ſails,
We'll ſpeak with thee at ſea: at land, thou know'ſt
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe:[7]

[4] ——*the good Brutus* ghoſted,] This verb is alſo uſed by Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Preface, p. 22, edit. 1632. "What madneſſe *ghoſts* this old man? but what madneſſe *ghoſts* us all?" Steevens.

[5] *Made* the—] Thus the ſecond folio. In the firſt, the article—*the* is omitted, to the manifeſt injury of the metre. Steevens.

[6] *Thou canſt not* fear *us*,] Thou canſt not affright us with thy numerous navy. Johnson.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"Setting it up, to *fear* the birds of prey." Steevens.

[7] *At land, indeed,*
Thou doſt o'er-count me of my father's houſe:] At land indeed thou doſt exceed me in poſſeſſions, having added to thy

But, ſince the cuckoo builds not for himſelf,[8]
Remain in't as thou may'ſt.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the preſent,[9]) how you take
The offers we have ſent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I muſt
Rid all the ſea of pirates; then, to ſend
Meaſures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,

own my father's houſe. *O'er-count* ſeems to be uſed equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to inſinuate that Antony not only *out-numbered*, but had *over-reached*, him. The circumſtance here alluded to our author found in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Afterwards, when Pompey's houſe was put to open ſale, Antonius bought it; but when they aſked him money for it, he made it very ſtraunge, and was offended with them."

Again: "Whereupon Antonius aſked him, [Sextus Pompeius] And where ſhall we ſup? There, ſayd Pompey; and ſhowed him his admiral galley, which had ſix benches of owers: that ſaid he is *my father's houſe* they have left me. He ſpake it to taunt Antonius, becauſe *he had his father's houſe*, that was Pompey the Great." See p. 129, n. 9. Malone.

[8] *But, ſince the cuckoo builds not for himſelf*, &c.] Since, like the cuckoo, that ſeizes the neſts of other birds, you have invaded a houſe which you could not build, keep it while you can. Johnson.

So, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny, B. X. ch. ix:
"Theſe (cuckows) lay alwaies in other birds' neſts."
Steevens.

[9] —— *this is from the preſent*,] i. e. foreign to the object of our preſent diſcuſſion. See Vol. IV. p. 7, n. 6. Steevens.

To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe[1] undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;[2]
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:

[1] *Our targe*—] Old copy, unmetrically—*targes*. Steevens.

[2] *What* counts *harsh fortune* casts &c.] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick. Warburton.

I crave, our compoſition may be written,
And ſeal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feaſt each other, ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who ſhall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot:[3] but, firſt,
Or laſt, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæſar
Grew fat with feaſting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings,[4] ſir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then ſo much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did ſo.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæſar in a mattreſs.[5]

Pom. I know thee now; How far'ſt thou, ſoldier?

Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for, I perceive,

[3] ——*take the lot:*] Perhaps (a ſyllable being here wanting to the metre) our author wrote:
——*take* we *the lot.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*meanings,*] Former editions, *meaning.* REED.
The correction was ſuggeſted by Mr. Heath. MALONE.

[5] *A certain queen to* Cæſar *in a* mattreſs.] i. e. To Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.
This is from the margin of North's Plutarch, 1579: "*Cleopatra* truſſed up *in a mattreſſe*, and ſo brought *to Ceſar*, upon *Apollodorus* backe." RITSON.

Four feaſts are toward.

Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have ſeen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deſerv'd ten times as much
As I have ſaid you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainneſs,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, ſir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt* Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aſide.*]—You and I have known, ſir.[6]

Eno. At ſea, I think.

Men. We have, ſir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me:[7]

[6] *You and I have known, ſir.*] i. e. been acquainted. So, in *Cymbeline:* "Sir, we have *known together* at Orleans." Steevens.

[7] *I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me:*] The poet's art in delivering this humorous ſentiment (which gives ſo very true and natural a picture of the commerce of the world) can never be ſufficiently admired. The confeſſion could come from none but a frank and rough character, like the ſpeaker's: and the moral leſſon inſinuated under it, that *flattery* can make its way through the moſt ſtubborn manners, deſerves our ſerious reflection. Warburton.

though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, ſomething you can deny for your own ſafety: you have been a great thief by ſea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land ſervice. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kiſſing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatſoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No ſlander; they ſteal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, ſure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have ſaid, ſir. We looked not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæſar's ſiſter is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, ſir; ſhe was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But ſhe is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, ſir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæſar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy ſo.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpoſe made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think ſo too. But you ſhall find, the band that ſeems to tie their friendſhip together, will be the very ſtrangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and ſtill converſation.[8]

Men. Who would not have his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he, that himſelf is not ſo; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian diſh again: then ſhall the ſighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæſar; and, as I ſaid before, that which is the ſtrength of their amity, ſhall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will uſe his affection where it is; he married but his occaſion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, ſir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I ſhall take it, ſir: we have uſed our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *converſation.*] i. e. behaviour, manner of acting in common life. So, in *Pſalm* xxxvii. 14: "— to ſlay ſuch as be of upright *converſation.*" Steevens.

SCENE VII.

On Board Pompey's *Galley, lying near* Miſenum.

Muſick. Enter Two or Three Servants, *with a Banquet.*[a]

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants[1] are ill-rooted already, the leaſt wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.[2]

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the diſpo-

[a] ——*with a* Banquet.] A banquet, in our author's time, frequently ſignified what we now call a deſert; and from the following dialogue the word muſt here be underſtood in that ſenſe. So, in *Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "Their dinner is our *banquet* after dinner."

Again, in Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661: "*After dinner*, he was ſerved with a *banquet*, in the concluſion whereof he knighted Alderman Viner." Malone.

[1] ——*Some o' their* plants—] *Plants*, beſides its common meaning is here uſed for the *foot*, from the Latin. Johnson.

So, in Thomas Lupton's *Thyrd Booke of notable Things*, 4to. bl. l.: 'Grinde muſtarde with vineger, and rubbe it well on the *plants* or ſoles of the feete" &c.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the ſixteenth *Iliad*:

"Even to the low *plants* of his feete, his forme was altered." Steevens.

[2] *They have made him drink* alms-drink.] A phraſe, amongſt good fellows, to ſignify that liquor of another's ſhare which his companion drinks to eaſe him. But it ſatirically alludes to Cæſar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themſelves the load of envy.

Warburton.

ſition,[3] he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himſelf to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raiſes the greater war between him and his diſcretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowſhip: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no ſervice, as a partizan[4] I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.[5]

[3] *As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition,*] A phraſe equivalent to that now in uſe, of *Touching one in a ſore place.* WARBURTON.

[4] ——*a partizan*—] A pike. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet:*

" Shall I ſtrike at it with my *partizan*?" STEEVENS.

[5] *To be called into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.*] This ſpeech ſeems to be mutilated; to ſupply the deficiencies is impoſſible, but perhaps the ſenſe was originally approaching to this:

To be called into a huge ſphere, and not to be ſeen to move in it, is a very ignominious ſtate; great offices *are the holes where eyes ſhould be, which,* if eyes be wanting, *pitifully diſaſter the cheeks.* JOHNSON.

In the eighth Book of *The Civil Wars,* by Daniel, ſt. 103, is a paſſage which reſembles this, though it will hardly ſerve to explain it. The Earl of Warwick ſays to his confeſſor:

" I know that I am *fix'd unto a ſphere*
" *That is ordain'd to move.* It is the place
" My fate appoints me; and the region where
" I muſt, whatever happens there embrace.
" Diſturbance, travail, labour, hope and fear,
" Are of that clime, ingender'd in that place;
" And action beſt, I ſee, becomes the beſt:
" The ſtars that have moſt glory, have no reſt."

STEEVENS.

The thought, though miſerably expreſſed, appears to be this: That a man called into a high ſphere, without being ſeen to

A Sennet ſounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

ANT. Thus do they, ſir: [*To* CÆSAR.] They take the flow o'the Nile[6]

move in it, is a ſight as unſeemly as the holes where the eyes ſhould be, without the eyes to fill them. M. MASON.

I do not believe a ſingle word has been omitted. The being called into a huge ſphere, and not being ſeen to move in it, theſe two circumſtances, ſays the ſpeaker, reſemble ſockets in a face where eyes ſhould be, [but are not,] which *empty* ſockets, or holes without eyes, pitifully diſfigure the countenance.

The ſphere in which the eye moves is an expreſſion which Shakſpeare has often uſed. Thus, in his 119th Sonnet:

" How have mine eyes out of their *ſpheres* been fitted,"
&c.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their *ſpheres*." MALONE.

[6] ——*They take the flow o'the Nile*—] Pliny, ſpeaking of the Nile, ſays: " How high it riſeth, is knowne by markes and meaſures taken of certain pits. The ordinary height of it is ſixteen cubites. Under that gage, the waters overflow not all. Above that ſtint, there are a let and hindrance, by reaſon that the later it is ere they bee fallen and downe againe. By theſe the ſeed-time is much of it ſpent, for that the earth is too wet. By the other there is none at all, by reaſon that the ground is drie and thirſtie. The province taketh good keepe and reckoning of both, the one as well as the other. For when it is no higher than 12 cubites, it findeth extreame famine: yea, and at 13 it feeleth hunger ſtill; 14 cubites comforts their hearts, 15 bids them take no care, but 16 affordeth them plentie and delicious dainties. So ſoone as any part of the land is freed from the water, ſtreight waies it is ſowed." Philemon Holland's tranſlation, 1601, B. V. c. ix. REED.

Shakſpeare ſeems rather to have derived his knowledge of this fact from Leo's *Hiſtory of Africa*, tranſlated by John Pory, folio, 1600: " Upon another ſide of the iſland ſtandeth an houſe alone by itſelfe, in the midſt whereof there is a toure-

By certain ſcales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowneſs, or the mean,[7] if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: [8] The higher Nilus ſwells,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbs, the ſeedſman
Upon the ſlime and ooze ſcatters his grain,
And ſhortly comes to harveſt.

Lep. You have ſtrange ſerpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your ſerpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your ſun: ſo is your crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sit,—and ſome wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have ſlept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

ſquare ceſterne or channel of eighteen cubits deep, whereinto the water of Nilus is conveyed by a certaine ſluice under ground. And in the midſt of the ciſterne there is erected a certaine *piller*, which is *marked and divided into ſo many cubits as the ciſterne containeth in depth*. And upon the ſeventeenth of June, when Nilus beginning to overflow, the water thereof conveied by the ſaid ſluce into the channel, increaſeth daily. If the water reacheth only to the fifteenth cubit of the ſaid *piller*, they hope for a fruitful yeere following; but if ſtayeth between the twelfth cubit and the fifteenth, then the increaſe of the yeere will prove but *mean*; if it reſteth between the tenth and twelfth cubits, then it is a ſign that corne will be ſolde ten ducates the buſhel." Malone.

[7] ——*the mean,*] i. e. the middle. Steevens.

[8] *Or* foizon, *follow:*] *Foizon* is a French word ſignifying plenty, abundance. I am told that it is ſtill in common uſe in the North.

See Vol. IV. p. 66, n. 4. Steevens.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramiſes are very goodly things;[9] without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aſide.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forſake thy ſeat, I do beſeech thee, captain, [*Aſide.*
And hear me ſpeak a word.[1]

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhaped, ſir, like itſelf; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is juſt ſo high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nouriſheth it; and the elements once out of it, it tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

[9] *I have heard the Ptolemies'* pyramiſes *are very goodly things;*] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common uſe in our author's time. So, in Biſhop Corbet's *Poems*, 1647:

"Nor need the chancellor boaſt, whoſe *pyramis*
"Above the hoſt and altar reared is."

From this word Shakſpeare formed the Engliſh plural, *pyramiſes*, to mark the indiſtinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whoſe tongue is now beginning to "ſplit what it ſpeaks." In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was conſtantly uſed by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

"My country's high *pyramides*—."

Again, in Sir Aſton Cockain's *Poems*, 1658:

"Neither adviſe I thee to paſs the ſeas,
"To take a view of the *pyramides*."

Again, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Hiſtories*, 1614: "Thou art now for building a ſecond *pyramides* in the air." Malone.

[1] *And hear me ſpeak* a word.] The two laſt words of this hemiſtich are, I believe, an interpolation. They add not to the ſenſe, but diſturb the meaſure. Steevens.

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange ſerpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo. And the tears of it are wet.[2]

Cæs. Will this deſcription ſatisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, elſe he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To* Menas *aſide.*] Go, hang, ſir, hang!
Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Riſe from thy ſtool. [*Aſide.*

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*Riſes, and walks aſide.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſerv'd me with much faith: What's elſe
to ſay?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. Theſe quick-ſands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you ſink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſay'ſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How ſhould that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,
Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

[2] ——*the tears of it are wet.*] "Be your tears wet?" ſays Lear to Cordelia, Act IV. ſc. vii. Malone.

Thou art, if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or ſky inclips,[3]
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. Theſe three world-ſharers, theſe competitors,[4]
Are in thy veſſel: Let me cut the cable;[5]
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.[6]

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhould'ſt have done,
And not have ſpoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good ſervice. Thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath ſo betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I ſhould have found it afterwards well done;
But muſt condemn it now. Deſiſt, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aſide.*

[3] ——*or ſky* inclips,] i. e. embraces. Steevens.

[4] ——*competitors,*] i. e. confederates, partners. See Vol. IV. p. 233, n. 6. Steevens.

[5] ——*Let me cut the cable;*] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Now in the middeſt of the feaſt, when they fell to be merie with Antonius loue vnto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and whiſpering in his eare, ſaid unto him: ſhall I cut the gables of the ankers, and make thee Lord not only of Sicile and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome beſides? Pompey hauing pawſed a while vpon it, at length aunſwered him: thou ſhouldeſt haue done it, and neuer haue told it me, but now we muſt content vs with that we haue. As for my ſelfe, I was neuer taught to breake my faith, nor to be counted a traitor." Steevens.

[6] *All there is thine.*] Thus the old copy. Modern editors read:

All then *is thine.*

If alteration be neceſſary, we might as well give: *All* theirs *is thine.* All *there,* however, may mean, *all in the veſſel.* Steevens.

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes[7] more.—
Who ſeeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.[8]

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him aſhore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* Lepidus.

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears
The third part of the world, man; See'ſt not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,[9]

[7] —— *thy* pall'd *fortunes*—] *Palled*, is *vapid*, paſt its time of excellence; *palled* wine, is wine that has loſt its original ſprightlineſs. Johnson.

Palled is a word of which the etymology is unknown. Perhaps, ſays Dr. Johnſon, in his *Dictionary*, it is only a corruption of *paled*, and was originally applied to colours. Thus, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Prologue*, v. 17,004:

"So unweldy was this ſely *palled* ghoſt." Steevens.

[8] *Who ſeeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,*
Shall never find it more.] This is from the ancient proverbial rhyme:

"He who will not, when he may,
"When he will, he ſhall have nay." Steevens.

[9] *The third part then* is *drunk: 'Would it were all*, &c.] The old copy reads—The third part then *he* is drunk, &c. The context clearly ſhows that the tranſcriber's ear deceived him, and that we ſhould read as I have printed it,—The third part *then is* drunk. Malone.

That it might go on wheels![1]

Eno. Drink thou; increaſe the reels.[2]

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feaſt.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the veſſels,[3] ho!
Here is to Cæſar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monſtrous labour, when I waſh my brain,
And it grows fouler.

[1] *That it might go on wheels!*] *The World goes upon Wheels,* is the title of a pamphlet written by Taylor the water-poet. Malone.

[2] —— increaſe *the* reels.] As the word—*reel,* was not, in our author's time, employed to ſignify a *dance* or *revel,* and is uſed in no other part of his works as a ſubſtantive, it is not impoſſible that the paſſage before us, which ſeems deſigned as a continuation of the imagery ſuggeſted by Menas, originally ſtood thus:

Drink thou, and greaſe *the* wheels.

A phraſe, ſomewhat ſimilar, occurs in *Timon of Athens:*

" —— with *liquoriſh draughts* &c.
" —— *greaſes* his pure mind,
" That from it all conſideration ſlips." Steevens.

[3] —— *Strike the veſſels,*] Try whether the caſks ſound as empty. Johnson.

I believe, *ſtrike the veſſels* means no more than *chink the veſſels one againſt the other, as a mark of our unanimity in drinking* as we now ſay, *chink glaſſes.* Steevens.

Mr. Steevens is ſurely right. So, in one of Iago's ſongs:
" And let me the *cannikin clink.*" Ritson.

Veſſels probably mean *kettle-drums,* which were beaten when the health of a perſon of eminence was drank; immediately after we have, "make battery to our ears with the loud muſick." They are called *kettles* in *Hamlet:*

" Give me the cups;
" And let the *kettle* to the trumpet ſpeak."

Dr. Johnſon's explanation degrades this feaſt of *the lords of the whole world* into a ruſtick revel. Holt White.

Ant. Be a child o'the time.

Cæs. Poſſeſs it, I'll make anſwer:[4] but I had rather faſt
From all, four days, than drink ſo much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* Antony.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good ſoldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;[5]
Till that the conquering wine hath ſteep'd our ſenſe
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears[6] with the loud muſick:—
The while, I'll place you: Then the boy ſhall ſing;
The holding every man ſhall bear,[7] as loud
As his ſtrong ſides can volley.

[*Muſick plays.* Enobarbus *places them hand in hand.*

[4] —— *I'll* make *anſwer:*] The word—*make*, only ſerves to clog the metre. Steevens.

[5] *Come, let us all take hands;*] As half a line in this place may have been omitted, the deficiency might be ſupplied with words reſembling thoſe in Milton's *Comus:*

"Come let us all take hands, *and beat the ground,*
"Till" &c. Steevens.

[6] *Make* battery to our ears—] So, in *King John:*
"Our *ears* are *cudg'd.*" Steevens.

[7] *The holding every man ſhall* bear,] In old editions:
The holding every man ſhall beat,——
The company were to join in the burden, which the poet ſtyles the *holding*. But how were they to *beat* this with their *ſides?* I am perſuaded the poet wrote:
The holding every man ſhall bear, *as loud*
As his ſtrong ſides can volley.
The breaſt and *ſides* are immediately concerned in ſtraining to ſing as loud and forcibly as a man can. Theobald.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne: [8]
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Mr. Theobald's emendation is very plauſible; and yet *beat* might have been the poet's word, however harſh it may appear at preſent. In *Henry VIII.* we find a ſimilar expreſſion:

" ——let the muſick *knock* it." STEEVENS.

The holding every man ſhall beat,] Every man ſhall accompany the chorus by drumming on his ſides, in token of concurrence and applauſe. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but *bear* is the right reading. To *bear* the burden, or, as it is here called, the *holding* of a ſong, is the phraſe at this day. The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *King Henry VIII.* relates to inſtrumental muſick, not to vocal. *Loud as his ſides can wallow*, means, *with the utmoſt exertion of his voice.* So we ſay, he laughed till he ſplit his ſides.

M. MASON.

Theobald's emendation appears to me ſo plauſible, and the change is ſo ſmall, that I have given it a place in the text, as did Mr Steevens, in his edition.

The meaning of *the holding* is aſcertained by a paſſage in an old pamphlet called *The Serving Man's Comfort*, 4to. 1598: " —where a ſong is to be ſung the *under-ſong* or *holding* whereof is, It is merrie in haul where beards wag all." MALONE.

[8] ——*with* pink *eyne:*] Dr. Johnſon, in his *Dictionary*, ſays a *pink eye* is a ſmall eye, and quotes this paſſage for his authority. *Pink eyne*, however, may be *red eyes:* eyes inflamed with drinking, are very well appropriated to Bacchus. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" ——ſuch *ferret* and ſuch fiery eyes."

So, Greene, in his *Defence of Coney-Catching*, 1592: " —like a *pink-ey'd* ferret." Again, in a ſong ſung by a drunken Clown in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

" Thou makeſt ſome to ſtumble, and many mo to ſumble,
" And me have *pinky eyne*, moſt brave and jolly wine!"

STEEVENS.

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me requeſt you off: our graver buſineſs
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You ſee, we have burnt our cheeks: ſtrong Eno-barbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it ſpeaks: the wild diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you o'the ſhore.

Ant. And ſhall, ſir: give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony,
You have my father's houſe,[9]—But what? we are friends:
Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt* Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, *and Attendants.*

Menas, I'll not on ſhore.

It ſhould be obſerved, however, that from the following paſſage in P. Holland's tranſlation of the 11th Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, it appears that *pink*-eyed ſignified the ſmallneſs of eyes: "—alſo them that were *pinke-eyed* and had verie ſmall eies, they termed *ocellæ*." Steevens.

[9] *O, Antony,*
You have my father's houſe,] The hiſtorian Paterculus ſays: "—cum Pompeio quoque circa Miſenum pax inita: Qui haud abſurdè, cum in navi Cæſaremque et Antonium cœna exciperet, dixit: *In carinis ſuis ſe cœnam dare*; referens hoc dictum ad loci nomen, in quo paterna domus ab Antonio poſſidebatur." Our author, though he loſt the joke, yet ſeems willing to commemorate the ſtory. Warburton.

The joke of which the learned editor ſeems to lament the loſs, could not be found in the old tranſlation of Plutarch, and Shakſpeare looked no further. See p. 111, n. 7. Steevens.

Men. No, to my cabin.—
Theſe drums!—theſe trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To theſe great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, ſound out.

[*A Flouriſh of Trumpets, with Drums.*

Eno. Ho, ſays 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!
Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter Ventidius, *as after Conqueſt, with* Silius, *and other* Romans, *Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of* Pacorus *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou ſtruck;[1] and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Craſſus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's ſon's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,[2]
Pays this for Marcus Craſſus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilſt yet with Parthian blood thy ſword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; ſpur through Media,

[1] ——*ſtruck*;] alludes to *darting*. Thou whoſe darts have ſo often ſtruck others, art ſtruck now thyſelf. Johnson.

[2] ——*Thy Pacorus, Orodes,*] *Pacorus* was the ſon of *Orodes*, king of Parthia. Steevens.

Meſopotamia, and the ſhelters whither
The routed fly: ſo thy grand captain Antony
Shall ſet thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone,[3] than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we ſerve's away.[4]
Cæſar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than perſon: Soſſius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, loſt his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The ſoldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loſs,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance periſh.

Sil. Thou haſt, Ventidius,
That without which[5] a ſoldier, and his ſword,

[3] *Better leave undone,* &c.] Old copies, unmetrically (becauſe the players were unacquainted with the moſt common ellipſis):

Better to leave undone, &c. Steevens.

[4] ——*when* him *we ſerve's away.*] Thus the old copy, and ſuch certainly was our author's phraſeology. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"I am appointed *him* to murder you."

See alſo *Coriolanus,* Vol. XVI. p. 211, n. 1.

The modern editors, however, all read, more grammatically, when *he* we ſerve, &c. Malone.

[5] *That without which*—] Here again, regardleſs of metre, the old copies read:

That without the *which*—. Steevens.

Grants ſcarce diſtinction.[6] Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly ſignify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horſe of Parthia
We have jaded out o'the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purpoſeth to Athens: whither with what haſte
The weight we muſt convey with us will permit,
We ſhall appear before him.—On, there; paſs along.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in* Cæſar's *Houſe.*

Enter Agrippa, *and* Enobarbus, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have deſpatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are ſealing. Octavia weeps

[6] *That without which a ſoldier, and his ſword,*
Grants ſcarce diſtinction.] *Grant,* for afford. It is badly and obſcurely expreſſed; but the ſenſe is this: *Thou haſt that, Ventidius, which if thou didſt want, there would be no diſtinction between thee and thy ſword. You would be both equally cutting and ſenſeleſs.* This was wiſdom or knowledge of the world. Ventidius had told him the reaſons why he did not purſue his advantages; and his friend, by this compliment, acknowledged them to be of weight. Warburton.

We have ſomewhat of the ſame idea in *Coriolanus:*
"Who, ſenſible, *outdares* his ſenſeleſs ſword."
Steevens.

To part from Rome': Cæſar is ſad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feaſt, as Menas ſays, is troubled
With the green ſickneſs.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæſar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæſar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæſar? How?[7] the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird![8]

Eno. Would you praiſe Cæſar, ſay,—Cæſar;—go no further.[9]

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praiſes.

[7] —— *How?*] I believe, was here, as in another place in this play, printed by miſtake, for *ho*. See alſo Vol. VII. p. 379, n. 1. MALONE.

I perceive no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

Spake you of Cæſar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! &c.] We ſhould read—
Of *Antony? O, thou Arabian bird!*
Speak you of Cæſar, he is the nonpareil; ſpeak you of Antony, he is the Arabian bird. M. MASON.

[8] —— *Arabian bird!*] The phœnix. JOHNSON.

So, again, in *Cymbeline*:
"She is alone the *Arabian bird*, and I
"Have loſt my wager." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Cæſar*;—go *no further.*] I ſuſpect that this line was deſigned to be metrical; and that (omitting the impertinent *go*) we ſhould read:
Would you praiſe Cæſar, ſay—Cæſar;—no further.
STEEVENS.

Eno. But he loves Cæſar beſt;—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, ſcribes, bards, poets,[1] cannot
Think, ſpeak, caſt, write, ſing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæſar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

[1] ——*bards, poets.*] Not only the tautology of *bards* and *poets*, but the want of a correſpondent action for the *poet*, whoſe buſineſs in the next line is only to *number*, makes me ſuſpect ſome fault in this paſſage, which I know not how to mend.

JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect no fault. The ancient *bard* ſung his compoſitions to the harp; the *poet* only commits them to paper. Verſes are often called *numbers*, and to *number*, a verb (in this ſenſe) of Shakſpeare's coining, is *to make verſes*.

This puerile arrangement of words was much ſtudied in the age of Shakſpeare, even by the firſt writers.

So, in *An excellent Sonnet of a Nimph*, by Sir P. Sidney; printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"Vertue, beauty, and ſpeach, did ſtrike, wound, charme,
"My lieft, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:
"Firſt, ſecond, laſt, did binde, enforce, and arme,
"His works, ſhowes, ſuites, with wit, grace, and vowes-might:

"Thus honour, liking, truſt, much, farre, and deepe,
"Held, pearſt, poſſeſt, my judgement, ſence, and will;
"Till wrongs, contempt, deceite, did grow, ſcale, creepe,
"Bands, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

"Then greefe, unkindnes, proofe, tooke, kindled, taught,
"Well grounded, noble, due, ſpite, rage, diſdaine:
"But ah, alas (in vaine) my minde, ſight, thought,
"Dooth him, his face, his words, leaue, ſhunne, refraine.

"For nothing, time, nor place, can looſe, quench, eaſe,
"Mine owne, embraced, ſought, knot, fire, diſeaſe."

STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's 11th Sonnet, 1594:

"Yet I will weep, vow pray to cruell ſhee;
"Flint, froſt, diſdaine, weares, melts, and yields, we ſee."

MALONE.

Eno. They are his ſhards, and he their beetle.[2] So,— [*Trumpets.*
This is to horſe.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy ſoldier; and farewell.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, *and* Octavia.

Ant. No further, ſir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myſelf;[3]
Uſe me well in it.—Siſter, prove ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furtheſt band[4]
Shall paſs on thy approof.—Moſt noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue,[5] which is ſet
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded,[6] be the ram, to batter

[2] *They are his* ſhards, *and he their beetle.*] i. e. They are the *wings* that raiſe this *heavy lumpiſh inſect* from the ground. So, in *Macbeth:*

" —— the *ſhard-borne* beetle."

See Vol. X. p. 164, n. 8. Steevens.

[3] *You take from me a great part of myſelf;*] So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" I have given you here a third of my own life."

Steevens.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" I have a kind of ſelf reſides in you." Malone.

[4] —— *as my furtheſt* band—] As I will venture the greateſt pledge of ſecurity, on the trial of thy conduct. Johnson.

Band and *bond*, in our author's time, were ſynonymous. See *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. ſc. ii. Malone.

[5] —— *the* piece of virtue,] So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" Thy mother was *a piece of virtue*"——

Again, in *Pericles:*

" Thou art *a piece of virtue*" &c. Steevens.

[6] —— *the cement of our* love,
To keep it builded,] So, in our author's 119th Sonnet:

" And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
" Grows fairer than at firſt." Malone.

The fortreſs of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cheriſh'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your diſtruſt.

Cæs. I have ſaid.

Ant. You ſhall not find,
Though you be therein curious,[7] the leaſt cauſe
For what you ſeem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans ſerve your ends!
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my deareſt ſiſter, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee,[8] and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

[7] ——*therein* curious,] i. e. ſcrupulous. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"For *curious* I cannot be with you."

See Vol. IX. p. 162, n. 7. Steevens.

[8] *The* elements *be kind* &c.] This is obſcure. It ſeems to mean, *May the different* elements *of the body, or principles of life, maintain ſuch proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful.* Johnson.

The elements be kind &c. I believe means only, *May the four elements, of which this world is compoſed, unite their influences to make thee cheerful.*

There is, however, a thought, which ſeems to favour Dr. Johnſon's explanation, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher and Shakſpeare:

"——My precious maid,
"Thoſe beſt affections that the heavens infuſe
"In their beſt temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
"In your dear heart!"

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*: "Does not our life conſiſt of the *four elements*?—Faith, ſo they ſay."

And another, which may ſerve in ſupport of mine,

"——the *elements*,
"That know not what or why, yet do effect
"Rare iſſues by their operance."

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my huſband's houſe; and—

Cæs. What,
Octavia?

Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the ſwan's down feather,

Theſe parting words of Cæſar to his ſiſter, may indeed mean no more than the common compliment which the occaſion of her voyage very naturally required. He wiſhes *that ſerene weather and proſperous winds may keep her ſpirits free from every apprehenſion that might diſturb or alarm them.* Steevens.

The elements be kind to thee, (i. e. the elements of air and water.) Surely this expreſſion means no more than, *I wiſh you a good voyage*; Octavia was going to ſail with Antony from Rome to Athens. Holt White.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is too profound to be juſt. Octavia was about to make a long journey both by *land* and by *water*. Her brother wiſhes that both theſe elements may prove kind to her; and this is all.

So, Caſſio ſays, in *Othello*:

" ——— O, let the heavens
" Give him defence againſt the elements,
" For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea." M. Mason.

In the paſſage juſt quoted, the elements muſt mean, not *earth* and water, (which Mr. M. Maſon ſuppoſes to be the meaning here,) but *air* and water; and ſuch, I think, (as an anonymous commentator has alſo ſuggeſted,) is the meaning here. The following lines in *Troilus and Creſſida* likewiſe favour this interpretation:

" ——— anon behold
" The ſtrong ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
" Bounding between the *two moiſt elements*,
" Like Perſeus' horſe." Malone.

That ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.[9]

Eno. Will Cæſar weep? [*Aſide to* AGRIPPA.

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worſe for that, were he a horſe;[1]
So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæſar dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus ſlain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:[2]
Believe it, till I weep too.[3]

[9] ——*ſtands upon the ſwell at full of tide,*
And neither way inclines.] This image has already occurred in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*:

"As with the tide ſwell'd up unto its height,
"That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*were he a horſe*;] A horſe is ſaid to have *a cloud in his face*, when he has a black or dark-coloured ſpot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a ſour look, and being ſuppoſed to indicate an ill-temper, is of courſe regarded as a great blemiſh.

The ſame phraſe occurs in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, 524: "Every lover admires his miſtreſs, though ſhe be very deformed of her ſelfe—thin leane, chitty face, have *clouds in her face*, be crooked," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *What willingly he did* confound, *he wail'd.*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"——wail his fall
"Whom I myſelf ſtruck down." MALONE.

To *confound* is to deſtroy. See Vol. XII. p. 308, n. 2. MALONE.

[3] *Believe it, till I* weep *too.*] I have ventured to alter the tenſe of the verb here, againſt the authority of all the copies. There was no ſenſe in it, I think, as it ſtood before. THEOBALD.

Ces. No, ſweet Octavia,
You ſhall hear from me ſtill; the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, ſir, come;
I'll wreſtle with you in my ſtrength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Ces. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the ſtars give light
To thy fair way!

Ces. Farewell, farewell! [*Kiſſes* Octavia.

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets ſound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

I am afraid there was better ſenſe in this paſſage as it originally ſtood, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. *Believe it,* (ſays Enobarbus,) *that Antony did ſo,* i. e. *that he wept over ſuch an event, till you ſee me weaping on the ſame occaſion, when I ſhall be obliged to you for putting ſuch a conſtruction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy.* I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Theobald reads—*till I* wept *too.* Steevens.

I ſhould certainly adopt Theobald's amendment, the meaning of which is, that Antony wailed the death of Brutus ſo bitterly, that I [Enobarbus] was affected by it, and wept alſo.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of the preſent reading is ſo forced, that I cannot clearly comprehend it. M. Mason.

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, ſir.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Alex. Good majeſty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mess. Moſt gracious majeſty,—

Cleo. Didſt thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and ſaw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?[4]

Mess. She is not, madam.

[4] *Is ſhe as tall as me?* &c. &c. &c.] This ſcene (ſays Dr. Grey) is a manifeſt alluſion to the queſtions put by Queen Elizabeth to Sir James Melvil, concerning his miſtreſs the Queen of Scots. Whoever will give himſelf the trouble to conſult his *Memoirs*, may probably ſuppoſe the reſemblance to be more than accidental. Steevens.

I ſee no probability that Shakſpeare ſhould here allude to a converſation that paſſed between Queen Elizabeth and a Scottiſh ambaſſador in 1564, the very year in which he was born, and does not appear to have been made publick for above threeſcore years after his death; Melvil's *Memoirs* not being printed till 1683. Such enquiries, no doubt, are perfectly natural to rival females, whether queens or cinder-wenches. Ritson.

Cleo. Didſt hear her ſpeak? Is ſhe ſhrill-tongu'd, or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her ſpeak; ſhe is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not ſo good:—he cannot like her long.[5]

Char. Like her? O Iſis! 'tis impoſſible.

Cleo. I think ſo, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfiſh!—
What majeſty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dſt on majeſty.

Mess. She creeps;

[5] *That's not ſo good:—he cannot like her long.*] Cleopatra perhaps does not mean—"That is not ſo good a piece of intelligence as your laſt;" but, "*That*, i. e. a low voice, is not ſo good as a ſhrill tongue."

That a low voice (on which our author never omits to introduce an eulogium when he has an opportunity) was not eſteemed by Cleopatra as merit in a lady, appears from what ſhe adds afterwards,—"*Dull of tongue*, and dwarfiſh!" If the words be underſtood in the ſenſe firſt mentioned, the latter part of the line will be found inconſiſtent with the foregoing.

Perhaps, however, the author intended no connection between the two members of this line; and that Cleopatra, after a pauſe, ſhould exclaim—He cannot like her, whatever her merits be, for any length of time. My firſt interpretation I believe to be the true one.

It has been juſtly obſerved that the poet had probably Queen Elizabeth here in his thoughts. The deſcription given of her by a contemporary, about twelve years after her death, ſtrongly confirms this ſuppoſition. "She was (ſays the Continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*) *tall of ſtature*, ſtrong in every limb and joynt, her fingers ſmall and long, her *voyce loud and ſhrill*."

Malone.

It may be remarked, however, that when Cleopatra applies the epithet "ſhrill-tongued" to Fulvia, (ſee p. 9,) it is not introduced by way of compliment to the wife of Antony.

Stevens.

The quality of the *voice* is referred to, as a criterion ſimilar to that, already noticed, of the *hair*. See p. 109, n. 1. Henley.

Her motion and her ſtation[6] are as one:
She ſhows a body rather than a life;
A ſtatue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no obſervance.

Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Gueſs at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.[7]

Mess. And I do think, ſhe's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is it long, or round?

Mess. Round even to faultineſs.

Cleo. For the moſt part too,
They are fooliſh that are ſo.[8]—Her hair, what colour?

[6] ——*her* ſtation—] *Station*, in this inſtance, means *the act of ſtanding*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"A *ſtation* like the herald Mercury." Steevens.

[7] Widow?—*Charmian, hark.*] Cleopatra rejoices in this circumſtance, as it ſets Octavia on a level with herſelf, who was no virgin, when ſhe fell to the lot of Antony. Steevens.

[8] Round &c.

They are fooliſh *that are ſo.*] This is from the old writers on phyſiognomy. So, in Hill's *Pleaſant Hiſtory*, &c. 1613: "The head *very round*, to be forgetful and *fooliſh*." Again: "the head *long* to be prudent and wary."—"a *low forehead*," &c. p. 218. Steevens.

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low[9]
As ſhe would wiſh it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpneſs ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Moſt fit for buſineſs: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is ſo: I repent me much,
That ſo I harry'd him.[1] Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no ſuch thing.

[9] ——is *as low* &c.] For the inſertion of—*is*, to help the metre, I am anſwerable. Steevens.

As low as ſhe would wiſh it.] Low foreheads were, in Shakſpeare's age, thought a blemiſh. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— with foreheads *villainous low*."

See alſo Vol. IV. p. 140, n. 2.

You and *She* are not likely to have been confounded; otherwiſe we might ſuppoſe that our author wrote—

As low as you *would wiſh it.* Malone.

The phraſe employed by the Meſſenger is ſtill a cant one. I once overheard a chambermaid ſay of her rival,—" that her legs were as thick *as ſhe could wiſh them*." Steevens.

[1] ——*ſo I* harry'd *him.*] To *harry*, is *to uſe roughly, haraſs, ſubdue.* So, in the Cheſter *Whitſun-Playes*, MS. Harl. 2013, the Cookes' Company are appointed to exhibit the 17th pageant of—

" ——the *harrowinge of helle*."

The ſame word occurs alſo in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

" He *harried* her, and midſt a throng," &c.

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

" Will *harry* me about inſtead of her."

Holinſhed, p. 735, ſpeaking of the body of Richard III. ſays, it was " *harried* on horſeback, dead."

The ſame expreſſion had been uſed by Harding, in his *Chronicle.* Again, by Naſh, in his *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: " —as if he were *harrying* and chaſing his enemies." Stevens.

To *harry*, is, literally, to *hunt.* Hence the word *harrier.* King James threatened the Puritans that " he would *harry* them out of the land." Henley.

Char. O, nothing[2], madam.

Cleo. The man hath ſeen ſome majeſty, and ſhould know.

Char. Hath he ſeen majeſty? Iſis elſe defend,
And ſerving you ſo long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to aſk him yet, good Charmian:—
But 'tis no matter; thou ſhalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Athens. *A Room in* Antony's *Houſe.*

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excuſable, that, and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainſt Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke ſcantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and ſickly

Minſheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, explains the word thus: "To turmoile or vexe." Cole, in his *Engliſh Dictionary*, 1676, interprets *haried* by the word *pulled*, and in the ſenſe of pulled and *lugged* about, I believe the word was uſed by Shakſpeare. See the marginal direction in p. 498. In a kindred ſenſe it is uſed in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Pyrrhus ſeeing his people thus troubled, and *harried* to and fro," &c.

See alſo Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1590: "Tartaſſare. To rib-baſte, to bang, to tugge, to hale, *to harrie*." Malone.

[2] O, *nothing*,] The exclamation—*O*, was, for the ſake of meaſure, ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Steevens.

He vented them; moſt narrow meaſure lent me:
When the beſt hint was given him, he not took't,[3]
Or did it from his teeth.[4]

Oct. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you muſt believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this diviſion chance, ne'er ſtood between,
Praying for both parts:
And[5] the good gods will mock me preſently,
When I ſhall pray,[6] *O, bleſs my lord and huſband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bleſs my brother! Huſband win, win brother,
Prays, and deſtroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt theſe extremes at all.

[3] *When the beſt hint was given him, he* not took't.] The firſt folio reads, *not look'd*. Dr. Thirlby adviſed the emendation, which I have inſerted in the text. Theobald.

[4] *Or did it* from his teeth.] Whether this means, as we now ſay, *in ſpite of his teeth*, or that he ſpoke through his teeth, ſo as to be purpoſely indiſtinct, I am unable to determine.

A ſimilar paſſage, however, occurs in a very ſcarce book entitled *A Courtlie Controverſie of Cupid's Cautels: containing five Tragicall Hiſtories*, &c. *Tranſlated out of French*, &c. *by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: "The whyche the factor conſidering, incontinently made his reckning; that it behoued him to ſpeake clearely, and not *betweene his teeth*, if he would practiſe ſurely," &c.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the fifteenth *Iliad*:

"She laught, but merely *from her lips*:—."

Again, in Fuller's *Hiſtorie of the Holy Warre*, B. IV. ch. 17: "This bad breath, though it came but *from the teeth* of ſome, yet proceeded from the corrupt lungs of others."

Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of the eleventh Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*: "—the noiſe which they make commeth but *from their teeth* and mouth outward." Stevens.

[5] *And*—] I have ſupplied this conjunction, for the ſake of metre. Stevens.

[6] *When I ſhall pray*, &c.] The ſituation and ſentiments of Octavia reſemble thoſe of Lady Blanch in *King John*. See Vol. X. p. 437. Stevens.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your beſt love draw to that point, which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerve it: If I loſe mine honour,
I loſe myſelf: better I were not yours,
Than yours ſo branchleſs.[7] But, as you requeſted,
Yourſelf ſhall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtain your brother;[8] Make your ſooneſt haſte;
So your deſires are yours.

[7] *Than yours ſo branchleſs.*] Old copy—*your*. Corrected in the ſecond folio. This is one of the many miſtakes that have ariſen from the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him, *your ſo* and *yours ſo*, being ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable in pronunciation. Malone.

[8] —— *The mean time, lady,*
I'll raiſe the preparation of a war
Shall ſtain *your brother*;] Thus the printed copies. But, ſure, Antony, whoſe buſineſs here is to mollify Octavia, does it with a very ill grace: and 'tis a very odd way of ſatisfying her, to tell her the war, he raiſes, ſhall *ſtain*, i. e. caſt an odium upon her brother. I have no doubt, but we muſt read, with the addition only of a ſingle letter—
Shall ſtrain *your brother*;——
i. e. ſhall lay him under conſtraints; ſhall put him to ſuch ſhifts, that he ſhall neither be able to make a progreſs againſt, or to prejudice me. Plutarch ſays, that Octavius, underſtanding the ſudden and wonderful preparations of Antony, was aſtoniſhed at it; for he himſelf was in many wants, and the people were ſorely oppreſſed with grievous exactions. Theobald.

I do not ſee but *ſtain* may be allowed to remain unaltered, meaning no more than *ſhame* or *diſgrace*. Johnson.

So, in ſome anonymous ſtanzas among the poems of Surrey and Wyatt:

"——here at hand approacheth one
"Whoſe face will *ſtain* you all."

Again, in *Shore's Wife*, by Churchyard, 1593:

"So Shore's wife's face made foule Browneta bluſh,
"As pearle *ſtaynes* pitch, or gold ſurmounts a ruſh."

Again, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595:

"Whoſe beautie *ſtaines* the faire Helen of Greece."
Steevens.

I believe a line betwixt theſe two has been loſt, the purport

Oct. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me moſt weak, moſt weak,
Your reconciler![9] Wars 'twixt you twain would be[1]
As if the world ſhould cleave, and that ſlain men
Should ſolder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your diſpleaſure that way; for our faults
Can never be ſo equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Chooſe your own company, and command what coſt
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's ſtrange news come, ſir.

Eno. What, man?

of which probably was, *unleſs I am compelled in my own defence, I will do no act that* ſhall ſtain, &c.

After Antony has told Octavia that ſhe ſhall be a mediatrix between him and his adverſary, it is ſurely ſtrange to add that he will do an act that ſhall diſgrace her brother. Malone.

[9] *Your* reconciler!] The old copy has *yet*. This manifeſt error of the preſs, which appears to have ariſen from the ſame cauſe as that noticed above, was corrected in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[1] ——*Wars 'twixt you twain would be* &c.] The meaning is, that war between Cæſar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the ſlaughter would be great in ſo extenſive a commotion. Johnson.

Eros. Cæſar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the ſucceſs?

Eros. Cæſar, having made uſe of him in the wars 'gainſt Pompey, preſently denied him rivality;[2] would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not reſting here, accuſes him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,[3] ſeizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?[4]

[2] ——*rivality*;] Equal rank. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*, Horatio and Marcellus are ſtyled by Bernardo "the *rivals*" of his watch. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*upon his own* appeal,] To *appeal*, in Shakſpeare, is to *accuſe*; Cæſar ſeized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæſar's accuſation. JOHNSON.

[4] *Then*, world, &c.] Old copy—*Then* would *thou had'ſt a pair of chaps, no more; and throw between them, all the food thou haſt, they'll grind the other. Where's Antony?* This is obſcure, I read it thus:

Then, world, *thou haſt a pair of chaps, no more;*
And throw between them all the food thou haſt,
They'll grind the one the *other. Where's Antony?*

Cæſar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them. JOHNSON.

Though in general very reluctant to depart from the old copy, I have not, in the preſent inſtance, any ſcruples on that head. The paſſage, as it ſtands in the folio, is nonſenſe, there being nothing to which *thou* can be referred. *World* and *would* were eaſily confounded, and the omiſſion in the laſt line, which Dr. Johnſon has ſupplied, is one of thoſe errors that happen in almoſt every ſheet that paſſes through the preſs, when the ſame words are repeated near to each other in the ſame ſentence. Thus, in a note on *Timon of Athens*, Vol. XIX. Act III. ſc. ii. now before

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and ſpurns
The ruſh that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæſar. More, Domitius;[5]

me, theſe words ought to have been printed: "Dr. Farmer, however, ſuſpects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation and *honour* (i. e. the lordſhip of a place) in its legal ſenſe." But the words—"*in its common acceptation and*" were omitted in the *proof* ſheet by the compoſitor, by his eye (after he had compoſed the firſt *honour*) glancing on the laſt, by which the intermediate words were loſt. In the paſſage before us, I have no doubt that the compoſitor's eye in like manner glancing on the ſecond *the*, after the firſt had been compoſed, the two words now recovered were omitted. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, the two lines printed in Italicks, were omitted in the folio, from the ſame cauſe:

"The bearer knows not; but commends *itſelf*
"*To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itſelf,*
"*That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe, behold itſelf,*
"Not going from itſelf," &c.

In the firſt folio edition of *Hamlet*, Act II. is the following paſſage: "I will leave him, *and ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting between him* and my daughter." But in the original quarto copy the words in the Italick character are omitted. The printer's eye, after the words *I will leave him* were compoſed, glanced on the ſecond *him*, and thus all the intervening words were loſt.

I have lately obſerved that Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the ſame emendation. As, in a ſubſequent ſcene, Shakſpeare, with alluſion to the triumvirs, calls the world *three-nook'd*, ſo he here ſuppoſes it to have had *three chaps*. *No more* does not ſignify *no longer*, but has the ſame meaning as if Shakſpeare had written—*and* no more. Thou haſt now a *pair* of chaps, and *only* a pair.

MALONE.

[5] ——*More, Domitius;*] I have ſomething *more* to tell you, which I might have told at firſt, and delayed my news. Antony requires your preſence. JOHNSON

My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, *and* MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place,[6] on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her

[6] *I' the market-place,*] So, in the old translation of Plutarch: "For he assembled all the people in the show place, where young men doe exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunall silvered, he set two chayres of gold, the one for him selfe, and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chaires for his children: then he openly published before the assembly, that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queene of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the lower Syria, and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realmes. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the sonne of Julius Cæsar, who had left Cleopatra great with child. Secondly, he called the sonnes he had by her, the kings of kings, and gave Alexander for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country: and unto Ptolemy for his portion, Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia." STEEVENS.

Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,[7]
Abſolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common ſhow-place, where they exerciſe.
His ſons he there[8] proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he aſſign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddeſs Iſis[9]
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, ſo.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queaſy with his inſolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

[7] For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has reſtored *Lybia*. JOHNSON.

In the tranſlation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North, in folio, 1597,* will be ſeen at once the origin of this miſtake: "Firſt of all he did eſtabliſh Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria." FARMER.

The preſent reading is right: for in page 154, where Cæſar is recounting the ſeveral kings whom Antony had aſſembled, he gives the kingdom of *Lybia* to Bocchus. M. MASON.

[8] ——*he there*—] The old copy has—*hither*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[9] ——*the goddeſs Iſis*—] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Now for Cleopatra, ſhe did not onely weare at that time (but at all other times els when ſhe came abroad) the apparell of the goddeſſe Iſis, and ſo gaue audience vnto all her ſubjects, as a new Iſis." STEEVENS.

* I find the character of this work pretty early delineated:
"Two Greek at firſt, that Greek was Latin made,
"That Latin French, that French to Engliſh trade
"Thus 'twixt the Plutarch there's more diſtance,
"Than 'th' fame Engliſhman return'd from France." FARMER.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accuſations.

Agr. Whom does he accuſe?

Cæs. Cæſar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'the iſle: then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping unreſtor'd: laſtly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the meſſenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deſerve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor muſt not then be yielded to in this.

Enter Octavia.

Oct. Hail, Cæſar, and my lord! hail, moſt dear Cæſar!

Cæs. That ever I ſhould call thee, caſt-away!

Oct. You have not call'd me ſo, nor have you cauſe.

Cæs. Why have you ſtol'n upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæſar's ſiſter: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an uſher, and
The neighs of horſe to tell of her approach,

Long ere ſhe did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the duſt
Should have aſcended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The oſtent of our love,[1] which, left unſhown
Is often left unlov'd: we ſhould have met you
By ſea, and land; ſupplying every ſtage
With an augmented greeting.

Oct. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which ſoon he granted,
Being an obſtruct 'tween his luſt and him.[2]

[1] *The* oſtent *of our love,*] Old copy—oſtent*ation*. But the metre, and our author's repeated uſe of the former word in *The Merchant of Venice*, " —Such fair *oſtents* of love," ſufficiently authorize the ſlight change I have made. *Oſtent* occurs alſo in *King Henry I*:

" Giving full trophy, ſignal, and *oſtent*—." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *Which ſoon he granted,*
Being an obſtruct *'tween his luſt and him.*] [Old copy—*alſtra t.*] Antony very ſoon complied to let Octavia go at her requeſt, ſays Cæſar; and why? Becauſe ſhe was an *alſtruct* between his inordinate paſſion and him. This is abſurd. We muſt read:

Being an obſtruct *'tween his luſt and him.*

i. e. his wife being an obſtruction, a bar to the proſecution of his wanton pleaſures with Cleopatra. WARBURTON.

I am by no means certain that this change was neceſſary. Mr. Heuley pronounces it to be " needleſs, and that it ought to be rejected, as perverting the ſenſe." One of the meanings of *abſtracted* is—*ſeparated, disjoined*; and therefore our poet, with his uſual licence, might have uſed it for a *diſjunctive*. I believe

Oct. Do not ſay ſo, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Oct. My lord, in Athens.[3]

Cæs. No, my moſt wronged ſiſter; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying[4]
The kings o'the earth for war:[5] He hath aſſembled
Bocchus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus,
Of Cappadócia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,

there is no ſuch ſubſtantive as *obſtruct*: beſides, we ſay, an obſtruction *to* a thing, but not *between* one thing and another.

As Mr. Malone, however, is contented with Dr. Warburton's reading, I have left it in our text. Steevens.

[3] *My lord, in Athens.*] Some words, neceſſary to the metre, being here omitted, Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

My lord, he is *in Athens.*

But I rather conceive the omiſſion to have been in the former hemiſtich, which might originally have ſtood thus:

Where is he, 'pray you, *now?*
Oct. *My lord, in Athens.*

Steevens.

[4] ——who *now* are *levying*—] That is, which two perſons now are levying, &c. Malone.

[5] *The kings o'the earth for war:*] Mr. Upton remarks, that there are ſome errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings: but it is probable that the author did not much wiſh to be accurate. Johnson.

Mr. Upton propoſes to read:

—— *Polemon and Amintas*
Of Lycaonia; and the king of Mede."

And this obviates all impropriety. Steevens.

The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger liſt of ſcepters.

Oct. Ah me, moſt wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content theſe ſtrong neceſſities;
But let determin'd things to deſtiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you juſtice, make them miniſters[6]
Of us, and thoſe that love you. Beſt of comfort;[7]
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, moſt large

[6] ——them *miniſters*—] Old copy—*his* miniſters. Corrected by Mr. Capell. Malone.

[7] ——Beſt *of comfort*;] Thus the original copy. The connecting particle, *and*, ſeems to favour the old reading. According to the modern innovation, *Be* of comfort, (which was introduced by Mr. Rowe,) it ſtands very awkwardly. "*Beſt* of comfort" may mean—*Thou beſt of comforters!* a phraſe which we meet with again in *The Tempeſt*:

"A ſolemn air, and the *beſt comforter*
"To an unſettled fancy's cure!"

Cæſar, however, may mean, that what he had juſt mentioned is the beſt kind of comfort that Octavia can receive. Malone.

This elliptical phraſe, I believe, only ſignifies—*Why the beſt of comfort I owe you!* Steevens.

In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[8] to a trull,
That noiſes it againſt us.[9]

Oct. Is it ſo, ſir?

Cæs. Moſt certain. Siſter, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My deareſt ſiſter!
[*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*potent* regiment—] *Regiment*, is *government, authority*; he puts his *power* and his empire into the hands of a falſe woman.

It may be obſerved, that *trull* was not, in our author's time, a term of mere infamy, but a word of ſlight contempt, as *wench* is now. JOHNSON.

Trull is uſed in *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* as ſynonymous to *harlot*, and is rendered by the Latin word *Scortum*, in Cole's *Dictionary*, 1679. There can therefore be no doubt of the ſenſe in which it is uſed here. MALONE.

Regiment is uſed for *regimen* or *government* by moſt of our ancient writers. The old tranſlation of *The Schola Salernitana*, is called *The Regiment of Helth*.

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Or Hecate in Pluto's *regiment*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. x:

"So when he had reſign'd his *regiment*."

Trull is not employed in an unfavourable ſenſe by George Peele, in the Song of *Coridon and Melampus*, publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"When ſwaines ſweete pipes are puſt, and *trulls* are warme."

Again, in *Damætas's Sirge in Praiſe of his Love*, by John Wootton; printed in the ſame collection:

"——— be thy mirth ſeene;
"Heard to each ſwaine, ſeene to each *trull*."

Again, in the eleventh Book of Virgil, Twyne's tranſlation of the *virgins* attendant on Camilla, is—

"Italian *trulles*"——.

Mecænas, however, by this appellation, moſt certainly means no compliment to Cleopatra. STEEVENS.

[9] *That noiſes it againſt us.*] Milton has adopted this uncommon word in his *Paradiſe Regained*, Book IV. 488:

"——though *noiſing* loud,
"And threatening nigh:—." STEEVENS.

SCENE VII.

Antony's *Camp, near the Promontory of* Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

CLEO. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

ENO. But why, why, why?

CLEO. Thou haſt forſpoke my being[1] in theſe wars;
And ſay'ſt, it is not fit.

ENO. Well, is it, is it?

[1] ——forſpoke *my being*—] To *forſpeak*, is to *contradict*, to *ſpeak againſt*, as *forbid* is to order negatively. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —— thy life *forſpoke* by love."

To *forſpeak* likewiſe ſignified to *curſe*. So, in Drayton's *Epiſtle* from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humphrey*:

" Or to *forſpeak* whole flocks as they did feed."

To *forſpeak*, in the laſt inſtance, has the ſame power as to *forbid*, in *Macbeth*:

" He ſhall live a man *forbid*."

So, to *forthink*, meant anciently to *un*think, and conſequently to *repent*:

" Therefore of it be not to boolde,
" Leſt thou *forthink* it when thou art too olde."
Interlude of Youth, bl. l. no date.

And in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. I. to *forſhape* is to *mis-ſhape*:

" Out of a man into a ſtone
" *Forſhape*," &c.

To *forſpeak* has generally reference to the miſchiefs effected by enchantment. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*: " —a witch, goſſip, to *forſpeak* the matter thus." In Shakſpeare it is the oppoſite of *beſpeak*. STEEVENS.

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce againſt us,[2] why ſhould not we
Be there in perſon?

Eno. [*Aſide.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we ſhould ſerve with horſe and mares together,
The horſe were merely loſt;[3] the mares would bear
A ſoldier, and his horſe.

[2] *Is't not?* Denounce *againſt us*, &c.] The old copy reads:
If not, denounc'd againſt us, &c.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Steevens.

I would read:
Is't not? Denounce *againſt us, why ſhould not we*
Be there in perſon? Tyrwhitt.

Cleopatra means to ſay, "Is not the war denounced againſt us? Why ſhould we not then attend in perſon?" She ſays, a little lower,
"——A charge we bear i' the war,
"And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will
"Appear there for a man."
She ſpeaks of herſelf in the plural number, according to the uſual ſtyle of ſovereigns. M. Mason.

Mr. Malone reads with the old copy, introducing only the change of a ſingle letter—*denounc't* inſtead of *denounc'd*. I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt.

So, in Turberville's tranſlation of Ovid's *Epiſtle from Phyllis to Demophoon*.
"*Denounce* to me what I have doone
"But lend thee all to well?" Steevens.

Mr. Tyrwhitt propoſed to read—*denounc't*, but the ſlight alteration for which I am anſwerable, is nearer to the original copy. I am not however ſure that the old reading is not right. "*If not* denounc'd," *If there be no particular denunciation againſt me, why ſhould we not be there in perſon?* There is, however, in the folio, a comma after the word *not* and no point of interrogation at the end of the ſentence; which favours the emendation now made. Malone.

Surely, no valid inference can be drawn from ſuch uncertain premiſes as the punctuation of the old copy, which (to uſe the words of Roſalind and Touchſtone in *As you like it*) is "as fortune will, or as the deſtinies decree." Steevens.

Cleo. What is't you ſay?

Eno. Your preſence needs muſt puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That ſpeak againſt us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the preſident of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not againſt it;
I will not ſtay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter Antony *and* Canidius.

Ant. Is't not ſtrange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian ſea,
And take in Toryne?[4]—You have heard on't, ſweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the beſt of men,

[3] ——merely *loſt*;] i. e. entirely, abſolutely loſt. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——things rank, and groſs in nature
" Poſſeſs it *merely*." Steevens.

[4] *And take in Toryne?*] To *take in* is to gain by conqueſt. So, in Chapman's verſion of the ſecond *Iliad*:

" ——for now Troy's broad-way'd town
" He ſhall *take in*."

See Vol. IX. p. 374, n. 9; and Vol. XVI. p. 27, n. 9.
Steevens.

To taunt at flackneſs.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by ſea.

Cleo. By ſea! What elſe?

Can. Why will my lord do ſo?

Ant. For he dares us[5] to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to ſingle fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharſalia,
Where Cæſar fought with Pompey: But theſe offers,
Which ſerve not for his vantage, he ſhakes off;
And ſo ſhould you.

Eno. Your ſhips are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers,[6] people
Ingroſs'd by ſwift impreſs; in Cæſar's fleet
Are thoſe, that often have 'gainſt Pompey fought:
Their ſhips are yare; yours, heavy.[7] No diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at ſea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By ſea, by ſea.

Eno. Moſt worthy ſir, you therein throw away

[5] For *he dares us*—] i. e. *becauſe* he dares us. So, in *Othello*:
"——Haply, *for* I am black——."
The old copy redundantly reads—*For that* he. See Vol. XVIII. note on *Cymbeline*, Act IV. ſc. i. Steevens.

[6] *Your mariners are* muleteers, *reapers*, &c.] The old copy has *militers*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. It is confirmed by the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "—for lacke of waterm n his captains did preſſe by force all ſortes of men out of Grece, that they could rake up in the field, as travellers, *muliters*, reapers, harveſt-men," &c. *Muliter* was the old ſpelling of *muleteer*. Steevens

[7] *Their ſhips are* yare; *yours, heavy.*] So, in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch: "Cæſar's ſhips were not built for pomp, high and great, &c. but they were light of *gouage*." *Yare* generally ſignifies, *dextrous, manageable*. See Vol. IV. p. 5, n. 2.
Steevens.

The abſolute ſoldierſhip you have by land;
Diſtract your army, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promiſes aſſurance; and
Give up yourſelf merely to chance and hazard,
From firm ſecurity.

Ant. I'll fight at ſea.

Cleo. I have ſixty ſails, Cæſar none better.[8]

Ant. Our overplus of ſhipping will we burn;
And, with the reſt full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæſar. But if we fail,

Enter a Meſſenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy buſineſs?

Meſs. The news is true, my lord; he is deſcried;
Cæſar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'tis impoſſible;
Strange, that his power ſhould be.[9]—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou ſhalt hold by land,
And our twelve thouſand horſe:—We'll to our ſhip;

[8] —— *Cæſar none better.*] I muſt ſuppoſe this mutilated line to have originally ran thus:

I have ſixty ſails, Cæſar himſelf *none better.*

STEEVENS.

[9] *Strange, that his* power *ſhould be.*] It is ſtrange that his *forces* ſhould be there. So, afterwards, in this ſcene:

"His *power* went out in ſuch diſtractions, as
"Beguil'd all ſpies."

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Before the which was drawn the *power* of Greece."

MALONE.

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis![1]—How now, worthy ſoldier?

Sold. O noble emperor,[2] do not fight by ſea;
Truſt not to rotten planks: Do you miſdoubt
This ſword, and theſe my wounds? Let the Egyptians,
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have uſed to conquer, ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't:[3] So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

[1] ——*my Thetis!*] Antony may addreſs Cleopatra by the name of this ſea-nymph, becauſe ſhe had juſt promiſed him aſſiſtance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in alluſion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when ſhe appeared like *Thetis* ſurrounded by the Nereids. Steevens.

[2] *O noble emperor*, &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Now, as he was ſetting his men in order of battel, there was a captaine, & a valiant man, that had ſerued Antonius in many battels & conflicts, & had all his body hacked and cut: who as Antonius paſſed by him, cryed out vnto him, and ſayd: O, noble emperor, how commeth it to paſſe that you truſt to theſe vile brittle ſhippes? what, doe you miſtruſt theſe woundes of myne, and this ſword? let the Aegyptians and Phœnicians fight by ſea, and ſet vs on the maine land, where we vſe to conquer, or to be ſlayne on our feete. Antonius paſſed by him, and ſayd neuer a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good corage, although indeede he had no great corage himſelfe." Steevens.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horſe whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Juſteius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for ſea:
But we keep whole by land. This ſpeed of Cæſar's
Carries beyond belief.[4]

Sold. While he was[5] yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,[6] as
Beguil'd all ſpies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They ſay, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

[3] Sold. *By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.*
Can. *Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows*
Not in the power on't:] That is, his whole conduct becomes ungoverned by the right, or by reaſon. Johnson.

I think the ſenſe is very different, and that Canidius means to ſay, His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greateſt ſtrength, (namely, his *land force,*) but on the caprice of a woman, who wiſhes that he ſhould fight by ſea. Dr. Johnſon refers the word *on't* to *right* in the preceding ſpeech. I apprehend, it refers to *action* in the ſpeech before us.
Malone.

[4] Carries *beyond belief.*] Perhaps this phraſe is from archery. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "—he would have *carried* you a forehand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half."
Steevens.

[5] *While* he was—] Of what uſe are the words—*he was,* except to vitiate the metre? Steevens.

[6] ——*diſtractions,*] Detachments, ſeparate bodies.
Johnson.

The word is thus uſed by Sir Paul Ryeaut, in his *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*: "—and not ſuffer his affections to wander on other wives, ſlaves, or *diſtractions of his love.*" Steevens.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſs. The emperor calls for Canidius.[7]

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes forth,[8]
Each minute, ſome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Plain near Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, *Officers, and Others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at ſea.
Do not exceed the preſcript of this ſcroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.[9] [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our ſquadrons on yon' ſide o'the hill,
In eye of Cæſar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ſhips behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *The emperor calls for Canidius.*] The preposition—*for*, was judiciously inſerted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the meaſure. So, in a future ſcene:

"——call *for* Enobarbus,—." Steevens.

[8] ——*and* throes *forth*,] i. e. emits as in parturition. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——proclaim a birth
"Which *throes* thee much to yield." Steevens.

[9] ——*this* jump.] i. e. hazard. So, in *Macbeth*:

"We'd *jump* the life to come." Steevens.

Enter CANIDIUS, *marching with his Land Army one Way over the Stage; and* TAURUS, *the Lieutenant of* Cæſar, *the other Way. After their going in, is heard the Noiſe of a Sea-Fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad,[1] the Egyptian admiral,
With all their ſixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddeſſes,
All the whole ſynod of them!

Eno. What's thy paſſion?

Scar. The greater cantle[2] of the world is loſt
With very ignorance; we have kiſs'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our ſide like the token'd[3] peſtilence,

[1] *The Antoniad*, &c.] Which Plutarch ſays, was the name of Cleopatra's ſhip. POPE.

[2] *The greater* cantle—] A piece or lump. POPE.

Cantle is rather a *corner*. Cæſar, in this play, mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner. JOHNSON.

The word is uſed by Chaucer, in *The Knight's Tale*, Mr Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 3010:

"Of no partie ne *cantel* of a thing." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XI. p. 323, n. 3. MALONE.

[3] ——*token'd*—] Spotted. JOHNSON.

Where death is ſure. You' ribald-rid[4] nag of Egypt,

The death of thoſe viſited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the ſkin; and theſe were called *God's tokens*. So, in the comedy of *Two Wife Men and all the reſt Fools*, in ſeven Acts, 1619: "A will and a tolling bell are as preſent death as *God's tokens*." Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"His ſickneſs, madam, rageth like a plague,
"Once *ſpotted, never cur'd*."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"For the *Lord's tokens* on you both I ſee."

See Vol. VII. p. 172, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ribald*—] A luxurious ſquanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not underſtand, but mention it, in hopes others may raiſe ſome happy conjecture. JOHNSON.

A *ribald* is a lewd fellow. So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"——that injurious *ribald* that attempts
"To vyolate my dear wyve's chaſtity."

Again:

"Injurious ſtrumpet, and thou *ribald* knave."

Ribaudred, the old reading, is, I believe, no more than a corruption. Shakſpeare, who is not always very nice about his verſification, might have written:

Yon ribald-rid *nag of Egypt*,—

i. e. Yon ſtrumpet, who is common to every wanton fellow.

We find, however, in *The Golden Legend*, Wynkyn de Worde's edit. fol. 180, b. that "Antony was wylde, ioly, and *ryballous*, and had ye ſyſter of Octauyan to his wyfe."

STEEVENS.

I have adopted the happy emendation propoſed by Mr. Steevens. *Ribaud* was only the old ſpelling of *ribald*; and the miſprint of *red* for *rid* is eaſily accounted for. Whenever, by any negligence in writing, a dot is omitted over an *i*, compoſitors at the preſs invariably print an *e*. Of this I have had experience in many ſheets of my edition of Shakſpeare, being very often guilty of that negligence which probably produced the error in the paſſage before us.

In our author's own edition of his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, I have lately obſerved the ſame error:

"Afflict him in his bed with bed-*red* groans."

Again, in *Hamlet*, 1604, ſign. B 3, Act I. ſc. ii:

"Who impotent, and bed-*red*, ſcarcely hears
"Of this his nephew's purpoſe."

Whom leproſy o'ertake![5] i' the midſt o'the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder,[6]—
The brize upon her,[7] like a cow in June,

By ribald, Scarus, I think, means the lewd Antony in particular, not "*every* lewd fellow," as Mr. Steevens has explained it. MALONE.

—— *Yon ribald* nag *of Egypt*,] I believe we ſhould read—*hag*. What follows ſeems to prove it:

"—— She once being loof'd,
"The noble ruin of her *magick*, Antony,
"Claps on his ſea-wing."—— TYRWHITT.

Odd as this uſe of *nag* might appear to Mr. Tyrwhitt, *jade* is daily uſed in the ſame manner. HENLEY.

The brieze, or œſtrum, the fly that ſtings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word. JOHNSON.

[5] *Whom* leproſy *o'ertake!*] *Leproſy*, an epidemical diſtemper of the Ægyptians; to which Horace probably alludes in the controverted line:

"Contaminato cum grege turpium
"Morbo virorum." JOHNSON.

Leproſy was one of the various names by which the *Lues venerea* was diſtinguiſhed. So, in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Conycatcher and a She Conycatcher*, 1592: "Into what jeopardy a man will thruſt himſelf for her that he loves, although for his ſweete villanie he be brought to loathſome *leproſie*." STEEVENS.

Pliny, who ſays, *the white leproſy*, or *elephantiaſis*, was not ſeen in Italy before the time of Pompey the Great, adds, it is "a peculiar maladie, and *naturall to the Ægyptians*; but looke when any of their kings fell into it, woe worth the ſubjects and poore people: for then were the tubs and bathing veſſels wherein they ſate in the baine, filled with men's blood for their cure." *Philemon Holland's Tranſlation*, B. XXVI. c. i. REED.

[6] *Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder,*] So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"We were two lions, litter'd in one day,
"But I the elder and more terrible." STEEVENS.

[7] *The* brize *upon her,*] The *brize* is the *gad-fly*. So, in Spenſer:

"—— a *brize*, a ſcorned little creature,
"Through his fair hide his angry ſting did threaten." STEEVENS.

Hoiſts ſails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did ſicken at the ſight on't,[8] and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,[9]
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his ſea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never ſaw an action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate ſo itſelf.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
And ſinks moſt lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himſelf, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Moſt groſsly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night
Indeed. [*Aſide.*

Can. Towards Peloponneſus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

[8] *Did ſicken at the ſight* on't,] For the inſertion of—*on't*, to complete the meaſure, I am anſwerable, being backed, however, by the authority of the following paſſage in *Cymbeline*:

"——the ſweet view *on't*
"Might well have warm'd old Saturn,——." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*being* loof'd,] To *loof* is to bring a ſhip cloſe to the wind. This expreſſion is in the old tranſlation of Plutarch. It alſo occurs frequently in Hackluyt's *Voyages*. See Vol. III. 589. STEEVENS.

Can. To Cæſar will I render
My legions, and my horſe; ſix kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony,[1] though my reaſon
Sits in the wind againſt me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Antony, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is aſham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world,[2] that I

[1] *The wounded* chance *of Antony,*] I know not whether the author, who loves to draw his images from the ſports of the field, might not have written:

The wounded chaſe *of Antony,*——

The alluſion is to a deer wounded and chaſed, whom all other deer avoid. *I will,* ſays Enobarbus, *follow Antony,* though *chaſed* and *wounded.*

The common reading, however, may very well ſtand.

Johnson.

The *wounded chance* of Antony, is a phraſe nearly of the ſame import as *the broken fortunes of Antony.* The old reading is indiſputably the true one. So, in the fifth Act:

"Or I ſhall ſhow the cinders of my ſpirit,
"Through the aſhes of my *chance.*" Malone.

Mr. Malone has judiciouſly defended the old reading. In *Othello* we have a phraſe ſomewhat ſimilar to *wounded chance*; viz. "*mangled* matter." Steevens.

[2] ——*ſo* lated *in the world,*] Alluding to a benighted traveller. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth,* Act III:

"Now ſpurs the *lated* traveller apace." Steevens.

Have loſt my way for ever:—I have a ſhip
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæſar.

ATT. Fly! not we.

ANT. I have fled myſelf; and have inſtructed cowards
To run, and ſhow their ſhoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myſelf reſolv'd upon a courſe,
Which has no need of you; be gone:[3]
My treaſure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I bluſh to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rathneſs, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you ſhall
Have letters from me to ſome friends, that will
Sweep your way for you.[4] Pray you, look not ſad,
Nor make replies of loathneſs: take the hint
Which my deſpair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itſelf:[5] to the ſea ſide ſtraightway:
I will poſſeſs you of that ſhip and treaſure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do ſo; for, indeed, I have loſt command,[6]
Therefore I pray you:—I'll ſee you by and by.

[*Sits down.*

[3] ——*be gone:*] We might, I think, ſafely complete the meaſure by reading:

——*be gone,* I ſay. STEEVENS.

[4] *Sweep your way for you.*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"——they muſt *ſweep my way,*
"And marſhall me to knavery." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*let* that *be left*
Which leaves itſelf:] Old copy—let *them* &c. Corrected by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

[6] ——*I have loſt command.*] I am not maſter of my own emotions. JOHNSON.

Enter EROS, *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

EROS. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

IRAS. Do, moſt dear queen.

CHAR. Do! Why, what elſe?[7]

CLEO. Let me ſit down. O Juno!

ANT. No, no, no, no, no.

EROS. See you here, ſir?

ANT. O fye, fye, fye.

CHAR. Madam,—

IRAS. Madam; O good empreſs!—

EROS. Sir, ſir,—

ANT. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept His ſword even like a dancer;[8] while I ſtruck

Surely, he rather means,—I *entreat* you to leave me, becauſe I have loſt all power to *command* your abſence. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Tell her, the king, that may *command, entreats.*"

MALONE

[7] *Do! Why, what elſe?* &c.] Being uncertain whether theſe, and other ſhort and interrupted ſpeeches in the ſcene before us, were originally deſigned to form regular verſes; and ſuſpecting that in ſome degree they have been mutilated, I have made no attempt at their arrangement. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*He, at Philippi, kept*
His ſword even like a dancer;] In the Moriſco, and perhaps anciently in the Pyrrhick dance, the dancers held ſwords in their hands with the points upward. JOHNSON.

I am told that the peaſants in Northumberland have a *ſword-dance* which they always practiſe at Chriſtmas. STEEVENS.

The Goths, in one of their dances, held ſwords in their hands with the points upwards, ſheathed and unſheathed. Might not the Moors in Spain borrow this cuſtom of the Goths who intermixed with them? TOLLET.

The lean and wrinkled Caſſius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: [9] he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[1] and no practice had
In the brave ſquares of war: Yet now—No matter.

I believe it means that Cæſar never offered to draw his ſword, but kept it in the ſcabbard, like one who dances with a ſword on, which was formerly the cuſtom in England. There is a ſimilar alluſion in *Titus Andronicus*, Act II. ſc. i:

" —— our mother, unadvis'd,
" Gave you a *dancing rapier* by your ſide."

It may alſo be obſerved, that the dancers repreſented in one of the compartments of the ſhield of Achilles, had weapons by their ſides:

" ———— οἱ δὲ μαχαίρας
" Εἶχον χρυσείας ἐξ ἀργυρέων τελαμώνων."
Iliad, Σ. 597. STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation is juſt, appears from a paſſage in *All's well that ends well*. Bertram, lamenting that he is kept from the *wars*, ſays—

" I ſhall ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,
" Creaking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
" Till honour be bought up, and no *ſword worn*,
" But one to *dance* with."

The word *worn* ſhows that in both paſſages our author was thinking of the Engliſh, and not of the Pyrrhick, or the Moriſco, dance, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed,) in which the ſword was *not worn* at the ſide, but held in the hand with the point upward. MALONE.

[9] —— *and 'twas I,*
That the mad *Brutus ended:*] Nothing can be more in character, than for an infamous debauched tyrant to call the heroick love of one's country and publick liberty, *madneſs*. WARBURTON.

[1] —— *he alone*
Dealt on *lieutenantry*,] I know not whether the meaning is, that Cæſar acted only as lieutenant at Philippi, or that he made his attempts only on lieutenants, and left the generals to Antony. JOHNSON.

Dealt on lieutenantry, I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants, or *on* the ſtrength of his lieutenants So, in a former ſcene, Ventidius obſerves—

" *Cæſar* and Antony have ever won
" *More in their officer*, than perſon."

Cleo. Ah, ſtand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Again, in the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Antonie*, 1595:

" ——Caſſius and Brutus ill betid,
" March'd againſt us, by us twice put to flight,
" But by my ſole conduct; for all the time,
" Cæſar heart-ſick with fear and feaver lay."

To *deal on* any thing, is an expreſſion often uſed in the old plays. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

" You will *deal upon* men's wives no more."

The prepoſitions *on* and *upon* are ſometimes oddly employed by our ancient writers. So, in Drayton's *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*:

" That it amaz'd the *marchers*, to behold
" Men ſo ill arm'd, *upon* their bows ſo bold."

Upon their bows muſt here mean *on the ſtrength of their bows, relying on their bows*. Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. by Nathe, 1596: " At Wolfe's he is billeted, ſweating and *dealing upon* it moſt intentively." Again, in *Othello*:

" *Upon* malicious bravery doſt thou come
" To ſtart my quiet."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

" ——are they that I would have thee *deal upon*."

STEEVENS.

Steevens's explanation of this paſſage is juſt, and agreeable to the character here given of Auguſtus. Shakſpeare repreſents him, in the laſt Act, as giving his orders to Agrippa, and remaining unengaged himſelf:

" Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,——."

Again:

" Go, charge, Agrippa." M. Mason.

In the Life of Antony, Shakſpeare found the following paſſage: " —they were alwayes more fortunate when *they made warre by their lieutenants*, than by themſelves;"—which fully explains that before us.

The ſubſequent words alſo—" and no practice had," &c. ſhow that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted this paſſage. The phraſe to *deal on* is likewiſe found in *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Nathe, 1592: " When dice, luſt, and drunkenneſs, all have *dealt upon* him, if there be never a place for him to go to for his penie, he ſits melancholie in his chamber."

Malone.

Iras. Go to him, madam, ſpeak to him;
He is unqualitied [2] with very ſhame.

Cleo. Well then,—Suſtain me:—O!

Eros. Moſt noble ſir, ariſe; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will ſeize her; but
Your comfort [3] makes the reſcue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A moſt unnoble ſwerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither haſt thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my ſhame [4] out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in diſhonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful fails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

[2] *He is* unqualitied—] I ſuppoſe ſhe means, he is *unſoldier'd*. *Quality*, in Shakſpeare's age, was often uſed for *profeſſion*. It has, I think, that meaning in the paſſage in *Othello*, in which Deſdemona expreſſes her deſire to accompany the Moor in his military ſervice:

"——My heart's ſubdued
"Even to the very *quality* of my lord." Malone.

Perhaps, *unqualitied*, only ſignifies *unmanned* in general, *diſarmed of his uſual faculties*, without any particular reference to ſoldierſhip. Steevens.

[3] ——*death will ſeize her*; but
Your comfort &c.] *But* has here, as once before in this play, the force of *except*, or *unleſs*. Johnson.

I rather incline to think that *but* has here its ordinary ſignification. If it had been uſed for *unleſs*, Shakſpeare would, I conceive, have written, according to his uſual practices, *make*. Malone.

[4] *How I convey my ſhame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your ſight. Johnson.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the ſtrings,[5]
And thou ſhould'ſt tow[6] me after: O'er my ſpirit
Thy full ſupremacy[7] thou knew'ſt; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lowneſs; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My ſword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I ſay; one of them rates
All that is won and loſt:[8] Give me a kiſs;
Even this repays me.—We ſent our ſchoolmaſter,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—

[5] ——*tied by the ſtrings,*] That is, by the *heart ſtring.* JOHNSON

So, in *The Tragedie of Antonie*, done into Engliſh by the Counteſs of Pembroke, 1595:

"——as if his ſoule
"Unto his ladies ſoule had been *enchained*,
"He left his men" &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſhould'ſt* tow—] The old copy has—ſhould'ſt *ſtow* me. This is one of the many corruptions occaſioned by the tranſcriber's ear deceiving him. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *Thy full ſupremacy*—] Old copy—*The* full—. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[8] ——*one of them rates*
All that is won and loſt: So, in *Macbeth*
"When he battles [illegible]" MALONE.

Some wine, within[9] there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We ſcorn her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blows.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Cæſar's *Camp*, *in* Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS,[1] *and Others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæſar, 'tis his ſchoolmaſter:[2]
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He ſends ſo poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had ſuperfluous kings for meſſengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and ſpeak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf

[9] ——*within*—] This word might be fairly ejected, as it has no other force than to derange the metre. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *Thyreus*,] In the old copy always—*Thidias*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *his ſchoolmaſter*:] The name of this perſon was *Euphronius*. STEEVENS.

He was ſchoolmaſter to Antony's *children* by Cleopatra. MALONE.

To his grand ſea.[3]

Cæs. Be it ſo; Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He leſſens his requeſts; and to thee ſues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confeſs thy greatneſs;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves

[3] ——*as petty to his ends,*
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand ſea.] Thus the old copy. To *whoſe* grand ſea? I know not. Perhaps we ſhould read:
To this *grand ſea.*
We may ſuppoſe that the ſea was within view of Cæſar's camp, and at no great diſtance. Tyrwhitt.

The modern editors arbitrarily read:—*the* grand ſea.
I believe the old reading is the true one. *His grand ſea* may mean his *full tide of proſperity.* So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:
"You are the fount that makes ſmall brooks to flow;
"Now ſtops thy ſpring; *my ſea* ſhall ſuck them dry,
"And ſwell ſo much the higher by their ebb."
Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher:
And ——— though I know
In c his *ocean* needs not my poor drops, yet they
Muſt yield their tribute here."
There is a playhouſe tradition that the firſt Act of this play was written by Shakſpeare. Mr. Tollet offers a further explanation of the change propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt: "Alexandria, toward, which Cæſar was marching, is ſituated on the coaſt of the Mediterranean ſea, which is ſometimes called *mare magnum.* Pliny verſificator *immenſa aequorum vaſtitas.*" I may add, that Sir J frequently uſe, p. 80, calls that part of the Mediterranean whi aſt of Paleſtine, "*the great ſea.*"

[4] Think, *and* ſwown's *Cranykil*, B. IX. ch. xii. v. 40:
Drink, *and* iterane,
And his emendation ·kis callis it ſwa."
Burton and Mr. Upto is capable of yet another explanation. *His* anced it into the page, "ſea from whi h the dew drop is exhi· *Think, and die;*" ſays I ve conſidered the ſea as the ſource of d ated inſtead of *its.* Steevens.

The circle of the Ptolemies[4] for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his requeſt. The queen
Of audience, nor deſire, ſhall fail; ſo ſhe
From Egypt drive her all-diſgraced friend,[5]
Or take his life there: This if ſhe perform,
She ſhall not ſue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune purſue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* Euphronius.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Deſpatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promiſe,
[*To* Thyreus.
And in our name, what ſhe requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their beſt fortunes, ſtrong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal:[6] Try thy cunning, Thyreus;

Tyrwhitt's amendment is more [illegible] to be right than Steevens's explanation. M. Mason.

I believe the laſt is the right explanation. Henley.

The laſt of Mr. Steevens's explanations certainly [illegible] the ſenſe of Shakſpeare. If *his* be not uſed for *its*, he has made a perſon of the *morn-drop*. Ritson.

[4] *The circle of the Ptolemies*—] The diadem; the ſign of royalty. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"All that impedes thee from the golden [illegible]
"Which fate and metaphyſical aid [illegible]y ejected, as i
"Would have thee *crown'd* withal." Steevens.

[5] ——*friend*,] i. e. paramour. See *Thidias*, on *Cymbeline*, Act I. ſc. v. Steevens

[6] ——*will perjure* [illegible]e of this perſon wa
The ne'er-touch'd veſtal:] So,
"O Opportunity! thy gui*ltiness* by Cleopatra.
"Thou mak'ſt the *veſtal* Malone.

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;[7]
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.[8]

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, *and* Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?[9]

Eno. Think, and die.[1]

[7] —— *how Antony becomes his flaw;*] That is, how Antony conforms himself to this breach of his fortune. Johnson.

[8] *And what thou think'st his very* action speaks
In every power that moves.] So, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
"—— *Her foot speaks,* her—spirits look out
"At *every* joint and *motive* of her body." Steevens.

[9] *What shall we* do, *Enobarbus?*] I have little doubt but that the verb—*do,* which is injurious to the metre, was interpolated, and that some player or transcriber (as in many former instances) has here defeated the purpose of an ellipsis convenient to versification. *What shall we?* in ancient familiar language, is frequently understood to signify—What shall we *do?*
Steevens.

[1] Think, *and die.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:
Drink, *and die.*
And his emendation has been approved, it seems, by Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton. Dr. Johnson, however, "has not advanced it into the page, not being convinced that it is necessary "*Think, and die;*" says he, "that is, *Reflect on your own folly,*

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

and leave the world, is a natural anſwer." I grant it would be, *according to this explanation*, a very proper anſwer from a moraliſt or a divine; but Enobarbus, I doubt, was neither the one nor the other. He is drawn as a *plain, blunt ſoldier*; not likely, however, to offend ſo groſsly in point of delicacy as Sir T. Hanmer's alteration would make him. I believe the true reading is:

Wink, *and die.*

When the ſhip is going to be caſt away, in *The Sea Voyage* of Beaumont and Fletcher, (Act I. ſc. i.) and Aminta is lamenting, Tibalt ſays to her:

"——— Go, take your gilt

"Prayer-book, and to your buſineſs; *wink, and die:*" inſinuating plainly, that ſhe was afraid to meet death with her eyes open. And the ſame inſinuation, I think, Enobarbus might very naturally convey in his return to Cleopatra's deſponding queſtion. Tyrwhitt.

I adhere to the old reading, which may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Julius Cæſar*:

"——— all that he can do

"Is to himſelf; *take thought, and die* for Cæſar."

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that the expreſſion of *taking thought*, in our old Engliſh writers, is equivalent to *the living anxious* or *ſolicitous*, or *laying a thing much to heart*. So, ſays he, it is uſed in our tranſlations of *The New Teſtament*, Matthew vi. 25, &c. So, in Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 50, or anno 1140: "—*taking thought* for the loſſe of his houſes and money, he pined away and died." In the margin thus: "The biſhop of Sulisburie *dieth of thought*." Again, in p. 833. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, anno 1508: "Chriſtopher Hawis ſhortened his life by *thought-taking*." Again, in p. 546, edit. 1614. Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. I. p. 234: "—their mother died *for thought*." Mr. Tyrwhitt, however, might have given additional ſupport to the reading which he offers, from a paſſage in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*:

"——led his powers to death,

"And *winking* leap'd into deſtruction." Stevens.

After all that has been written upon this paſſage, I believe the old reading is right; but then we muſt underſtand *think and die* to mean the ſame as *die of thought*, or *melancholy*. In this ſenſe is *thought* uſed below, Act IV. ſc. vi. and by Holinſhed, *Chronicle of Ireland*, p. 97: "*His father lived in the Tower*—

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reaſon. What although[2] you fled
From that great face of war, whoſe ſeveral ranges
Frighted each other? why ſhould he follow?[3]
The itch of his affection ſhould not then
Have nick'd his captainſhip;[4] at ſuch a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered queſtion:[5] 'Twas a ſhame no leſs

where for thought *of the young man his follie* he died." There is a paſſage almoſt exactly ſimilar in *The Beggar's Buſh* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. II. p. 423:

"Can I not *think away* myſelf and die?" TYRWHITT.

Think and die:—Conſider what mode of ending your life is moſt preferable, and immediately adopt it. HENLEY.

See Vol. V. p. 313, n. 7. MALONE.

[2] ——*although*—] The firſt ſyllable of this word was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*why ſhould he follow?*] Surely, for the ſake of metre, we ſhould read—follow *you?* STEEVENS.

[4] *Have* nick'd *his captainſhip;*] i. e. ſet the mark of folly on it. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"———— and the while
"His man with ſciſſars *nicks* him like a fool."

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*he being*
The mered *queſtion:*] The *mered* queſtion is a term I do not underſtand. I know not what to offer, except—
The mooted *queſtion.*——
That is, the *diſputed* point, the ſubject of debate. *Mere* is indeed a *boundary*, and the *meered queſtion*, if it can mean any thing, may, with ſome violence of language, mean, the *diſputed boundary*. JOHNSON.

So, in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of Virgil, B. III. 1582:

"Whereto joinctlye *mearing* a cantel of Itayl[illegible]"

Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets a *meere*-ſtone by *lapis terminalis*. *Queſtion* is certainly the true reading. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. i.

"———— the king
"That was and is the *queſtion* of theſe wars."

STEEVENS.

Than was his loſs, to courſe your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter Antony, *with* Euphronius.

Ant. Is this his anſwer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen
Shall then have courteſy, ſo ſhe will yield
Us up.

Eup. He ſays ſo.

Ant. Let her know it.[6]—
To the boy Cæſar ſend this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wiſhes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the roſe
Of youth upon him; from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: his coin, ſhips, legions,
May be a coward's; whoſe miniſters would prevail
Under the ſervice of a child, as ſoon
As i' the command of Cæſar: I dare him therefore

Poſſibly Shakſpeare might have coined the word *meered*, and derived it from the adjective *mere* or *meer*. In that caſe, the *meered queſtion* might mean, the only cauſe of the diſpute—the only ſubject of the quarrel. M. Mason.

Meered, is, I ſuſpect, a word of our author's formation, from *mere*; he being the ſole, the entire ſubject or occaſion of the war. Malone.

[6] *Let her know it.*] To complete the verſe, we might add—Let her know it *then*. Steevens.

To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd,[7] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.

[7] ——*his gay* comparisons *apart*,
And answer me declin'd,] I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power. JOHNSON.

I have sometimes thought that Shakspeare wrote—
" ——*his gay* caparisons.
Let him " unstate his happiness," let him divest himself of the splendid trappings of power, *his coin, ships, legions*, &c. and meet me in single combat.

Caparison is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for *an ornamental dress*. So, in *As you like it*, Act III. sc. ii:
" —— though I am *caparison'd* like a man,—."
Again, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV. sc. ii:
" With dice and drab I purchas'd this *caparison*."
The old reading however is supported by a passage in *Macbeth*:
" Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
" Confronted him with *self-comparisons*,
" Point against point, rebellious."
His *gay comparisons* may mean, those circumstances of splendour and power in which he, when *compared* with me, so much exceeds me.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *declin'd* is certainly right. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" Not one accompanying his *declining* foot."
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
" —— What the *declin'd* is,
" He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
" As feel in his own fall."
Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:
" Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd." MALONE.

The word *gay* seems rather to favour Malone's conjecture, that we should read *caparisons*. On the other hand, the following passage in the next speech, appears to countenance the present reading:
" —— that he should dream,
" Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
" Answer his emptiness!" M. MASON.

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæſar will
Unſtate his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to the ſhow,[8]
Againſt a ſworder.—I ſee, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes;[9] and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To ſuffer all alike. That he ſhould dream,
Knowing all meaſures, the full Cæſar will
Anſwer his emptineſs!—Cæſar, thou haſt ſubdu'd
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A meſſenger from Cæſar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
Againſt the blown roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, ſir.

Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, begin to ſquare.[1] [*Aſide.*
The loyalty, well held to fools,[2] does make

[8] ——*be* ſtag'd *to the ſhow*,] So, Goff, in his *Raging Turk*, 1631:

"——as if he *ſtag'd*
"The wounded Priam——." Steevens.

Be *ſtag'd to ſhow*,—that is, *exhibited, like conflicting gladiators, to the publick gaze.* Henley.

[9] ——*are*
A parcel *of their fortunes*;] i. e. as we ſhould ſay at preſent, *are of a piece with them.* Steevens.

[1] ——*to* ſquare.] i. e. to *quarrel.* See *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. IV. p. 346, n. 2. Steevens.

[2] *The loyalty, well held to fools*, &c.] After Enobarbus has ſaid, that his honeſty and he begin to quarrel, he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Though loyalty, ſtubbornly preſerved to a maſter in his declined fortunes, ſeems folly in the eyes of fools; yet he, who can be ſo obſtinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." I therefore read:

Though *loyalty, well held to fools, does make*
Our faith mere folly——. Theobald.

Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his maſter conquer,
And earns a place i' the ſtory.

Enter THYREUS.

CLEO. Cæſar's will?

THYR. Hear it apart.

CLEO. None but friends;[3] ſay boldly.

THYR. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

ENO. He needs as many, ſir, as Cæſar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæſar pleaſe, our maſter
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whoſe he is, we are; and that's, Cæſar's.

THYR. So.—
Thus then, thou moſt renown'd; Cæſar entreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt,
Further than he is Cæſar.[4]

I have preſerved the old reading: Enobarbus is deliberating upon deſertion, and finding it is more prudent to forſake a fool, and more reputable to be faithful to him, makes no politive concluſion. Sir T. Hanmer follows Theobald. Dr. Warburton retains the old reading. JOHNSON.

[3] *None but friends*;] I ſuppoſe, for the ſake of meaſure, we ought to read in this place with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

"None *here* but friends." STEEVENS.

[4] ——Cæſar *entreats*,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt,
Further than he is Cæſar.] Thus the ſecond folio; and on this reading the ſubſequent explanation by Dr. Warburton is founded.

The firſt folio, which brings obſcurity with it, has—

"——*than he is Cæſar's*.

See Mr. Malone's note. STEEVENS.

i. e. *Cæſar intreats, that at the ſame time you conſider your deſperate fortunes, you would conſider he is Cæſar*: That is, generous and forgiving, able and willing to reſtore them.

WARBURTON.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The ſcars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerv'd.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows

It has been juſt ſaid, that whatever *Antony* is, all his followers are; "that is, *Cæſar's*." Thyreus now informs Cleopatra that Cæſar entreats her not to conſider *herſelf* in a ſtate of ſubjection, further than as ſhe is connected with Antony, who is *Cæſar's*: intimating to her, (according to the inſtructions he had received from Cæſar, to detach Cleopatra from Antony—ſee p. 178,) that ſhe might make ſeparate and advantageous terms for herſelf.

I ſuſpect that the preceding ſpeech belongs to Cleopatra, not to Enobarbus. Printers uſually keep the names of the perſons who appear in each ſcene, ready compoſed; in conſequence of which, ſpeeches are often attributed to thoſe to whom they do not belong. Is it probable that Enobarbus ſhould preſume to interfere here? The whole dialogue naturally proceeds between Cleopatra and Thyreus, till Enobarbus thinks it neceſſary to attend to his own intereſt, and ſays what he ſpeaks when he goes out. The plural number, (*us*,) which ſuits Cleopatra, who throughout the play aſſumes that royal ſtyle, ſtrengthens my conjecture. The words, *our maſter*, it may be ſaid, are inconſiſtent with this ſuppoſition; but I apprehend, Cleopatra might have thus deſcribed Antony, with ſufficient propriety. They are afterwards explained: "Whoſe he is, *we* are." Antony was the maſter of her fate. Malone.

Enobarbus, who is the buffoon of the play, has already preſumed [ſee p. 74,] to interfere between the jarring Triumvirs, and might therefore have been equally flippant on the occaſion before us. For this reaſon, as well as others, I conceive the ſpeech in queſtion to have been rightly appropriated in the old copy.—What a diminution of Shakſpeare's praiſe would it be, if four lines that exactly ſuit the mouth of Enobarbus, could come with equal propriety from the lips of Cleopatra!

Steevens.

'——*that you* embrace *not*—] The author probably wrote—*embrac'd*. Malone.

What is moſt right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be ſure of that, [*Aſide.*
I will aſk Antony.—Sir, ſir, thou'rt ſo leaky,
That we muſt leave thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy dareſt quit thee.[6] [*Exit* Enobarbus.

Thyr. Shall I ſay to Cæſar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be deſir'd to give. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaff
To lean upon: but it would warm his ſpirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourſelf under his ſhrowd,
The univerſal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Moſt kind meſſenger,
Say to great Cæſar this, In diſputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:[7] tell him, I am prompt

[6] —— *thou'rt ſo leaky*, &c.
Thy dareſt quit *thee.*] So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" A rotten carcaſe of a boat——
" —— the very rats
" Inſtinctively had *quit it*—." Steevens.

[7] *Say to great Cæſar this, In* diſputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:] The poet certainly wrote.
Say to great Cæſar this, In deputation
I kiſs his conqu'ring hand:
i. e. by *proxy*; I *depute* you to pay him that duty in my name.
Warburton.

I am not certain that this change is neceſſary. *I kiſs his hand in diſputation*—may mean, I own he has the better in the controverſy. I confeſs my inability to *diſpute or contend* with him. To *diſpute* may have no immediate reference to words or language by which controverſies are agitated. So, in *Macbeth*: " *Diſpute* it like a man;" and Macduff, to whom this ſhort ſpeech is addreſſed, is *diſputing* or contending with himſelf only.

To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath[8] I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "For though my ſoul *diſputes* well with my ſenſe." If Dr. Warburton's change be adopted, we ſhould read—"*by* deputation." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but *deputation* is the right reading. Steevens having proved, with much labour and ingenuity, that it is but by a forced and unnatural conſtruction that any ſenſe can be extorted from the words as they ſtand. It is not neceſſary to read *by* deputation, inſtead of *in*. That amendment indeed would render the paſſage more ſtrictly grammatical, but Shakſpeare is, frequently, at leaſt as licentious in the uſe of his particles.

M. MASON.

I think Dr. Warburton's conjecture extremely probable. The objection founded on the particle *in* being uſed, is, in my apprehenſion, of little weight. Though *by* deputation is the phraſeology of the preſent day, the other might have been common in the time of Shakſpeare. Thus a *Deputy* ſays in the firſt ſcene of *King John*:

"Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the king of France,
"*In* my behaviour, to his majeſty,
"The borrow'd majeſty of England here."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"Of all the favourites that the abſent king
"*In deputation* left behind him here."

Again: Bacon, in his *Hiſtory of Henry VII.* ſays, "—if he relied upon that title, he could be but a king *at* courteſie." We ſhould now ſay, "*by* courteſy." So, "in any hand," was the phraſe of Shakſpeare's time, for which, "*at* any hand," was afterwards uſed.

Suppoſing *diſputation* to mean, as Mr. Steevens conceives, not verbal controverſy, but ſtruggle for power, or the contention of adverſaries, to ſay that one kiſſes the hand of another *in contention*, is ſurely a ſtrange phraſe: but to *kiſs by proxy*, and to *marry by proxy*, was the language of Shakſpeare's time, and is the language of this day. I have, however, found no example of *in deputation* being uſed in the ſenſe required here.

MALONE.

[8] *Tell him, from his* all-obeying *breath* &c.] *Doom* is declared rather by an *all-commanding*, than an *all-obeying breath*. I ſuppoſe we ought to read—

——*all*-obeyed *breath*. JOHNSON.

Thyr. 'Tis your nobleſt courſe.
Wiſdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Give me grace[9] to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæſar's father
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,[1]
Beſtow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.[2]

Re-enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fulleſt man,[3] and worthieſt

There is no need of change. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Shakſpeare uſes *longing*, a participle *active*, with a *paſſive* ſignification:

"To furnith me upon my *longing* journey."

i. e. my journey *long'd* for.

In *The Unnatural Combat*, by Maſſinger, the active participle is yet more irregularly employed:

"For the recovery of a *ſtrangling husband*."

i. e. one that *was to be* ſtrangled. Stevens.

All-obeying breath is, in Shakſpeare's language, breath which *all obey*. *Obeying* for *obeyed*. So, *inexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible*, *delighted* for *delighting*, &c. Malone.

[9] ——*Give me grace*——] Grant me the favour. Johnson.

[1] ——*taking kingdoms in*,] See p. 159, n. 4. Reed.

[2] *As it* rain'd kiſſes.] This ſtrong expreſſion is adopted in Pope's verſion of the 17th *Odyſſey*:

"————in his embraces dies,
"*Rains kiſſes* on his neck, his face, his eyes."

Stevens.

——*the* fulleſt *man*,] The moſt complete, and perfect. So, in *Othello*:

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe"

See Vol. VI p. 80, n. 7. Malone.

To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muſs,[4] kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack,[5] and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and ſtars!
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greateſt tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæſar, ſhould I find them
So ſaucy with the hand of ſhe here, (What's her name,
Since ſhe was Cleopatra?[6])—Whip him, fellows,

[4] *Like boys unto a* muſs,] i. e. a ſcramble. Pope.

So uſed by Ben Jonſon, in his *Magnetick Lady*:

" —— nor are they thrown
" To make a *muſs* among the gameſome ſuitors."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Gipſie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" To ſee if thou be'ſt alcumy or no.
" They'll throw down gold in *muſſes*."

This word was current ſo late as in the year 1690:

" Bauble and cap no ſooner are thrown down,
" But there's a *muſs* of more than half the town."

Dryden's Prologue to *The Widow Ranter*, by Mrs. Behn. Steevens.

[5] —— *Take hence this* Jack,] See Vol. VI. p. 18, n. 8. Malone.

[6] —— (*What's her name,*
Since ſhe was Cleopatra?] That is, ſince ſhe ceaſed to be Cleopatra. So, when Ludovico ſays:

Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack[7] of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt* Attend. *with* Thyreus.

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women,[8] to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?[9]

"Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?" Othello replies,

"That's he that *was* Othello. Here I am." M. Mason.

[7] ——This *Jack*—] Old copy—*The* Jack. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[8] ——*a* gem *of women*,] This term is often found in Chapman's version of the *Iliad*. Thus, in the sixth Book:

"——which though I use not here,
"Yet still it is my *gem* at home."

In short, beautiful horses, rich garments, &c. in our translator's language, are frequently spoken of as *gems*. "A *jewel* of a man," is a phrase still in use among the vulgar." Stevens.

[9] *By one that looks on* feeders?] One that waits at the table while others are eating. Johnson.

A *feeder*, or an *eater*, was anciently the term of reproach for a *servant*. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "Bar my doors. Where are all my *eaters*? My *mouths* now? bar up my doors, my varlets."

Again, in *The Wits*, a comedy, by Sir W. D'Avenant:

"——tall *eaters* in blew coats,
"Sans number."

One who looks on feeders, is one who throws away her regard on *servants*, such as Antony would represent Thyreus to be. Thus, in *Cymbeline*:

"——that base wretch,
"One bred of alms, and fotter'd with cold dishes,
"The very scraps o'the court." Stevens.

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciouſneſs grow hard,

I incline to think Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of this paſſage the true one. Neither of the quotations, in my apprehenſion, ſupport Mr. Steevens's explication of *feeders* as ſynonymous to a *ſervant*. So fantaſtick and pedantick a writer as Ben Jonſon, having in one paſſage made one of his characters call his attendants, his *eaters*, appears to me a very ſlender ground for ſuppoſing *feeders* and *ſervants* to be ſynonymous. In *Timon of Athens*, this word occurs again:

"——So the gods bleſs me,
"When all our offices have been oppreſs'd
"With *riotous feeders*,—."

There alſo Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes *feeders* to mean *ſervants*. But I do not ſee why "all our offices" may not mean *all* the apartments in Timon's houſe; (for certainly the Steward did not mean to lament the exceſſes of Timon's *retinue only*, without at all noticing that of the maſter and his gueſts;) or, if *offices* can only mean ſuch parts of a dwelling-houſe as are aſſigned to ſervants, I do not conceive that, becauſe *feeders* is *their* deſcriptive of thoſe menial attendants who were thus fed, the word uſed by itſelf, unaccompanied by others that determine its meaning, as in the paſſage before us, ſhould neceſſarily ſignify a *ſervant*.

It muſt, however, be acknowledged, that a ſubſequent paſſage may be urged in favour of the interpretation which Mr. Steevens has given:

"To flatter Cæſar, would you *mingle eyes*
"*With one that ties his points?*" Malone.

On maturer conſideration, Mr. Malone will find that Timon's Steward has *not* left the exceſſes of his maſter, and his gueſts, unnoticed; for though he firſt adverts to the luxury of their ſervants, he immediately afterwards alludes to their own, which he confines to the *rooms* (not *offices*) that "blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy." My definition, therefore, of the term—*offices*, will ſtill maintain its ground.

In further ſupport of it, ſee a note on *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 91, n. 8, where *offices* occurs, a reading which Mr. Malone has overlooked, and conſequently left without remark.

Duncan would hardly have "ſent *forth*" largeſs to Macbeth's *offices*, had theſe *offices* been (as Mr. Malone ſeems willing to repreſent them) "*all* the apartments *in* the houſe."

Steevens.

(O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;[1]
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;[2] make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:[3]—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with

[1] *——seel our eyes*; &c.] This passage should be pointed thus:

——seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments.

Tyrwhitt.

I have adopted this punctuation. Formerly,

——seel our eyes
In our own filth; &c. Steevens.

[2] *In our own filth* drop *our clear judgments*;] If I understand the foregoing allusion, it is such as scarce deserves illustration, which, however, may be caught from a simile in Mr. Pope's *Dunciad*:

"As what a Dutchman *plumps* into the lakes," &c.

In *King Henry V.* Act III. sc. v. we have already met with a conceit of similar indelicacy:

"He'll *drop* his heart into the *sink* of fear."

Steevens.

[3] Luxuriously *pick'd out*:] *Luxuriously* means *wantonly*. So, in *King Lear*:

"To't *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers." Steevens.

See Vol. VI. p. 414, n. 5; and Vol. V. p. 210, n. 7.

Malone.

My playfellow, your hand; this kingly ſeal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Baſan,[4] to outroar
The horned herd![5] for I have ſavage cauſe;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.[6]—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, *with* THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did aſk favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou waſt not made his daughter; and be thou ſorry
To follow Cæſar in his triumph, ſince
Thou haſt been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæſar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou ſay,[7]

[4] ——*the hill of Baſan,*] This is from *Pſalm* lxviii. 15: "As *the hill of Baſan*, ſo is God's hill: even an high hill, as "the hill of Baſan." STEEVENS.

[5] *The horned herd!*] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets ſo often with this low jeſt, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury. JOHNSON.

The idea of the *horned herd* was caught from *Pſalm* xxii. 12: "Many *oxen* are come about me: fat *bulls* of Baſan cloſe me in on every ſide." STEEVENS.

[6] *For being yare about him.*] i. e. *ready, nimble, adroit.* So, in a preceding ſcene:

"Their ſhips are *yare*, yours heavy." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*thou ſay,* &c.] Thus in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Whereupon Antonius cauſed him to be taken and well ſauour-

He makes me angry with him: for he ſeems
Proud and diſdainful; harping on what I am;
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time moſt eaſy 'tis to do't;
When my good ſtars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and ſhot their fires
Into the abiſm of hell. If he miſlike
My ſpeech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like, to quit me: [8] Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy ſtripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.

CLEO. Have you done yet?

ANT. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

CLEO. I muſt ſtay his time.

ANT. To flatter Cæſar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points? [9]

CLEO. Not know me yet?

ANT. Cold-hearted toward me?

CLEO. Ah, dear, if I be ſo,

oldly whipped, and ſo ſent him vnto Cæſar; and bad him tell him that he made him angrie with him, becauſe he ſhowed him ſelf prowde and diſdainfull towards him, and now ſpecially when he was eaſie to be angered, by reaſon of his preſent miſerie. To be ſhort, if this miſlike thee, ſaid he, thou haſt Hipparchus one of my infranchiſed bondmen with thee: hang him if thou wilt, or whippe him at thy pleaſure, that we may erie quittaunce." SYLVYNS.

[8] ——*to* quit *me:*] To repay me this inſult; to *requite* me. JOHNSON.

[9] *With one that ties his points?*] i. e with a menial attendant. *Points* were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunkhoſe were faſtened. MALONE.

From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poiſon it in the ſource; and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,[1] ſo
Diſſolve my life! The next Cæſarion ſmite![2]
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,[3]
Lie graveleſs; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey![4]

ANT. I am ſatisfied.
Cæſar ſits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppoſe his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our ſever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[5] threat'ning moſt ſea-like.

[1] ——*as it determines,*] That is, as the hailſtone diſſolves. M. MASON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Till his friend ſickneſs hath *determin'd* me."

See Vol. XII. p. 202, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*The next Cæſarion ſmite!*] Cæſarion was Cleopatra's ſon by Julius Cæſar. STEEVENS.

The folio has *ſmile*. This literal error will ſerve to corroborate Dr. Farmer's conjecture in *King Henry V.* Vol. XII. p. 319, n. 9. REED.

[3] *By th' diſcandying of this pelleted ſtorm,*] The old folios read, *diſcandering*: from which corruption both Dr. Thirlby and I ſaw, we muſt retrieve the word with which I have reformed the text. THEOBALD.

Diſcandy is uſed in the next Act. MALONE.

[4] ——*till the flies and gnats of Nile*
Have buried them for prey!] We have a kindred thought in *Macbeth*:

"——our *monument*
"Shall be the maw of kites." STEEVENS.

——*and fleet,*] *Haut* was a modern emendation, perhaps right. The old reading is,——

——*and fleet,*——. JOHNSON.

Where haſt thou been, my heart?—Doſt thou hear, lady?
If from the field I ſhall return once more
To kiſs theſe lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my ſword will earn our chronicle;[6]
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-ſinew'd,[7] hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky,[8] men did ranſome lives

I have replaced the old reading *Eunt* and *fleet* were ſynonymous. So, in the tragedy of *Edward II.* by Marlow, 1598

"This iſle ſhall *fleet* upon the ocean."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Shall meet thoſe Chriſtians *fleeting* with the tide."

Again, in *The Collier's Prophecy*, 1591:

"And envious ſnakes among the *fleeting* fiſh."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

"And in frayle wood on Adrian gulfe doth *fleet*."

Again, in Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543:

"The bodies *flete* amonge our ſhippes eche day."

Mr. Tollet has ſince furniſhed me with inſtances in ſupport of this old reading, from Verſtegan's *Reſtitution of decay'd Intelligence*, Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Scotland*, and Spenſer's *Colin Clout's come home againe*. Steevens.

The old reading ſhould certainly be reſtored. *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1598, 2990, 4883. Tyrwhitt.

[6] *I and my ſword will* earn *our chronicle*;] I and my ſword will do ſuch acts as ſhall deſerve to be recorded. Malone.

So, in a former part of this ſcene Enobarbus has ſaid:

"And *earns* a place i' the ſtory." Steevens.

[7] *I will be treble-ſinew'd*,] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"—— which to do,
"*Trebles thee* o'er."

Antony means to ſay, that he will be treble-*hearted*, and treble-*breath'd*, as well as *treble-ſinew'd*. Malone.

[8] *Were* nice *and lucky*,] *Nice*, for delicate, courtly, ſlow ing in peace. Warburton.

Of me for jeſts; but now,[9] I'll ſet my teeth,[1]
And ſend to darkneſs all that ſtop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night:[2] call to me
All my ſad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Nice rather ſeems to be, *juſt fit for my purpoſe, agreeable to my wiſh.* So we vulgarly ſay of any thing that is done better than was expected, it is *nice.* JOHNSON.

Nice is *trifling.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act V. ſc. ii:

"The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge."

See a note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

Again, in *King Richard III:*

"My lord, this argues conſcience in your grace,
"But the reſpects thereof are *nice* and *trivial.*"

MALONE.

[9] ——*when mine hours*
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome lives
Of me for jeſts; but now &c.] There is ſome reſemblance between this paſſage and the following ſpeech of Achilles in the 21ſt *Iliad,* as tranſlated by Chapman:

"Till his death, I did grace to Troy; and many lives did rate
"At price of ranſome; but none now, of all the brood of Troy
"(Who ever Jove throwes to my hands) ſhall any breath enjoy." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*I'll ſet my teeth.*] So, in *Coriolanus:* "—he did ſo *ſet his teeth* and tear it" &c. See this volume, p. 32. STEEVENS.

[2] ——gaudy *night:*] This is ſtill an epithet beſtowed on feaſt days in the colleges of either univerſity. STEEVENS.

Gaudy, or Grand days in the Inns of court, are four in the year, Aſcenſion day, Midſummer day, All-ſaints day, and Candlemas day. "The etymology of the word," ſays Blount, in his *Diſtionary,* "may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as ſome affirm) was the firſt inſtitutor of thoſe days; or rather from *gaudium,* becauſe (to ſay truth) they are days of *joy,* as bringing good cheer to the hungry ſtudents. In colleges they are moſt commonly called *Gawdy,* in inns of court *Grand days,* and in ſome other places they are called *Collar days.*" REED.

Days of good cheer, in ſome of the foreign univerſities, are called *Gaudeamus* days. C.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, ſince my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.[3]

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do ſo, we'll ſpeak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their ſears.—Come on, my queen;
There's ſap in't yet.[4] The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe.[5]

[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and* Attendants.

Eno. Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning.[6] To be furious,

[3] *Is Antony again, &c.*] I ſhrewdly ſuſpect that the—*again*, which ſpoils the verſe, is an interpolation, on the printer's old principle of opening the ſenſe, without regard to the metre. Steevens.

[4] *There's ſap in't yet.*] So, in *King Lear*.
"Then there's life in't." Steevens.

[5] ——*The next time I do fight,*
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his peſtilent ſcythe.] This idea ſeems to have been caught from the 12th Book of Harrington's tranſlation of *The Orlando Furioſo*, 1591:
"Death goeth about the field, rejoicing mickle,
"To ſee a weapon that ſo turpiſh'd his hickle."
This idea, however is not entirely modern: for in Statius, *Thebaid* I. 633, we find that death is armed with a weapon.
"Mors ſibi ſororum
"*Ense* metit." Steevens.

[6] *Now he'll out-ſtare the lightning.*] Our author, in many of the ſpeeches that he has attributed to Antony ſeems to have had the following paſſage in North's tranſlation of Plutarch in his thoughts: "He [Antony] uſed a manner of phraſe in his

Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Reſtores his heart: When valour preys on reaſon,
It eats the ſword it fights with. I will ſeek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp at* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a Letter*; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my meſſenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to perſonal combat,
Cæſar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die;[7] mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

ſpeeche, called Aſiatick, which carried the beſt grace at that time, and was much like to him in his manners and life; for *it was full of oſtentation, fooliſh bravery, and vaine ambition.*"
MALONE.

See Dr. Johnſon's note, at the concluſion of the play.
STEEVENS.

[7] I have *many other ways to die*;] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he ſhould die under the unequal combat; but if we read—

He hath *many other ways to die*; *mean time,*
I laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæſar muſt think,[8]
When one ſo great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of[9] his diſtraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itſelf.

Cæs. Let our beſt heads
Know, that to-morrow the laſt of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of thoſe that ſerv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in.[1] See it be done;[2]
And feaſt the army: we have ſtore to do't,
And they have earn'd the waſte. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

In this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæſar. Let's hear Plutarch. *After this, Antony ſent a challenge to Cæſar, to fight him hand to hand, and received for anſwer, that* he might find ſeveral other ways to end his life.
UPTON.

I think this emendation deſerves to be received. It had, before Mr. Upton's book appeared, been made by Sir T. Hanmer.
JOHNSON.

Moſt indiſputably this is the ſenſe of Plutarch, and given ſo in the modern tranſlations; but Shakſpeare was miſled by the ambiguity of the old one: "Antonius ſent again to challenge Cæſar to fight him: Cæſar anſwered, that he had many other ways to die, than ſo." FARMER.

[8] *Cæſar muſt think,*] Read:
Cæſar needs *muſt think,*—. RITSON.

This is a very probable ſupplement for the ſyllable here apparently loſt. So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"But I muſt *needs* to the Tower" STEEVENS.

[9] *Make boot of*—] Take advantage of. JOHNSON.

[1] *Enough to* fetch him in.] So, in *Cymbeline:*
"——break out, and ſwear
"He'd *fetch us in.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —— *See it* be *done*;] *Be* was inſerted by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the meaſure. STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and Others.*

ANT. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

ENO. No.

ANT. Why ſhould he not?

ENO. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

ANT. To-morrow, ſoldier,
By ſea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

ENO. I'll ſtrike; and cry, *Take all.*[3]

ANT. Well, ſaid; come on,—
Call forth my houſehold ſervants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been rightly honeſt;—ſo haſt thou;—
And thou,[4]—and thou,—and thou:— you have ſerv'd me well,

[3] ——*Take all.*] Let the ſurvivor take all. No compoſition, victory or death. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

" ——unbonneted he runs,
" And bids what will, *take all.*" STEEVENS.

[4] And *thou.*] *And*, which is wanting in the old copy, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odd tricks,[5] which ſorrow ſhoots [*Aſide.*

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honeſt too.
I wiſh, I could be made ſo many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you ſervice,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you ſhall not ſee me more; or if,
A mangled ſhadow:[6] perchance,[7] to-morrow

[5] ——*one of thoſe odd tricks,*] I know not what obſcenity the editors find in this paſſage. *Trick* is here uſed in the ſenſe in which it is uttered every day by every mouth elegant and vulgar. yet Sir T. Hanmer changes it to *freaks*, and Dr. Warburton, in his rage of Galliciſm, to *traits*. Johnson.

[6] ——*or if,*
A mangled ſhadow] *Or if* you ſee me more, you will ſee me *a mangled ſhadow*, only the external form of what I was. Johnson.

The thought is, as uſual, taken from Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "So being at ſupper, (as it is reported) he commaunded his officers and houſehold ſeruauntes that waited on him at his bord, that they ſhould fill his cuppes full, and make

You'll ſerve another maſter. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honeſt friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a maſter
Married to your good ſervice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
And the gods yield you for't![8]

Eno. What mean you, ſir,
To give them this diſcomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an aſs, am onion-ey'd;[9] for ſhame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho![1]

as much of him as they could: for ſaid he, you know not whether you ſhall doe ſo much for me to morrow or not, or whether you ſhall ſerue an other maiſter: and it may be you ſhall ſee me no more, but a dead bodie. This notwithſtanding, perceiuing that his frends and men fell a weeping to heare him ſay ſo, to ſalue that he had ſpoken, he added this more vnto it; that he would not leade them to battell, where he thought not rather ſafely to returne with victorie, than valliantly to dye with honor." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*perchance,*] To complete the verſe, might we not read—*nay*, perchance, &c? *Nay*, on this occaſion, as on many others, would be uſed to ſignify—*Not only ſo, but more.* STEEVENS.

[8] *And the gods* yield you *for't!*] i. e. *Award you.* See a note on *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 71, n. 1; and another on *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 118, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*onion-ey'd;*] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"I ſee ſomething like a peel'd *onion*;
"It makes me weep again." STEEVENS.

See p. 34, n. 2. MALONE.

[1] [illegible] *ho, ho!*] i. e. *ſtop*, or *deſiſt*. Antony deſires his [illegible] to ceaſe weeping. So, in Chaucer—*The Knightes Tale*, [illegible] 1700, edit. 1775:

"This duk his courſer with his ſporres ſmote,
"And at a ſtart he was betwix hem two,
"And pulled out a ſwerd, and cried, *ho!*
"No more up peine of leſing of your hed."

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall![2] My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you[3] for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour.[4] Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

But Mr. Tyrwhitt, in a note on ver. 2535 of *The Canterbury Tales*, doubts whether this interjection was used except to command a cessation of fighting. The succeeding quotations, however, will, while they illustrate an obscurity in Shakspeare, prove that *ho* was by no means so confined in its meaning. Gawin Douglas translates:—"Helenum, fatique vetat Saturnia Juno," (*Æneid*, L. III. v. 380.)

"The douchter of auld Saturn Juno
"Forbiddis Helenus to speik it, and crys *ho*."

In the Glossary to the folio edition of this translation, Edinb. 1710, it is said that "*Ho* is an Interjection commanding to desist or leave off."

It occurs again in Langham's *Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Killingworth Castle*, 1575, 12mo. p. 61, cited in *The Reliques of Antient Poetry*: "Heer was no *ho* in devout drinkyng."

And in *The Myrrour of good Manors, compyled in Latyn by Domynike Mancyn, and translated into Englyshe by Alexander Bercley, Prest, imprynted by Rychard Pynson*, bl. l. no date, fol. Ambition is compared to

"The sacke insaciable,
"The sacke without betome, which never can say *ho*."

HOLT WHITE.

[2] Grace *grow where those drops fall!*] So, in *K. Richard II*:
"*Here do I fall a tear*; here in this place,
"I'll set a bank of rue, sour *ruth of grace*."

STEEVENS.

[3] —— *I spake to you*—] Old copy, redundantly:
For *I spake to you*— STEEVE

[4] —— *death and honour*.] That is, an honourable death.

[illegible]

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter Two Soldiers, *to their Guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour: Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, ſir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.
[*The firſt Two place themſelves at their Poſts.*

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*They take their Poſts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an abſolute hope
Our landmen will ſtand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpoſe.
[*Muſick of Hautboys under the Stage.*[3]

[3] *Muſick of Hautboys* under the Stage.] This circumſtance (as I learn from Mr. Warton) might have been ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare by ſome of the machineries in maſques. Holinſhed,

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noiſe?[6]

1 *Sold.* Liſt, liſt!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Muſick i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It ſigns well,[7]
Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I ſay. What ſhould this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's ſee if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another Poſt.*

deſcribing a very curious device or ſpectacle preſented before Queen Elizabeth, inſiſts particularly on the ſecret or myſterious muſick of ſome fictitious nymphs, "which, (he adds,) ſurely had been a noble hearing, and the more melodious for the varietie [novelty] thereof, becauſe it ſhould come ſecretlie and ſtrangelie *out of the earth.*" Vol. III. f. 1297. Stevens.

[6] *Peace, what noiſe?*] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch "Furthermore, the ſelfe ſame night within little of midnight, when all the citie was quiet, full of feare, and ſorrowe, thinking what would be the iſſue and ende of this warre, it is ſaid that ſodainly they heard a maruelous ſweete harmonie of ſundry ſortes of inſtrumentes of muſicke, with the crie of a multitude of people, as they had bene dauncinge, and had ſone as they vſe in Bacchus feaſtes, with moninges and turnings after the maner of the ſatyres: & it ſeemed that this daunce went through the city vnto the gate that opened to the enemie, & that all the troupe that made this noiſe they heard, went out of the city at that gate. Now, ſuch as in reaſon ſought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought that it was the god vnto whom Antonius bare ſingular deuotion to counterfeate and reſemble him, that did forſake them." Stevens.

[7] *It ſigns well,* &c.] i.e. it is a good ſign, it bodes well, &c. Stevens.

2 *Sold.* How now, maſters?

Sold. How now?
How now? do you hear this?

[*Several ſpeaking together.*

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not ſtrange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, maſters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noiſe ſo far as we have quarter;
Let's ſee how't will give off.

Sold. [*Several ſpeaking.*] Content: 'Tis ſtrange.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, *and* CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, *and Others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.[8]—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter EROS, *with Armour.*

Come, my good fellow,[9] put thine iron[1] on:—

[8] ——*my* chuck.] i. e. chicken. See Vol. X. p. 167, n 9. STEVENS.

[9] ——my *good fellow*.] The neceſſary pronoun poſſeſſive—*my*, was introduced, in aid of metre, by Mr. Rowe. STEVENS.

[1] ——thine *iron*—] I think it ſhould be rather—
——mine *iron*—. JOHNSON.

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Becauſe we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.[2]
What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—Falſe, falſe; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it muſt be.

Ant. Well, well;
We ſhall thrive now.—Seeſt thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, ſir.[3]

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To doff't[4] for our repoſe, ſhall hear a ſtorm.—
Thou fumbleſt, Eros; and my queen's a ſquire

Thine iron is the iron which thou haſt in thy hand, i. e. Antony's armour. So, in *King Henry V.* Henry ſays to a ſoldier, "Give me *thy* glove;" meaning Henry's own glove, which the ſoldier at that moment had in his hat. Malone.

[2] *Nay, I'll help too.*] Theſe three little ſpeeches, which in the other editions are only one, and given to Cleopatra, were happily diſentangled by Sir T. Hanmer. Johnson.

In the old copy the words ſtand thus: *Cleo.* Nay I'll help too, Antony. What's this for? Ah let be, let be; &c. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it muſt be.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave the words—"What's this for?" to Antony; but that they belong to Cleopatra, appears clearly, I think, from the ſubſequent words, which have been rightly attributed to Antony. What's *this* piece of your armour for? ſays the queen. Let it alone, replies Antony; "falſe, falſe; *this this.*" This is the piece that you ought to have given me, and not that of which you aſked the uſe. Malone.

[3] Briefly, *ſir.*] That is, *quickly*, ſir. Johnson.

[4] *To doff't*—] To *doff* is to *do off*, to put off. See Vol. X p. 421, n. 5. Stevens.

More tight at this, than thou:[5] Deſpatch.—O love,
That thou could'ſt ſee my wars to-day, and knew'ſt
The royal occupation! thou ſhould'ſt ſee

Enter an Officer, *armed.*

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'ſt like him that knows a warlike charge:
To buſineſs that we love, we riſe betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thouſand, ſir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,[6]
And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flouriſh.*

Enter other Officers, *and* Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.[7]

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, ſo; come, give me that: this way; well ſaid.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

[5] *More* tight *at this, than thou:*] *Tight* is *handy, adroit.* So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "bear you theſe letters *tightly.*" In the country, a *tight* lad ſtill ſignifies a *handy* one. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*have on their* riveted *trim,*] So, in *King Henry V:*
"The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
"With busy hammers closing rivets up." MALONE.

[7] *The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general*] This ſpeech, in the old copy, is erroneously given to Alexas. STEEVENS.

Alexas had now revolted, and therefore could not be the ſpeaker. See p. 215. MALONE

This is a ſoldier's kiſs: rebukable, [*Kiſſes her.*
And worthy ſhameful check it were, to ſtand
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of ſteel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me cloſe; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, *and* Soldiers.

CHAR. Pleaſe you, retire to your chamber?

CLEO. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæſar might
Determine this great war in ſingle fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antony's *Camp near* Alexandria.

Trumpets ſound. Enter ANTONY *and* EROS; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

SOLD. The gods make this a happy day to Antony![18]

[18] Sold. *The gods make this a happy day to Antony!*] 'Tis evident, as Dr. Thirlby likewiſe conjectured, by what Antony immediately replies, that this line ſhould not be placed to Eros, but to the Soldier, who, before the battle of Actium, adviſed Antony to try his fate at land. THEOBALD.

The ſame miſtake has, I think, happened in the next *two* ſpeeches addreſſed to Antony, which are alſo given in the old copy to Eros. I have given them to the Soldier, who would naturally reply to what Antony ſaid. Antony's words, "What *ſayſt thou?*" compared with what follows, ſhow that the ſpeech beginning, "Who? One ever near thee:" &c. belongs to the Soldier. This regulation was made by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

Ant. 'Would, thou and thoſe thy ſcars had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'ſt thou done ſo,
The kings that have revolted, and the ſoldier
That has this morning left thee, would have ſtill
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He ſhall not hear thee; or from Cæſar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What ſay'ſt thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæſar.

Eros. Sir, his cheſts and treaſure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Moſt certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, ſend his treaſure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wiſh he never find more cauſe
To change a maſter.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honeſt men:—Eros, deſpatch.[9] [*Exeunt.*

[9] —— *Eros, deſpatch.*] Thus the ſecond folio; except that theſe two words are here, for the ſake of metre, tranſpoſed. The firſt folio has—

Deſpatch Enobarbus.

Dr. Johnſon would read—

Deſpatch! To Enobarbus;

And Mr. Holt White ſuppoſes that "Antony, being aſtoniſhed at the news of the deſertion of Enobarbus, merely repeats his name in a tone of ſurprize."

SCENE VI.

Cæſar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Flouriſh. *Enter* CÆSAR, *with* AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;[1]
Make it ſo known.

In my opinion, Antony was deſigned only to enforce the order he had already given to Eros. I have therefore followed the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

It will be evident to any perſon who conſults the ſecond folio with attention and candour, that many of the alterations muſt have been furniſhed by ſome correct copy of the firſt folio, or an authority of equal weight, being ſuch as no perſon, much leſs one ſo ignorant and capricious as the editor has been repreſented, could have poſſibly hit upon, without that ſort of information. Among theſe valuable emendations is the preſent, which affords a ſtriking improvement both of the ſenſe and of the metre, and ſhould of courſe be inſerted in the text, thus:

Corrupted honeſt men. *Eros, deſpatch.*

The ſame tranſpoſition, which is a mere, though frequent, inadvertence of the preſs, has happened in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"*Unarm, Eros*; the long days taſk is done:"

Where the meaſure plainly requires, as the ſenſe muſt have written,—*Eros, unarm.* RITSON.

[1] *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is obſervable with what judgment Shakſpeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; ſo the other was not to ſhine: yet being an hiſtorical character, there was a neceſſity to draw him *like.* But the ancient hiſtorians, his Plutarch, had delivered him down ſo fair, that he ſeems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidſt theſe difficulties Shakſpeare has extricated himſelf with great addreſs. He has admitted all thoſe circumſtances of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character deceitful, mean-ſpirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful. WARBURTON.

Agr. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Agrippa.

Cæs. The time of univerſal peace is near:
Prove this a proſperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.[2]

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant thoſe that have revolted in the van,

[2] ——*the* three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.] So, in *King John*:
"Now theſe her princes are come home again,
"Come the *three corners of the world* in arms,
"And we ſhall ſhock them."
So, Lyly, in *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "The iſland is in faſhion *three-corner'd*," &c. Malone.

Shall bear *the olive freely.*] i. e. ſhall ſpring up every where ſpontaneouſly and without culture. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton miſtakes the ſenſe of the paſſage. To *bear* does not mean to *produce*, but to *carry*; and the meaning is, that the world ſhall then enjoy the bleſſings of peace, of which olive branches were the emblem. The ſucceſs of Auguſtus could not ſo change the nature of things, as to make the olive-tree grow without culture in all climates, but it ſhut the gates of the temple of Janus. M. Mason.

I doubt whether Mr. M. Maſon's explication of the word *bear* be juſt. The poet certainly did not intend to ſpeak literally; and might only mean, that, ſhould this prove a proſperous day, there would be no occaſion to *labour* to effect a peace throughout the world; it would take place without any effort or negociation. Malone.

My explanation of this paſſage is ſupported by the following lines in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Vol. XII. p. 193, where Weſtmorland ſays—

"There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
"But peace puts forth her olive every where."

M. Mason.

That Antony may ſeem to ſpend his fury
Upon himſelf. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his Train.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did perſuade[3]
Great Herod to incline himſelf to Cæſar,
And leave his maſter Antony: for this pains,
Cæſar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the reſt
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable truſt. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuſe myſelf ſo ſorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* Cæſar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure,[4] with
His bounty overplus: The meſſenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not,[5] Enobarbus.

[3] ——*perſuade*—] The old copy has *diſſuade*, perhaps rightly. Johnson.

It is undoubtedly corrupt. The words in the old tranſlation of Plutarch are: "for where he ſhould have kept Herodes from revolting from him, he *perſuaded* him to turne to Cæſar."
Malone.

[4] *Hath after thee ſent all thy treaſure*, &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Furthermore, he delt very friendly and courteouſly with Domitius, and againſt Cleopatraes myndc. For, he being ſicke of an ague we when he went, and took a little boate to go to Cæſar's campe, Antonius was very ſory for it: but yet he ſent after him all his caryage, trayne, and men: and the ſame Domitius, as though he gaue him to vnderſtand that he repented his open treaſon, he died immediately after."
Steevens.

[5] *Mock* me *not*,] *Me* was ſupplied by Mr. Theobald.
Steevens.

I tell you true: Beſt that[6] you ſaf'd the bringer[7]
Out of the hoſt; I muſt attend mine office,
Or would have done't myſelf. Your emperor
Continues ſtill a Jove. [*Exit* Soldier.

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am ſo moſt.[8] O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'ſt thou have paid
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo crown with gold! This blows my heart:[9]
If ſwift thought break it not, a ſwifter mean

[6] —— *Beſt* that—] For the inſertion of the pronoun—*that*, to aſſiſt the metre, I am anſwerable. STEEVENS.

[7] —— ſaf'd *the bringer*—] I find this verb in Chapman's verſion of the fourth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" ——— and make all his craft
" Sail with his ruin, for his father *ſaf't*." STEEVENS.

[8] *And feel I am ſo moſt.*] That is, and feel I am ſo, more than any one elſe thinks it. M. MASON.

Surely, this explanation cannot be right. *I am alone the villain of the earth*, means, I am *pre-eminently* the *firſt*, the *greateſt* villain of the earth. *To ſtand alone*, is ſtill uſed in that ſenſe, where any one towers above his competitors. *And feel I am ſo moſt*, muſt ſignify, *I feel or know it myſelf more than any other perſon can or does feel it.* REED.

[9] —— *This* blows *my heart*:] All the latter editions have:

—— *This* bows *my heart*:

I have given the original word again the place from which it unjuſtly excluded. *This generoſity*, (ſays Enobarbus,) ſwells *my heart*, ſo that it will quickly break, *if thought break it not, a ſwifter mean*. JOHNSON.

That to *blow* means to *puff* or *ſwell*, the following inſtance, in the laſt ſcene of this play, will ſufficiently prove:

" ——— on her breaſt
" There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown*."

Again, in *King Lear*:

" No *blown* ambition doth our arms excite—."

STEEVENS.

Shall outſtrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.[1]
I fight againſt thee!—No: I will go ſeek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, *and Others.*

AGR. Retire, we have engag'd ourſelves too far:
Cæſar himſelf has work, and our oppreſſion[2]
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS, *wounded.*

SCAR. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

ANT. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

[1] ——*but* thought *will do't, I feel.*] *Thought*, in this paſſage, as in many others, ſignifies *melancholy*. See p. 179, n. 1. MALONE.

[2] —— *and our* oppreſſion—] *Oppreſſion* for oppoſition. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer has received *oppoſition*. Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.

Our *oppreſſion* means, the force by which we are oppreſſed or overpowered. MALONE.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" At thy good heart's *oppreſſion*." STEEVENS.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for ſix ſcotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, ſir; and our advantage ſerves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis ſport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſpritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, *marching*; Scarus, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gueſts.[3]—To-morrow,

[3] —— *Run one before,*
And let the queen know of our gueſts.] Antony, after his

Before the ſun ſhall ſee us, we'll ſpill the blood
That has to-day eſcap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you ſerv'd the cauſe, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have ſhown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives,[4] your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilſt they with joyful tears
Waſh the congealment from your wounds, and kiſs
The honour'd gaſhes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, *attended.*

To this great fairy[5] I'll commend thy acts,

ſucceſs, intends to bring his officers to ſup with Cleopatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests. JOHNSON.

[4] ——clip *your wives*,] To *clip* is to embrace. See Vol. IV. p. 130, n. 4; and Vol. IX. p. 401, n. 8. STEEVENS

[5] *To this great* fairy—] Mr. Upton has well obſerved, that *fairy*, which Dr Warburton and Sir T. Hanmer explain by *inchantreſs*, comprises the idea of power and beauty. JOHNSON.

Fairy, in former times, did not ſignify only a diminutive imaginary being, but an inchanter in which laſt ſenſe, as has been obſerved, it is uſed here. But Mr. Upton's aſſertion, that it comprizes the idea of *beauty* as well as power, ſeems queſtionable; for Sir W. D'Avenant employs the word in deſcribing the weird ſiſters, (who certainly were not beautiful,) in the argument prefixed to his alteration of *Macbeth*, 4to. 1674: "Theſe two, travelling together through a foreſt, were met by three *fairie* witches, (*weards* the Scotch call them,)" &c. See alſo Vol. X. p. 284, n. 6. MALONE.

Surely, Mr. Upton's remark is not indefenſible. *Beauty* united with *power*, was the popular characteriſtick of *Fairies* generally conſidered. Such was that of *The Fairy Queen* of Spenſer, and Titania, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*. Sir W. D'Avenant's particular uſe of any word is by no means deciſive. That the language of Shakſpeare was unfamiliar to him, his own contemptible alterations of it have ſufficiently demonſtrated.
STEEVENS.

Make her thanks bleſs thee.—O thou day o'the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harneſs[6] to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.[7]

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'ſt thou ſmiling from
The world's great ſnare[8] uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do ſomething mingle with our brown;[9] yet have we
A brain that nouriſhes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth.[1] Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiſs it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Deſtroy'd in ſuch a ſhape.

[6] ——*proof of* harneſs—] i. e. armour of proof. *Harnois*, Fr. *Armeſe*, Ital. Steevens.

See Vol. X. p. 284, n. 6. Malone.

[7] ——*triúmphing.*] This word is ſo accented by Chapman, in his verſion of the eleventh *Iliad*:

"Crept from his covert and *triúmph'd* Now thou art maim'd, ſaid he." Steevens.

[8] *The world's great* ſnare—] i. e. the war. So, in the 116th *Pſalm*: "The *ſnares of death* compaſſed me round about." Thus alſo Statius:

"——circum undique lethi
"Vallavere *plagæ*." Steevens.

[9] ——*with our brown*;] Old copy—*younger* brown: but as this epithet, without improving the idea, ſpoils the meaſure, I have not ſcrupled, with Sir Thomas Hanmer and others, to omit it as an interpolation. See p. 213, n. 7 Steevens.

[1] *Get goal for goal of youth.*] At all plays of bars, the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal*, is to be a ſuperior in a conteſt of activity. Johnson.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.[2]

Ant. He has deſerv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:[3]
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this hoſt, we all would ſup together;
And drink carouſes to the next day's fate,
Which promiſes royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blaſt you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;[4]
That heaven and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

[2] —— *it was a king's.*] So, in Sir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "Then came Antony again to the palace greatly boaſting of this victory, and ſweetly kiſſed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men of arms unto her, that had valiantly fought in this ſkirmiſh. Cleopatra, to reward his manlineſs, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold." Steevens.

[3] *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:*] i. e. hack'd as much as the men to whom they belong.
Warburton.

Why not rather, *Bear our hack'd targets* with ſpirit and exultation, ſuch as becomes the brave warriors that *own* them?
Johnson.

[4] —— *tabourines;*] A *tabourin* was a ſmall drum. It is often mentioned in our ancient romances. So, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date. "Trumpetes, olerons, *tabourins*, and other minſtrelſy." Steevens.

SCENE IX.

Cæſar's *Camp*.

Sentinels *on their Poſt*. *Enter* ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We muſt return to the court of guard:[5] The night
Is ſhiny; and, they ſay, we ſhall embattle
By the ſecond hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This laſt day was
A ſhrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witneſs, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand cloſe, and liſt to him.[6]

Eno. Be witneſs to me, O thou bleſſed moon,
When men revolted ſhall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further.

Eno. O ſovereign miſtreſs of true melancholy,
The poiſonous damp of night diſponge upon me;[7]

[5] ——*the court of guard*:] i. e. the guard-room, the place where the guard muſters. The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*liſt* to *him*.] I am anſwerable for the inſertion of the prepoſition—*to*. Thus, in *King Henry IV*. P. I: "Pr'ythee let her alone, and liſt *to* me." STEEVENS.

[7] ——diſponge *upon me*;] i. e. diſcharge, as a *ſponge*, when ſqueezed, diſcharges the moiſture it had imbibed. So, in *Hamlet*: "—it is but *ſqueezing* you, and, *ſponge*, you ſhall be dry again." This word is not found in Dr. Johnſon's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart[8]
Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finiſh all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in regiſter
A maſter-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*

2 *Sold.* Let's ſpeak
To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he ſpeaks
May concern Cæſar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do ſo. But he ſleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for ſo bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for ſleeping.[9]

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, ſir; ſpeak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, ſir?

[8] —— *Throw my heart*—] The pathetick of Shakſpeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble ſcene deſtroyed by the intruſion of a conceit ſo far-fetched and unſuſtaining. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare, in moſt of his conceits, is kept in countenance by his contemporaries. Thus, Daniel, in his 14th Sonnet, 1594, ſomewhat indeed leſs harſhly, ſays —

"Still muſt I whet my young deſires abated,
"Upon the flint of ſuch a heart rebelling." MALONE.

[9] —— *for ſleeping.*] Old copy—*ſleep.* I am reſponſible for the ſubſtitution of the participle in the room of the ſubſtantive, for the ſake of meaſure. STEEVENS.

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.[1]
Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely[2] wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *with Forces, marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,[3]

[1] *The hand of death hath* raught *him.*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the verb to *reach*. See Vol. VII. p. 91, n. 8. Steevens.

[2] *Hark, the drums*
Demurely—] *Demurely* for solemnly. Warburton.

[3] *They have put forth the haven: Further on*] These words, *Further on*, though not necessary, have been inserted in the later editions, and are not in the first. Johnson.

I think these words are absolutely necessary for the sense. As the passage stands, Antony appears to say, "that they could not discover the appointment of the enemy at the haven after they

Where their appointment we may beſt diſcover,
And look on their endeavour.[4] [*Exeunt.*

had left it." But if we add the words *Further on*, his ſpeech will be conſiſtent: "As they have put out of the haven, let us go further on where we may ſee them better." And accordingly in the next page but one he ſays—

"——Where yonder pine does ſtand,
"I ſhall diſcover all." M. Mason.

Mr. Malone, inſtead of—*Further on*, reads—*Let's ſeek a ſpot.* Steevens.

The defect of the metre in the old copy ſhows that ſome words were accidentally omitted. In that copy, as here, there is a colon at *haven*, which is an additional proof that ſomething muſt have been ſaid by Antony, connected with the next line, and relative to the place where the enemy might be reconnoitred. The *haven itſelf* was not ſuch a place; but rather ſome hill from which the haven and the ſhips newly put forth could be viewed. What Antony ſays upon his re entry, proves deciſively that he had not gone to the haven, nor had any thoughts of going thither. "I ſee, (ſays he,) they have not yet joined; but I'll now chooſe a more convenient ſtation near yonder pine, and I ſhall diſcover all." A preceding paſſage in Act III. ſc. vi. adds ſuch ſupport to the emendation now made, that I truſt I ſhall be pardoned for giving it a place in my text:

"Set we our battles on yon ſide of the *hill*,
"In eye of Cæſar's battle; *from which place*
"*We may the number of the ſhips behold*,
"And ſo proceed accordingly."

Mr. Rowe ſupplied the omiſſion by the words—*Further on*; and the four ſubſequent editors have adopted his emendation.

In *Hamlet* there is an omiſſion ſimilar to that which has here been ſupplied:

"And let them know both what we mean to do,
"And what's untimely done. [*So viperous ſlander*]
"Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
"As level as the cannon to his blank," &c.

The words—"*So viperous ſlander*," which are neceſſary both to the ſenſe and metre, are not in the old copies. Malone.

[4] *Where their* appointment *we may beſt diſcover*,
And look on their endeavour.] i. e. where we may beſt diſcover their *numbers*, and ſee their *motions*. Warburton.

Enter CÆSAR, *and his Forces, marching.*

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,
Which, as I take't, we ſhall;[5] for his beſt force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our beſt advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter ANTONY *and* SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
does ſtand,

[5] But *being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land,*
Which, as I take't, we ſhall;] i. e. unleſs we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I ſuppoſe we ſhall keep. *But being charg'd* was a phraſe of that time, equivalent to *unleſs we be.* WARBURTON.

"*But* (ſays Mr. Lambe, in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon,*) ſignifies *without,*" in which ſenſe it is often uſed in the North. "*Boots* but *ſpurs.*" Vulg. Again, in Kelly's *Collection of Scots Proverbs:* "—He could eat me *but* ſalt." Again: "He gave me whitings *but* bones." Again, in Chaucer's *Perſones Tale,* Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. "Ful oft time I rede, that no man truſt in his owen perfection, *but* he be ſtronger than Sampſon, or holier than David, or wiſer than Solomon." *But* is from the Saxon *Butan.* Thus *butan leas;* abſque falſo, without a lie. Again, in *The Vintner's Play,* in the Cheſter Collection, Britiſh Muſeum, MS. Harl. 2013, p. 29:

"*Abraham.* Oh comely creature, *but* I thee kill,
"I greeve my God, and that full ill."

See alſo Ray's *North Country Words;* and the MS. verſion of an ancient French romance, entitled *L'Hiſtoire du noble, preux, & vaillant Chevalier Guillaume de Palerne, et de la belle Melior ſa mye, lequel Guill. de Palerne fut filz du Roy de Cecille,* &c. in the Library of King's College, Cambridge:

"I ſayle now in the ſee as ſchip *boute* maſt,
"*Boute* aſiker, or ore, or ani ſemlych ſayle." P. 86.

In ancient writings this prepoſition is commonly diſtinguiſhed from the adverſative conjunction—*but;* the latter being uſually ſpelt—*bot.* STEEVENS.

I ſhall diſcover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's ſails their neſts: the augurers[6]
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not ſpeak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by ſtarts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea Fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is loſt;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They caſt their caps up, and carouſe together
Like friends long loſt.—Triple-turn'd whore![7] 'tis thou

[6] ——*the* augurers—] The old copy has *auguries*. This leads us to what ſeems moſt likely to be the true reading—*augurers*, which word is uſed in the laſt Act:

"You are too ſure an *augurer*." Malone.

[7] ——Triple-turn'd *whore!*] She was firſt for Antony, then was ſuppoſed by him to have *turned* to Cæſar, when he found his meſſenger killing her hand; then ſhe *turned* again to Antony; and now has *turned* to Cæſar. Shall I mention what has dropped into my imagination, that our author might perhaps have written *triple-tongued*? *Double-tongued* is a common term of reproach, which rage might improve to *triple-tongued*. But the preſent reading may ſtand. Johnson.

Cleopatra was firſt the miſtreſs of Julius Cæſar, then of Cneius Pompey, and afterwards of Antony. To this, I think, the epithet *triple-turn'd* alludes. So, in a former ſcene:

"I found you as a morſel, cold upon
"Dead Cæſar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
"Of Cneius Pompey."

Haſt ſold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
[*Exit* SCARUS.
O ſun, thy uprife ſhall I ſee no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we ſhake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That ſpaniel'd me at heels,[8] to whom I gave

Mr. Tollet ſuppoſed that Cleopatra had been miſtreſs to Pompey *the Great*; but her lover was his eldeſt ſon, Cneius Pompey. MALONE.

She firſt belonged to Julius Cæſar, then to Antony, and now, as he ſuppoſes, to Auguſtus. It is not likely that in recollecting her turnings, Antony ſhould not have that in contemplation which gave him moſt offence. M. MASON.

This interpretation is ſufficiently plauſible, but there are two objections to it. According to this account of the matter, her connection with Cneius Pompey is omitted, though the poet certainly was apprized of it, as appears by the paſſage juſt quoted. 2. There is no ground for ſuppoſing that Antony meant to inſinuate that Cleopatra had granted any perſonal favour to Auguſtus, though he was perſuaded that ſhe had "*ſold* him to the novice." MALONE.

Mr. M. Maſon's explanation is, I think, very ſufficient; and Antony may well enough be excuſed for want of circumſtantiality in his invective. The ſober recollection of a critick ſhould not be expected from a hero who has this moment loſt the one half of the world. STEEVENS.

[8] *That* ſpaniel'd *me at heels,*] All the editions read:
That pann'll *me at heels,*——
Sir T. Hanmer ſubſtitutes *ſpaniel'd* by an emendation, with which it was reaſonable to expect that even rival commentators would be ſatisfied, yet Dr. Warburton propoſes *panther'd*, in a note, of which he is not injured by the ſuppreſſion; and Mr. Upton likewiſe, in his firſt edition propoſed plauſibly enough—
That paned *me at heels,*——
in the ſecond edition retracts his alteration, and maintains *pannell'd* to be the right reading, being, a metaphor taken, he ſays, from a *pannel* of wainſcot. JOHNSON.

Their wiſhes, do diſcandy, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming Cæſar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this falſe ſoul of Egypt! this grave charm,[9]—

Spaniel'd is ſo happy a conjecture, that I think we ought to acquieſce in it. It is of ſome weight with me that *ſpaniel* was often formerly written *ſpannel*. Hence there is only the omiſſion of the firſt letter, which has happened elſewhere in our poet, as in the word *chear*, &c. To *dog* them at the heels is not an uncommon expreſſion in Shakſpeare; and in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act II. ſc. ii. Helena ſays to Demetrius:

"I am your *ſpaniel*,—only give me leave,
"Unworthy as I am, to *follow you*." TOLLET.

Spannel for *ſpaniel* is yet the inaccurate pronunciation of ſome perſons, above the vulgar in rank, though not in literature. Our author has in like manner uſed the ſubſtantive *page* as a verb in *Timon of Athens*:

"——— Will theſe moiſt trees
"That have out-liv'd the eagle, *page thy heels*," &c.

In *King Richard III.* we have—

"Death and deſtruction *dog thee at the heels*."

MALONE.

[9] ——*this* grave *charm*,] I know not by what authority, nor for what reaſon, *this* grave *charm*, which the firſt, the only original copy exhibits, has been through all the modern editions changed to *this* gay *charm*. By *this* grave *charm*, is meant, *this ſublime, this majeſtick beauty*. JOHNSON.

I believe *grave charm* means only *deadly*, or *deſtructive piece of witchcraft*. In this ſenſe the epithet *grave* is often uſed by Chapman, in his tranſlation of Homer. So, in the 19th Book:

"——but not far hence the fatal minutes are
"Of thy *grave* ruin."

Again, in the ſame tranſlator's verſion of the 22d *Odyſſey*:

"———and then flew
"Minerva, after every dart, and made
"Some ſtrike the threſhold, ſome the walls invade;
"Some beate the doores, and all acts rendred vaine
"Their *grave* ſteele offer'd."

It ſeems to be employed in the ſenſe of the Latin word *gravis*.

STEEVENS.

Whoſe eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whoſe boſom was my crownet, my chief end,[1]
Like a right gipſy, hath, at faſt and looſe,
Beguil'd me[2] to the very heart of loſs.[3]—
What, Eros, Eros!

[1] ——*was my* crownet, *my chief end.*] Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes that *crownet* means laſt purpoſe, probably from *finis coronat opus.* Chapman, in his tranſlation of the ſecond Book of Homer, uſes *crown* in the ſenſe which my learned coadjutor would recommend.

" ——all things have their *crowne.*"

Again, in our author's *Cymbeline:*

" My ſupreme *crown* of grief."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" As true as Troilus ſhall *crown* up the verſe,
" And ſanctify the numbers."

See Vol. XV. p. 353, n. 9. STEEVENS.

So, again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" All's well that ends well, ſtill [illegible] *the crown.*"

C.

[2] *Like a right* gipſy, *hath, at* faſt and looſe,
Beguil'd me &c.] There is a kind of pun in this paſſage, ariſing from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipſy.* The old law-books term ſuch perſons as ramble about the country, and pretend ſkill in palmiſtry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians. Faſt and looſe* is a term to ſignify a cheating game, of which the following is a deſcription. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewiſe upon a table. One of the folds is made to reſemble the middle of the girdle, ſo that whoever ſhould thruſt a ſkewer into it would think he held it faſt to the table; whereas, when he has ſo done, the perſon with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt* or *girdle,* and perhaps was practiſed by the Gypſies in the time of Shakſpeare.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sir John Hawkins's ſuppoſition is confirmed by the following Epigram in an ancient collection called *Run and a great Caſt,* by Thomas Freeman, 1614:

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou ſpell! Avaunt.

CLEO. Why is my lord enrag'd againſt his love?

ANT. Vaniſh; or I ſhall give thee thy deſerving,
And blemiſh Cæſar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee up to the ſhouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy ſex; moſt monſter-like, be ſhown
For poor'ſt diminutives, to dolts;[4] and let

" *In Ægyptum ſuſpenſam.* Epig. 95.

" Charles the *Ægyptian*, who by jugling could
" Make *faſt or looſe*, or whatſoere he would;
" Surely it ſeem'd he was not his craft's maſter,
" Striving to looſe what ſtruggling he made faſter:
" The hangman was more cunning of the twaine,
" Who knit what he could not unknit againe.
" You countrymen *Ægyptians* make ſuch ſots,
" Seeming to looſe indiſſoluble knots;
" Had you been there, but to have ſeen the caſt,
" You would have won, had but you laid—'tis faſt."

STEEVENS.

That the Ægyptians were great adepts in this art before Shakſpeare's time, may be ſeen in Scot's *Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 336, where theſe practices are fully explained. REED.

[3] ——*to the very* heart *of loſs.*] To the utmoſt loſs poſſible. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

" Here is the *heart* of my purpoſe." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*moſt monſter-like, be ſhown*
For poor'ſt diminutives, to dolts,] [Old copy—*for* dolts;] As the alluſion here is to monſters carried about in ſhows, it is plain, that the words, *for pooreſt diminutives*, muſt mean for the leaſt piece of money. We muſt therefore read the next word:

——*for* doits,——

i. e. farthings, which ſhows what he means by *pooreſt diminutives*. WARBURTON.

Patient Octavia plough thy viſage up
With her prepared nails.[5] [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The ſhirt of Neſſus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine anceſtor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas[6] on the horns o'the moon;

There was ſurely no occaſion for the poet *to ſhow what he meant* by *pureſt diminutives*. The expreſſion is clear enough, and certainly acquires no additional force from the explanation. I rather believe we ſhould read:

For poor'ſt diminutives, to dolts;——

This aggravates the contempt of her ſuppoſed ſituation; to be ſhown, *as monſters are*, not only *for the ſmalleſt piece of money*, but *to the moſt ſtupid and vulgar ſpectators*. TYRWHITT.

I have adopted this truly ſenſible emendation. STEEVENS.

It appears to me much more probable that *dolts* ſhould have been printed for *doits*, than that *for* ſhould have been ſubſtituted for *to*.

Whichſoever of theſe emendations be admitted, there is ſtill a difficulty. Though monſters are ſhown to the ſtupid and the vulgar for *poor'ſt diminutives*, yet Cleopatra, according to Antony's ſuppoſition, would certainly be exhibited to the Roman populace *for nothing*. Nor can it be ſaid that he means that *ſhe* would be exhibited *gratis*, as monſters are ſhown for ſmall pieces of money; becauſe his words are "monſter-like," be [*than*] ſhown for poor'ſt diminutives, &c.

The following paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida* adds ſome ſupport to my conjecture: "How this poor world is peſter'd with ſuch water-flies; *diminutives* of nature!" MALONE.

[5] *With her prepared nails.*] i. e. with nails which ſhe ſuffered to grow for this purpoſe. WARBURTON.

[6] *Let me lodge Lichas* &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

——— *thy rage*
Led thee lodge Lichas—and——
Subdue thy *worthieſt ſelf*.——

This reading, harſh as it is, Dr. Warburton has received, after having rejected many better. The meaning is, Let me do ſomething in my rage, becoming the ſucceſſor of Hercules. JOHNSON.

And with thoſe hands, that graſp'd the heavieſt club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelf. The witch ſhall die;
To the Roman boy[7] ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Under this plot: ſhe dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon;] This image our poet ſeems to have taken from Seneca's *Hercules*, who ſays Lichas being launched into the air, ſprinkled the clouds with his blood. Sophocles, on the ſame occaſion, talks at a much ſoberer rate. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare was more probably indebted to Golding's verſion of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, B. IX. edit. 1575:

"Behold, as Lychas trembling in a hollow rock did lurk,
"He ſpyed him: And as his griefe did all in furie work,
"He ſayd, art thou ſyr Lychas, he that broughteſt unto mee
"This plagye preſent? Of my death muſt thou the woorker bee?
"Hee quaak't and ſhaak't and looked pale, and fearfully 'gan make
"Excuſe. But as with humbled hands hee kneeling too him ſpake,
"The furious Hercule caught him up, and ſwindging him about
"His head a halfe a doozen tymes or more, he ſloong him out
"Into th' Euboyan ſea, with force ſurmounting any ſling;
"He hardened into peble ſtone as in the ayre he hing," &c. STEVENS.

[7] ——*the Roman boy*—] Old copy—the *young* Roman boy—. See p. 220, n. 9, where a ſimilar interpolation has been already ejected, for ſimilar reaſons. STEVENS.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

CLEO. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his ſhield;[8] the boar of Theſſaly
Was never ſo emboſs'd.[9]

CHAR. To the monument;
There lock yourſelf, and ſend him word you are dead.
The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatneſs going off.[1]

CLEO. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have ſlain myſelf;
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, pitcouſly: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *Than Telamon for his ſhield;*] i. e. than *Ajax Telamon* for the armour of *Achilles*, the moſt valuable part of which was the ſhield. *The boar of Theſſaly* was the boar killed by *Meleager*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Was never ſo emboſs'd.*] A hunting term when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *imboſt*. HANMER.

See Vol. IX. p. 16, n. 9. MALONE.

[1] *The ſoul and body rive not more in parting,*
Than greatneſs going off.] So, in *King Henry VIII*
" —— it is a ſufferance, panging,
" As ſoul and body's ſevering." MALONE.

SCENE XII.

The same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

ANT. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
EROS. Ay, noble lord.
ANT. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;[2]
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,

[2] *Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish*; &c.] So, Aristophanes, *Nubes*, v. 345:

"Ἤδη ποτ' ἀνεβλέψας εἰσὲς νεφέλην Κενταύρῳ ὁμοίαν;
"Ἢ παρδάλει, ἢ λύκῳ, ἢ ταύρῳ;—."

SIR W. RAWLINSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare received the thought from P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, B. II. ch. iii: "—our eiesight testifieth the same, whiles in one place there appeareth the resemblance of a waine or chariot, in another of a *beare*, the figure of a bull in this part," &c. or from Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:

"Like to a mass of clouds that now seem like
"An elephant, and straightways like an ox,
"And then a mouse," &c. STEEVENS.

I find the same thought in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607:

"——like empty *clouds*,
"In which our faulty apprehensions forge
"The forms of *dragons*, *lions*, elephants,
"When they hold no proportion."

Perhaps, however, Shakspeare had the following passage in *A Treatise of Spectres*, &c. quarto, 1605, particularly in his thoughts: "The *cloudes* sometimes will seem to be monsters, *lions*, bulls, and wolves; *painted* and figured: albeit in truth the same be nothing but a *moyst humour mounted in the ayre*, and drawne up from the earth, not having any figure or colour, but such as the *ayre* is able to give unto it." MALONE.

A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't,[3] that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou haſt ſeen theſe ſigns;
They are black veſper's pageants.[4]

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horſe, even with a thought,
The rack diſſimns;[5] and makes it indiſtinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros,[6] now thy captain is
Even ſuch a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape, my knave.
I made theſe wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whoſe heart, I thought, I had, for ſhe had mine;

[3] ——*blue promontory*
With trees upon't,] Thus, ſays Commodore Byron, (ſpeaking of the deceptions of a *fog-bank*,) "—the maſter of a ſhip, not long ſince, made oath, that he had ſeen an iſland between the weſt end of Ireland and Newfoundland, and even diſtinguiſhed *the trees that grew upon it*. Yet it is certain that no ſuch iſland exiſts," &c. Byron's *Voyage*, 4to. p. 10.
STEEVENS.

[4] *They are black veſper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expreſſion and the alluſion is loſt, unleſs we recollect the frequency and the nature of theſe ſhows in Shakſpeare's age.
T. WARTON.

[5] *The rack diſſimns;*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds deſtroys the picture. STEEVENS.

[6] *My good* knave, *Eros,*] *Knave* is ſervant. So, in *A merie Geſte of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:
"I ſhall the ſe lende lyttle John my man,
"For he ſhall be thy *knave*."
Again, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:
"He ſent the chylde to her full rathe,
"With much money by his *knave*." STEEVENS.

Which, whilſt it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now loſt,—ſhe, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæſar, and falſe play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.[7]—

[7] Pack'd cards *with Cæſar, and* falſe play'd *my glory Unto an enemy's* triumph.] Shakſpeare has here, as uſual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial ſubject; but has enobled it with much art, by ſo contriving that the principal term in the ſubject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, ſhould belong to, and ſuit the dignity of the ſubject to which the metaphor is *tranſferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleneſs of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either ſignifies Octavius's conqueſt, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing ſort*. WARBURTON.

This explanation is very juſt; the thought did not deſerve ſo good an annotation. JOHNSON.

This uſe of the word *triumph* comes to us from the French, who at this day call the *trump* at cards, *le triomphe*.
STEEVENS.

It is evident that Ben Jonſon did not conſider the word *trump* as derived from *triumph*, but from the French *tromper*, to deceive, as appears from the following paſſage in his *New Inn*:

"Yet all, ſir, are not ſons of the white hen;
"Nor can we, as the ſongſter ſays, come all
"To be wrapt ſoft and warm in Fortune's ſmock.
"When ſhe is pleas'd to trick, or *tromp* mankind,
"Some may be coats, as in the cards; but then
"Some muſt be knaves, ſome varlets, bawds, and others
"As aces, duces, cards of ten, to face it
"Out in the game, which all the world is."
M. MASON.

I believe Dr. Warburton here, as in many other places, ſaw more than his author meant. Shakſpeare, I think, only intended to ſay, that Cleopatra, by collution, played the great game they were engaged in falſely, ſo as *to ſacrifice Antony's fame to that of his enemy*. The playing falſe to the adverſary's *trump card* (as Dr. Warburton explains the words) conveys a diſtinct idea. The plain ſenſe of the paſſage will appear from the following dialogue in Lodge's *Second Tome*, 1593: "S. What a ſhauffling do you keepe with theſe cards?—A. I *play fair playe*, and tho' I did them as I ought. S. Methinks you *packe*, and ſet them." MALONE.

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourſelves to end ourſelves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my ſword.

MAR. No, Antony;
My miſtreſs lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

ANT. Hence, ſaucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and ſhall die the death.

MAR. Death of one perſon can be paid but once:
And that ſhe has diſcharg'd: What thou would'ſt do,
Is done unto thy hand; the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was, Antony! moſt noble Antony!
Then in the midſt a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: ſhe render'd life,
Thy name ſo buried in her.

ANT. Dead then?

MAR. Dead.

ANT. Eros, unarm;[8] the long day's taſk is done,
And we muſt ſleep:—That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit* MARDIAN.
The ſeven-fold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep[9]

[8] *Eros, unarm;*] Old copy, in defiance of metre—*Unarm, Eros.* STEVENS.

[9] *The ſeven-fold ſhield of Ajax cannot keep* &c.] This thought might have been taken from the Epiſtle prefixed to *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598: "Which neyther a *ſeaven-fold ſhielde*, nor Pallas' Ægis can avoyde." STEEVENS.

The battery from my heart.[1] O, cleave, my ſides!
Heart, once be ſtronger than thy continent,[2]
Crack thy frail caſe!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a ſoldier:—Bruiſed pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* Eros.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is torture:[3]—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and ſtray no further: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itſelf with ſtrength: Seal then, and all is done.[4]—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where ſouls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly port make the ghoſts gaze:

[1] The *battery from my heart.*] I would read:
This *battery from my heart.*—— JOHNSON.

[2] —— *thy continent,*] i. e. the thing that contains thee. So, in *Hamlet*: "You ſhall find in him the *continent* of what part a gentleman would ſee." STEEVENS.

[3] *All length is torture:*] I ſtrongly ſuſpect that, inſtead of *length*, our author wrote—*life*. STEEVENS.

[4] —— Seal *then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the ſealing compleats the contract; ſo he hath determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the ſtroke. WARBURTON.

I believe the reading is:
——*ſeel then, and all is done.*——
To *ſeel hawks*, is to cloſe their eyes. The meaning will be Cloſe thine eyes *for ever, and be quiet*. JOHNSON.

In a former ſcene we have:
"——The wiſe gods *ſeel* our eyes
"In our own filth." MALONE.

The old reading is the true one. Thus, in *King Henry I.*
"And ſo, eſpous'd to death, with blood he *ſeal'd*
"A teſtament of noble-ending love." STEEVENS.

Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops,[5]
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the gods
Deteſt my baſeneſs. I, that with my ſword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ſhips made cities, condemn myſelf, to lack
The courage of a woman; leſs noble mind
Than ſhe,[6] which, by her death, our Cæſar tells,

[5] *Dido and her Æneas ſhall want troops,*] Dr. Warburton has juſtly obſerved that the poet ſeems not to have known that Dido and Æneas were not likely to be found thus lovingly *aſſociated*, "where ſouls do couch on flowers." He undoubtedly had read Phaer's tranſlation of Virgil, but probably had forgot the celebrated deſcripti[illegible] Book:

"Talibus Æneas a[illegible] *tuentem*
"Lenibat dictis ar[illegible]ue ciebat.
"Illa ſolo fixos oc[illegible]t:—
"Tandem proripu[illegible]mica refugit
"In nemus umb[illegible]NE.

Dr. Warburton has a[illegible] Shakſpeare moſt probably wrote—*Sichæus*. [illegible]ve, he intended to have written ſo, on the ſtren[illegible] immediately following the lines already quote[illegible]

"——conjux [illegible]
"Reſpondet c[illegible]*chæus* amorem."

Thus rendered by Ph[illegible]

"——where [illegible]er huſband old,
"*Sycheus* do[illegible] equall loue with her doth holde.

But Æneas bein[illegible]ar name of the two, our author inadvertentl[illegible]e for the other.

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*condemn*[illegible]
The courage o[illegible]*noble* mind
Than ſhe,] [illegible]de to ſay, that he is deſtitute

queror of myſelf. Thou art ſworn, Eros,
hen the exigent ſhould come, (which now

e courage of a woman; that he is *deſtitute* of a *leſs*
than Cleopatra. But he means to aſſert the very
hat he muſt acknowledge he *has* a leſs noble mind
I therefore formerly ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare might
n:
—*condemn myſelf to lack*
courage of a woman; *leſs noble*-minded
an ſhe, &c.
re intimate acquaintance with his writings has ſhown
had ſome *peculiar* inaccuracies, which it is very idle
ir to amend. For theſe the poet, not his editor, muſt
e have the ſame inaccurate phraſeology in *The Win-*

—I ne'er heard yet,
hat any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
han to perform it firſt."
Macbeth:
Who *cannot want* the thought, how monſterous
t was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
o kill their gracious father?"
King Lear, Act II. ſc. iv:
—I have hope,
ou *leſs* know how to value her deſert,
han ſhe to *ſcant* her duty."
IX. p. 238, n. 3; p. 84, n. 5; and p. 293, n. 6.
age in North's tranſlation of Plutarch, which Shak-
here copied, ſhows that, however inaccurate, the text
upt: "When he had ſayd theſe words, he went into
and unarmed himſelfe, and being naked ſay'd thus:
a, it grieveth me not that I have loſt thy companie,
ot be long from thee; but I am ſorrie that having
at a captaine and emperour, I am indeede *condemned*
ed of *leſſe corage and noble* MINDE than a woman."
"to be judged of leſs," which applies equally well
and to *mind*, Shakſpeare ſubſtituted the word *lack*,
plicable to *courage*, but cannot without a ſoleciſm be
with "*leſs* noble mind." MALONE.

mn myſelf *to lack*," &c. however licentiouſly, may
employed to ſignify—condemn myſelf *for lacking*
urage of a woman.

Is come, indeed, when I ſhould ſee behind me
The inevitable proſecution of
Diſgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'ſt kill me: do't; the time is come:
Thou ſtrik'ſt not me, 'tis Cæſar thou defeat'ſt.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, loſt aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy maſter thus with pleach'd arms,[7] bending down

To *mind*, in this inſtance, may be a verb, ſignifying *to intend, incline*, or *be diſpoſed*. So, in Spenſer's *State of Ireland*: "When one of them *mindeth* to go into rebellion, he will convey away all his lordſhips" &c.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 24th *Iliad*:

"—— As for me; be ſure, I *mind* no harme
"To thy grave perſon."

Again, in the Third Part of our author's *King Henry VI*:

"Belike, ſhe *minds* to play the Amazon."

Again, *ibid*:

"But if you *mind* to hold your true obedience—."

There may ſtill, however, remain a ſlight corruption, viz. *nolle* inſtead of *nobly*. I would therefore read—

——*condemn myſelf to taſk*
The courage of a woman; leſs nobly mind
Than ſhe, &c.

i. e. *am leſs nobly inclined than ſhe is*. Steevens.

[7] ——*pleach'd arms*,] Arms folded in each other. Johnson.

A paſſage very like this occurs in Thomas Kyd's tranſlation of Robert Garnier's *Cornelia*, publiſhed in 1594:

"Now ſhalt thou march (thy hands faſt bound behind thee,)
"Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears beſprent,
"Before the victor; while thy rebel ſon
"With crowned front triumphing follows thee."

Steevens.

His corrigible neck,[8] his face ſubdued
To penetrative ſhame; whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
Of fortunate Cæſar, drawn before him, branded
His baſeneſs that enſued?[9]

Eros. I would not ſee't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt ſword, which thou haſt worn
Moſt uſeful for thy country.

Eros. O, ſir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free,[1] ſwor'ſt thou not then

[8] *His* corrigible *neck,*] *Corrigible* for *corrected*, and afterwards *penetrative* for *penetrating*. So Virgil has "*penetrabile* frigus" for "*penetrans* frigus," in his *Georgicks*. STEEVENS.

[9] *His baſeneſs that enſued?*] The poor conquered wretch that followed. JOHNSON.

[1] *When I did make thee free,* &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Now he had a man of his called Eros, whom he loued and truſted much, and whom he had long before cauſed to ſweare vnto him, that he ſhould kill him when he did commaunde him: and then he willed him to keepe his promiſe. His man drawing his ſworde, lift it vp as though he had ment to haue ſtriken his maiſter: but turning his head at one ſide, he thruſt his ſword into him ſelfe, and fell downe dead at his maiſter's foote. Then ſaid Antonius, O noble Eros, I thanke thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to ſhow me what I ſhould do to my ſelfe, which thou couldeſt not doe for me. Therewithall he tooke his ſword, and thruſt it into his bellie, and ſo fell downe vpon a little bed. The wounde he had, killed him not preſently, for the blood ſtinted a little when he was layed: and when he came ſomewhat to him ſelfe againe, he preſied them that were about him to diſpatch him. But they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying out and tormenting him ſelfe: vntil at laſt there came a ſecretarie vnto him called Diomedes, who was commaunded to bring him into the tombe or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that ſhe was aliue, he verie earneſtlie prayed his men to take vp his bodie thither, and ſo he was caried in his men's armes into the entry of the monument." STEEVENS.

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent ſervices are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world[2] lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My ſword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawn it.

Eros. My dear maſter,
My captain, and my emperor! let me ſay,
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis ſaid, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I ſtrike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his Sword.*
Thus do I eſcape the ſorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myſelf!
Thou teacheſt me, O valiant Eros, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave inſtruction, got upon me
A nobleneſs in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death,[3] and run into't

[2] —— *the* worſhip *of the whole world*—] The *worſhip*, is the *dignity*, the *authority*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King John*:

"By giving it the *worſhip* of revenge." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *But I will be*
A bridegroom in my death, &c.] This thought has occurred before in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
"And hug it in my arms."

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy maſter dies thy ſcholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his Sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead?[4] not dead?—
The guard!—ho![5]—O, deſpatch me.

Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian* has the ſame image, though more luxuriantly expreſſed:

"The ſprightly bridegroom on his wedding night
"More gladly enters not the lifts of love:
"Why, 'tis enjoyment to be ſummon'd thus."

STEEVENS.

Stowe, deſcribing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the Earl of Eſſex's aſſociates, ſays, that "having put off his gown and doublet in a moſt cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a priſoner appointed for death*, he prayed very devoutly." MALONE.

[4] ——*not yet dead*"] *Yet*, which is wanting in the old copy, was ſupplied by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

[5] *The guard!*—ho!] [Old copy—guard *how.*] I ſuſpect the poet wrote:

The guard, ho! *O, deſpatch me!*

So, afterwards:

"What, *ho!* the emperor's *guard!*"

In the laſt ſcene of the third Act, he has ſaid—

"Authority melts from me. Of late, when I cried *ho*,
"Like boys unto a muſs, kings would ſtart forth,
"And cry, *your will?*"

The ſame miſtake has happened in *The Merchant of Venice*. See Vol. VII. p. 379, n. 1.

And twice in the original copy of *Hamlet*, 1604:

"*Queen.* Help, *how!*
"*Pol.* What *how*, help."

Again, in the laſt Act:

"O villainy! *how*, let the door be lock'd."

The emendation which I have propoſed, ought therefore certainly to be admitted into the text. MALONE.

I find this emendation already admitted into the text of edition 1785. STEEVENS.

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noiſe?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The ſtar is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, ſtrike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one [*Exeunt* Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This ſword but ſhown to Cæſar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not anſwer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy ſword, and give me
Sufficing ſtrokes for death.

Dio. Moſt abſolute lord,
My miſtreſs Cleopatra ſent me to thee.

Ant. When did ſhe ſend thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is ſhe?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear[6]
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar,[7] and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe are we,[8] sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

[6] ——*a* prophesying *fear*—] I suppose our author designed we should read:
——*a prophet's fear*——." Steevens.

[7] *She had* dispos'd *with Cæsar,*] To *dispose*, in this instance, perhaps signifies *to make terms, to settle matters.* Steevens.

[8] *Woe are we,*] Old copy—Woe, *woe*,—. But as the second *woe* appears (for it spoils the verse) to have been accidentally repeated by the compositor, I have left it out. Steevens.

To grace it with your ſorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh us, and we puniſh it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XIII.

The ſame. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

CLEO. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

CHAR. Be comforted, dear madam.

CLEO. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we deſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow,
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

DIO. His death's upon him, but not dead.[a]
Look out o'the other ſide your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

[a] *His death's upon him, but not dead.*] The defective meaſure, and want of reſpect in the ſpeaker, induce me to ſuppoſe, that this line originally ſtood thus:

His death's upon him, madam, *but not dead.*

STEEVENS.

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O thou ſun,
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling[1] ſtand
The varying ſhore o'the world![2]—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help;[3] help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace:

[1] ——*darkling*—] i. e. without light. So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:
" ——my mother hath a torch, your wife
" Goes *darkling* up and down." STEEVENS.

[2] *O thou fun,*
Burn the great ſphere thou mov'ſt in!—darkling ſtand
The varying ſhore o'the world!] *Thou* is wanting in the old copy, and was ſupplied by Mr. Pope, whoſe reading may be juſtified on the authority of a ſimilar paſſage in *Timon of Athens*:
" *Thou* ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!" STEEVENS.

She deſires the ſun to *burn* its own *orb*, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be dark; JOHNSON.

The varying ſhore o'the world! i. e. of the *earth*, where light and darkneſs make an inceſſant *variation*. WARBURTON.

According to the philoſophy [illegible] trinket [illegible] revailed from the age of Ariſtotle to that of Shakſpeare, and long ſince, the ſun was a planet, and was whirled round the earth by the motion of a ſolid ſphere in which it was fixed.—If the ſun therefore was to ſet fire to the ſphere, ſo as to conſume it, the conſequence muſt be, that itſelf, for want of ſupport, muſt drop through, and wander in endleſs ſpace; and in this caſe the earth would be involved in endleſs night. HEATH.

[3] ——*Charmian, help*; &c.] Old copy—
" The varring ſhore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony,
Antony,
" Helpe Charmian, helpe Iras helpe: helpe friends
" Below, let's draw him hither."
For the ſake of ſomewhat like metre, one word has been omitted and others tranſpoſed. STEEVENS.

Not Cæſar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumphed on itſelf.

Cleo. So it ſhould be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis ſo!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying;[4] only
I here impórtune death[5] a while, until
Of many thouſand kiſſes the poor laſt
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Leſt I be taken:[6] not the imperious ſhow

[4] —— *Egypt, dying;*] Perhaps this line was originally completed by a further repetition of the participle; and ſtood thus:
I am dying, Egypt, dying, dying; only &c.
Steevens.

[5] *I here* impórtune *death* &c.] *I ſolicit* death to delay; or, I *trouble* death by keeping him in waiting. Johnson.

[6] Cleo. *I dare not, dear,*
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Leſt I be taken:] Antony is ſuppoſed to be at the foot of the monument, and tells Cleopatra that he *there* importunes death, till he can lay his laſt kiſs upon her lips, which was intimating to her his deſire that ſhe ſhould come down to him for that purpoſe. She conſiders it in that light, and tells him that ſhe dares not.
Enter Diomed. M. Mason.

Antony has juſt ſaid that he only ſolicits death to delay his end, till he has given her a farewell kiſs. To this ſhe replies that *ſhe dares not*; and, in our author's licentious diction, ſhe may mean, that ſhe, now above in the monument, does not dare to deſcend that he may take leave of her. But, from the defect of the metre in the ſecond line, I think it more probable that a word was omitted by the compoſitor, and that the poet wrote:

I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not deſcend,
Leſt I be taken.

Mr. Theobald amends the paſſage differently, by adding to the end of Antony's ſpeech—*Come down.* Malone.

Theobald's inſertion ſeems miſplaced, and ſhould be made at the end of the next line but one. I would therefore read:

Of the full-fortun'd Cæſar[7] ever ſhall
Be brooch'd with me;[8] if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have
Edge, ſting, or operation,[9] I am ſafe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modeſt eyes,

I lay upon thy lips.
Cleo. *I dare not, dear,*
(*Dear my lord, pardon,*) *I dare not* come down.
RITSON.

[7] *Of the* full-fortun'd *Cæſar*—] So, in *Othello*:
" What a *full-fortune* doth the thick-lips owe?"
MALONE.

[8] *Be* brooch'd *with me*;] *Be brooch'd*, i. e. *adorn'd*. A *brooch* was an ornament formerly worn in the hat. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*: "Honour's a good *brooch* to wear in a man's hat at all times." Again, in his *Staple of News*:
" The very *Brooch* o' the bench, gem of the city."
Again, in *The Magnetick Lady*:
" The *brooch* to any true ſtate cap in Europe."
The Rev. Mr. Lambe obſerves, in his notes on the ancient metrical *Hiſtory of Flodden Field*, that *brooches*, in the North, are buckles ſet with ſtones, ſuch as thoſe with which ſhirt-boſoms and handkerchiefs are claſped. STEEVENS.

Be brooch'd *with me*;
Brooch is properly a *bodkin*, or ſome ſuch inſtrument, (originally a ſpit,) and ladies' bodkins being headed with gems, it ſometimes ſtands for an ornamental trinket or jewel in general, in which ſenſe it is perhaps uſed at preſent; or as probably in its original one, for *pinned up*, as we now ſay *pin up the basket*, *brooch'd with me*, i. e. pinned up, completed with having me to adorn his triumph. PERCY.

A *brooch* is always an *ornament*; whether a buckle or pin for the breaſt, hat, or hair, or whatever other ſhape it may aſſume. A *broach* is a ſpit: the ſpires of churches are likewiſe ſo called in the northern counties, as Darnton *broach*. *Brooch'd*, in the text, certainly means *adorn'd*, as it has been properly explained by Mr. Steevens. RITSON.

[9] —— *if knife, drugs, ſerpents, have*
Edge, ſting, or operation,] Here is the ſame irregular poſition of the words, that Mr. Warner would avoid or amend in *Hamlet*; and yet Shakſpeare ſeems to have attended to this matter in the very play before us, Act III. ſc. ii. TOLLET.

And ſtill concluſion,[1] ſhall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we muſt draw thee up;—
Aſſiſt, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's ſport, indeed![2]—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our ſtrength is all gone into heavineſs,[3]
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The ſtrong-wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee up,
And ſet thee by Jove's ſide. Yet come a little,—
Wiſhers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* Antony *up.*

This thought occurs in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, by Churchyard, no date 4to. where Beautie ſays—

"If he do dye, by mightie Jove I ſweare
"I will not live, *if ſword or knife be found*" &c.

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"If fires be hot, knives ſharp, or waters deep,
"Untied I ſtill my virgin knot will keep." Steevens.

[1] ——*ſtill concluſion*,] Sedate determination; ſilent coolneſs of reſolution. Johnson.

[2] *Here's ſport, indeed!*] I ſuppoſe the meaning of theſe ſtrange words is, *here's* trifling, *you* do not work *in earneſt*. Johnson.

Perhaps, rather, here's a curious game, the laſt we ſhall ever play with Antony! Or, perhaps, ſhe is thinking of fiſhing with a line, a diverſion of which we have been already told ſhe was fond. Shakſpeare has introduced ludicrous ideas with as much incongruity in other places. Malone.

Cleopatra, perhaps, by this affected levity, this phraſe which has no determined ſignification, only wiſhes to inſpire Antony with cheerfulneſs, and encourage thoſe who are engaged in the melancholy taſk of drawing him up into the monument. Steevens.

[3] ——*into* heavineſs,] Heavineſs is here uſed equivocally for *ſorrow* and *weight*. Malone.

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou haſt liv'd:[4]
Quicken with kiſſing;[5] had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy ſight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me ſome wine,[6] and let me ſpeak a little.

Cleo. No, let me ſpeak; and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe houſewife Fortune[7] break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, ſweet queen:
Of Caſar ſeek your honour, with your ſafety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæſar truſt, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My reſolution, and my hands, I'll truſt;
None about Cæſar.

[4] ——where *thou haſt liv'd*:] Old copy—*when* thou, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] *Quicken with kiſſing*;] That is, *Revive by my kiſs.* Johnson.

So, in Heywood's *Royal King*, 1637.

"And *quickens* moſt where he would moſt deſtroy." Stevens.

[6] *Give me ſome wine*, &c.] This circumſtance, like almoſt every other, Shakſpeare adopted from Plutarch. Sir Thomas North, in his tranſlation, ſays—"Antony made her ceaſe from lamenting, and called for wine, either becauſe he was athirſt, or elſe for that thereby to haſten his death. When he had drunke, he earneſtly prayed her, and perſuaded that ſhe would ſeeke to ſave her life, if ſhe could poſſible, without reproche and diſhonour: and that ſhe ſhould chiefly truſt Proculeius above any man elſe about Cæſar." Stevens.

[7] ——*houſewife Fortune*—] This deſpicable line has occurred before. Johnson.

See *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 16, n. 8. "Let us ſit, and mock the good houſewife Fortune from her wheel," &c. Malone.

Ant. The miſerable change[8] now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts,
In feeding them with thoſe my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greateſt prince o'the world,
The nobleſt: and do now not baſely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now, my ſpirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*

Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't die?
Haſt thou no care of me? ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better than a ſty?—O, ſee, my women,
The crown o'the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The ſoldier's pole[9] is fallen; young boys, and girls,
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the viſiting moon.[10] [*She faints.*

[8] *The miſerable change* &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "As for himſelf, ſhe ſhould not lament nor ſorrow for the miſerable change of his fortune at the end of his days; but rather, that ſhe ſhould think him the more fortunate, for the former triumphs and honours he had received, conſidering that while he lived, he was the nobleſt and greateſt prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman, by another Roman." Steevens.

[9] *The ſoldier's pole*—] He at whom the ſoldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for obſervation. Johnson.

[10] *——the odds is gone,*
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the viſiting moon.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"——from this inſtant
"There's nothing ſerious in mortality:
"All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead,
"The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
"Is left this vault to brag on." Malone.

Char. O, quietneſs, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our ſovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empreſs!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman;[2] and commanded
By ſuch poor paſſion as the maid that milks,

[2] *No more, but e'en a woman;*] Cleopatra is diſcourſing with her women; but ſhe naturally replies to Iras, who had addreſſed herſelf to her, and not to Charmian, who only interpoſed to prevent Iras from continuing to ſpeak. Strike out the ſpeech of Charmian, which is ſaid aſide to Iras, and the ſenſe will be evident. Iras addreſſes Cleopatra by the titles of *Royal Egypt* and *Empreſs!* which Cleopatra rejects as ill ſuited to her preſent condition; and ſays, ſhe is no more in that ſtate of elevation, but on a level with the reſt of her ſex. M. Mason.

Iras has juſt ſaid,—Royal Egypt, *Empreſs!* Cleopatra completes the ſentence, (without taking notice of the intervening words ſpoken by Charmian,)—*Empreſs* "no more; but e'en a woman," now on a level with the meaneſt of my ſex. So, in *Julius Cæſar*, p. 285, Caſſius ſays—

"No, it is Caſca; one incorporate
"To our attempts. *Am I not ſtaid for, Cinna?*"

to which Cinna replies, without taking any notice of the latter words [Am I not ſtay'd for?]:

"I am glad on't."

i. e. I am glad that Caſca is *incorporate to our attempts.* See alſo Vol. XVI. p. 70, n. 7.

The old copy reads—but *in* a woman. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. The ſame error has happened in many other places in theſe plays. See Vol. VIII. p. 206, n. 7. Malone.

Peace, peace, Iras, is ſaid by Charmian, when ſhe ſees the queen recovering, and thinks ſpeech troubleſome. Johnson.

And does the meaneſt chares.[1]—It were for me
To throw my ſcepter at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had ſtolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is ſottiſh; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it ſin,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is ſpent, it's out:—Good ſirs, take heart:—
[*To the Guard below.*
We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This caſe of that huge ſpirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But reſolution, and the briefeſt end.
[*Exeunt; thoſe above bearing off* ANTONY's *Body.*

[1] ——*the meaneſt* chares.] i. e. taſk-work. Hence our term *chare-woman*. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "She, like a good wife, is teaching her ſervants ſundry *chares*." Again, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"————ſpins,
"Cards, and does *chare-work*."——

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, ch. 91, Robin Good-fellow ſays—

"And at my crummed meſſe of mille, each night from mai I or dame,
"To *do their chares*, as they ſuppos'd" &c. STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæſar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS,[4] GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, *and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauſes that he makes.[5]

[4] *Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dolabella, and* [Old copy] Menas, *&c.*] But Menas and Menecrates, we may remember, were two famous pirates, linked with Sextus Pompeius, and who aſſiſted him to infeſt the Italian coaſt. We no where learn, expreſsly, in the play, that Menas ever attached himſelf to Octavius's party. Notwithſtanding the old folios concur in marking the entrance thus, yet in the two places in the ſcene, where this character is made to ſpeak, they have marked in the margin, *Mec.* ſo that, as Dr. Thirlby ſagaciouſly conjectured, we muſt cathier Menas, and ſubſtitute Mecænas in his room. Menas, indeed, deſerted to Cæſar no leſs than twice, and was preferred by him. But then we are to conſider, Alexandria was taken, and Antony killed himſelf, *anno* U. C. 723. Menas made the ſecond revolt over to Auguſtus, U. C. 717; and the next year was ſlain at the ſiege of Belgrade, in Pannonia, five years before the death of Antony. THEOBALD.

[5] *Being ſo* fruſtrate, *tell him, he mocks* [us by]
The pauſes that he makes.] *Fruſtrate*, for *fruſtrated*, was the language of Shakſpeare's time. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— and the ſea mocks
" Our *fruſtrate* ſearch by land."

So *conſummate* for *conſummated*, *contaminate* for *contaminated*, &c.

Again, in Holland's tranſlation of *Suetonius* 1606: " But the deſignment both of the one and the other were defeated and *fruſtrate* by reaſon of Pito his death."

The laſt two words of the firſt of theſe lines are not found in the old copy. The defect of the metre ſhows that ſomewhat was omitted, and the paſſage, by the omiſſion, was rendered unintelligible.

Dol. Cæſar, I ſhall.[6] [*Exit* Dolabella.

When, in the lines juſt quoted, the ſea is ſaid to mock the ſearch of thoſe who were ſeeking on the land for a body that had been drowned in the ocean, this is eaſily underſtood. But in that before us the caſe is very different. When Antony himſelf made theſe pauſes, would he mock, or laugh at them? and what is the meaning of *mocking a pauſe?*

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, the concluding word of a line was omitted, and in like manner has been ſupplied:

" How I may formally in perſon bear [me]
" Like a true friar."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, and 1623:

" And hide me with a dead man in his."

ſhroud or *tomb* being omitted.

Again, in *Hamlet*, 4to. 1604:

" Thus conſcience doth make cowards."

the words *of us all* being omitted.

Again, *ibidem:*

" Seeming to feel this blow," &c.

inſtead of

" —— *Then ſenſeleſs Ilium*
" Seeming to feel this blow."

See alſo note on the words—" *mock* the meat it feeds on," in *Othello*, Act III. ſc. iii.

And ſimilar omiſſions have happened in many other plays. See Vol. XIV. p. 351, n. 8.

In further ſupport of the emendation now made, it may be obſerved, that the word *mock*, of which our author makes frequent uſe, is almoſt always employed as I ſuppoſe it to have been uſed here. Thus, in *King Lear:* " Pray do not mock *me*." Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" You do blaſpheme the good in *mocking me*."

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
" And *mock us with* our barenes."

Again, in the play before us:

" —— that nod unto the world,
" And *mock our eyes with* air."

The ſecond interpretation given by Mr. Steevens, in the following note, is a juſt interpretation of the text as *now regulated*; but extracts from the words in the old copy a meaning, which, without thoſe that I have ſupplied, they certainly do not afford. Malone.

Enter DERCETAS, *with the Sword of* ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'ſt
Appear thus to us? [7]

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I ſerv'd, who beſt was worthy
Beſt to be ſerv'd: whilſt he ſtood up, and ſpoke,
He was my maſter; and I wore my life,
To ſpend upon his haters: If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæſar; if thou pleaſeſt not,
I yield thee up my life.

I have left Mr. Malone's emendation in the text; though, to complete the meaſure, we might read—fruſtrated, or—

Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him, that *he mocks* &c.

as I am well convinced we are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the verb *mock*, as ſometimes employed by Shakſpeare. In *Othello* it is uſed again with equal departure from its common acceptation.

My explanation of the words—*He mocks the pauſes that he makes*, is as follows: He plays wantonly with the intervals of time which he ſhould improve to his own preſervation. Or the meaning may be—Being thus defeated in all his efforts, and left without reſource, tell him that theſe affected pauſes and delays of his in yielding himſelf up to me, are mere idle mockery. *He mocks the pauſes*, may be a licentious mode of expreſſion for—*he makes a mockery of us by theſe pauſes*; i. e. he trifles with us. STEEVENS.

[6] *Cæſar, I ſhall.*] I make no doubt but it ſhould be marked here, that Dolabella goes out. 'Tis reaſonable to imagine he ſhould preſently depart upon Cæſar's command; ſo that the ſpeeches placed to him in the ſequel of this ſcene, muſt be tranſferred to Agrippa, or he is introduced as a mute. Beſides, that Dolabella ſhould be gone out, appears from this, that when Cæſar aſks for him, he recollects that he had ſent him on buſineſs. THEOBALD.

[7] ——*thus to us?*] i. e. with a drawn and bloody ſword in thy hand. STEEVENS.

Cæs. What is't thou ſay'ſt?

Der. I ſay, O Cæſar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack: The round world ſhould have ſhook
Lions into civil ſtreets,[8]

[8] —— *The round world ſhould have ſhook*
Lions into civil ſtreets, &c.] I think here is a line loſt, after which it is in vain to go in queſt. The ſenſe ſeems to have been this: *The round world ſhould have ſhook,* and this great alteration of the ſyſtem of things ſhould ſend *lions into ſtreets, and citizens into dens.* There is ſenſe ſtill, but it is harſh and violent. JOHNSON.

I believe we ſhould read—A greater crack *than this*: The *ruin'd* world, i. e. the general diſruption of elements ſhould have *ſhook,* &c. Shakſpeare ſeems to mean that the death of ſo great a man ought to have produced effects ſimilar to thoſe which might be expected from the diſſolution of the univerſe, when all diſtinctions ſhall be loſt. To *ſhake* any thing out, is a phraſe in common uſe among our ancient writers. So Holinſhed, p. 743: "God's providence *ſhaking* men out of their ſhifts of ſuppoſed ſaſetie," &c.

Perhaps, however, Shakſpeare might mean nothing more here than merely an earthquake, in which the ſhaking of the *round world* was to be ſo violent as to toſs the inhabitants of woods into cities, and the inhabitants of cities into woods. STEEVENS.

The ſenſe, I think, is complete and plain, if we conſider *ſhook* (more properly *ſhaken*) as the participle paſt of a verb *active*. The metre would be improved if the lines were diſtributed thus:

——*The round world ſhould have ſhook*
Lions into civil ſtreets, and citizens
Into *their dens.* TYRWHITT.

The defect of the metre ſtrongly ſupports Dr. Johnſon's conjecture, *that ſomething is loſt.* Perhaps the paſſage originally ſtood thus:

The breaking of ſo great a thing ſhould make
A greater crack. The round world ſhould have ſhook
Thrown hungry *lions into civil ſtreets,*
And citizens to their dens.

And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
Is not a ſingle doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæſar;
Not by a publick miniſter of juſtice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that ſelf hand,

In this very page, five entire lines between the word *ſhook* in my note, and the ſame word in Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, were *omitted* by the compoſitor, in the original proof ſheet.

That the words—"The round world ſhould have ſhook," contain a diſtinct propoſition, and have no immediate connection with the next line, may be inferred from hence; that Shakſpeare, when he means to deſcribe a violent derangement of nature, almoſt always mentions the earth's *ſhaking*, or being otherwiſe convulſed; and in theſe paſſages conſtantly employs the word *ſhook*, or ſome ſynonymous word, as a neutral verb. Thus, in *Macbeth*:

"——The obſcure bird
"Clamour'd the live-long night: ſome ſay, *the earth*
"Was fev'rous, and did *ſhake*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"——as if the *world*
"Was fev'rous, and did *tremble*."

Again, in *Pericles*:

"Sir,
"Our lodgings ſtanding bleak upon the ſea,
"Shook, as the earth did *quake*."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"I ſay, the earth did *ſhake*, when I was born.—
"O, then the *earth ſhook*, to ſee the heavens on fire,
"And not in fear of your nativity.'

Again, in *King Lear*:

"——thou all-*ſhaking* thunder,
"Strike flat the thick *rotundity* of the *world*,
"Crack nature's moulds."

This circumſtance, in my apprehenſion, ſtrongly confirms Dr. Johnſon's ſuggeſtion that ſome words have been omitted in the next line, and is equally adverſe to Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation. The words omitted were probably in the middle of the line, which originally might have ſtood thus in the MS:

Lions been hurtled *into civil ſtreets*,
And citizens to their dens. Malone.

Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his ſword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt noble blood.

Cæs. Look you ſad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings[9]
To waſh the eyes of kings.[1]

Agr. And ſtrange it is,
That nature muſt compel us to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.[2]

Agr. A rarer ſpirit never
Did ſteer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæſar is touch'd.

Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious mirror's ſet before him,
He needs muſt ſee himſelf.

[9] ——a *tidings*—] Thus the ſecond folio. In the firſt, the article had been caſually omitted. Steevens.

[1] ——but *it is a tidings*
To waſh the eyes of kings.] That is, *May the gods rebuke me, if this be not tidings to make kings weep.*
But again, for *if not*. Johnson.

[2] Waged *equal with him.*] For *waged*, [the reading of the firſt folio,] the modern editions have *weighed*. Johnson.

It is not eaſy to determine the preciſe meaning of the word *wage*. In *Othello* it occurs again:

"To wake and *wage* a danger profitleſs."

It may ſignify to *oppoſe*. The ſenſe will then be, *his taints and honours* were an equal match; i. e. were oppoſed to each other in juſt proportions, like the counterparts of a wager.
Stevens.

Read—*weigh*, with the ſecond folio, where it is only miſſpelled *way*. So, in *Shore's Wife*, by A. Chute, 1593:

"——notes her myndes diſquyet
"To be ſo great ſhe ſeemes downe *wayed* by it."
Ritson.

Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies:[3] I muſt perforce
Have ſhown to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not ſtall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as ſovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all deſign, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts[4] did kindle,—that our ſtars,

[3] —— *But we do* lance
Diſeaſes in our bodies:] [Old copy—*launch.*—] *Launch* was the ancient, and is ſtill the vulgar pronunciation of *lance*. Nurſes always talk of *launching* the gums of children, when they have difficulty in cutting teeth.

I have followed thee, ſays Cæſar, *to this*; i. e. I have purſued thee, till I compelled thee to ſelf-deſtruction. But, adds the ſpeaker, (at once extenuating his own conduct, and conſidering the deceaſed as one with whom he had been united by the ties of relationſhip as well as policy, as one who had been a part of himſelf,) the violence, with which I proceeded, was not my choice; I have done but by him as we do by our own natural bodies. I have employed force, where force only could be effectual. I have ſhed the blood of the irreclaimable Antony, on the ſame principle that we *lance* a diſeaſe incurable by gentler means.
STEEVENS.

When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by ſcarifying, we uſe the lancet; and if we neglect to do ſo, we are deſtroyed by it. Antony was to me a diſeaſe; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.

Launch, the word in the old copy, is only the old ſpelling of *launce*. See Minſheu's *Dictionary*, in v.

So alſo Daniel, in one of his Sonnets:

" —— ſorrow's tooth ne'er rankles more,
" Than when it bites, but *launcheth* not the ſore."
MALONE.

[4] —— his *thoughts*—] His is here uſed for *its*. M. MASON.

Unreconciliable, ſhould divide
Our equalneſs to this.[5]—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at ſome meeter ſeaſon;

Enter a Meſſenger.

The buſineſs of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he ſays.—Whence are you?[6]

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my miſtreſs,[7]
Confin'd in all ſhe has, her monument,
Of thy intents deſires inſtruction;
That ſhe preparedly may frame herſelf
To the way ſhe's forced to.

Ces. Bid her have good heart;
She ſoon ſhall know of us, by ſome of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we[8]
Determine for her: for Cæſar cannot live
To be ungentle.[9]

[5] *Our equalneſs to this.*] That is, *ſhould have made us*, in our equality of fortune, diſagree *to* a pitch like this, that one of us muſt die. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *Whence are you?*] The defective metre of this line, and the irregular reply to it, may authorize a ſuppoſition that it originally ſtood thus:

We'll hear him what he ſays.—Whence, and who *are you?* STEEVENS.

[7] *A poor Ægyptian yet. The queen my miſtreſs*, &c.] If this punctuation be right, the man means to ſay, that he is *yet an Ægyptian*, that is, *yet a ſervant of the Queen of Ægypt*, though ſoon to become a ſubject of Rome. JOHNSON.

[8] *How* honourable *and how kindly we*—] Our author often uſes adjectives adverbially. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Young man, thou could'ſt not die more *honourable*."

See alſo Vol. XI. p. 386, n. 9. The modern editors, however, all read—*honourably*. MALONE.

[9] ——*for Cæſar cannot* live
To be ungentle.] The old copy has *leave*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

Mess. So the gods preſerve thee! [*Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and ſay,
We purpoſe her no ſhame: give her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leſt, in her greatneſs, by ſome mortal ſtroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph:[1] Go,
And, with your ſpeedieſt, bring us what ſhe ſays,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæſar, I ſhall. [*Exit* Proculeius.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To ſecond Proculeius? [*Exit* Gallus.

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed; he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my writings: Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhow in this. [*Exeunt.*

[1] ——*her life in Rome*
Would be eternal in *our triumph:*] Hanmer reads, judiciouſly enough, but without neceſſity:
Would be eternalling *our triumph:*
The ſenſe is, *If ſhe dies here, ſhe will be forgotten, but if I ſend her* in triumph to Rome, *her memory and my glory* will be eternal. Johnson.

The following paſſage in *The Scourge of Venus*, &c. a poem, 1614, will ſufficiently ſupport the old reading:
"If ſome foule-ſwelling ebon cloud would fall,
"For her to hide herſelf *eternal in.*" Steevens.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA,[2] CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæſar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,[3]
A miniſter of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's.[4]

[2] *Enter Cleopatra*, &c.] Our author, here, (as in *King Henry VIII.* Vol. XV. p. 180, n. 1,) has attempted to exhibit at once the outſide and the inſide of a building. It would be impoſſible to repreſent this ſcene in any way on the ſtage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants ſpeak all their ſpeeches till the queen is ſeized, within the monument. MALONE.

[3] ——*fortune's knave*,] The *ſervant* of fortune. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*And it is great*
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's.] The difficulty of the paſſage, if any difficulty there be, ariſes only from this, that the act of ſuicide, and the ſtate which is the effect of ſuicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, ſays ſhe, is an act *which bolts up change*; it produces a ſtate,

Which ſleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurſe and Cæſar's.

Which has no longer need of the groſs and terrene ſuſtenance, in the uſe of which Cæſar and the beggar are on a level.

The ſpeech is abrupt, but perturbation in ſuch a ſtate is ſurely natural. JOHNSON.

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæſar ſends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee ſtudy on what fair demands
Thou mean'ſt to have him grant thee.

CLEO. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

CLEO. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me truſt you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no uſe for truſting. If your maſter
Would have a queen his beggar, you muſt tell him,
That majeſty, to keep decorum, muſt
No leſs beg than a kingdom: if he pleaſe
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my ſon,
He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.[5]

[redacted]as been already ſaid in this play, that
" —— our *dungy* earth alike
" Feeds man as beaſt."——
And Mr. Tollet obſerves, " that in *Herodotus*, B. III. the Æthiopian king, upon hearing a deſcription of the nature of wheat, replied, that he was not at all ſurprized, if men, who eat nothing but *dung*, did not attain a longer life." Shakſpeare has the ſame epithet in *The Winter's Tale*:
" —— the face to ſweeten
" Of the whole *dungy* earth "——
Again, in *Timon*:
" —— the earth's a thief
" That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolen
" From general *excrement*." STEEVENS.

He gives me ſo much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.] I would read [redacted]. inſtead of—*as* I. M. MASON.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. STEEVENS.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is ſo full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependancy; and you ſhall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindneſs,[6]
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vaſſal, and I ſend him
The greatneſs he has got.[7] I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

[6] ——*that* will pray in aid *for kindneſs.*] *Praying in aid* is a term uſed for a petition made in a court of juſtice for the calling in of help from another that hath an intereſt in the cauſe in queſtion. Hanmer.

[7] ——*find him*
The greatneſs he has got.] I allow him to be my conqueror; I own his ſuperiority with complete ſubmiſſion. Johnson.

A kindred idea ſeems to occur in *The Tempeſt*:
"Then, as *my gift*, and *thy own acquiſition*,
"Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter." Steevens.

Johnſon has miſtaken the meaning of this paſſage, nor will the words bear the conſtruction he gives them. It appears to me, that by *the greatneſs he has got*, ſhe means her crown which he has won; and I ſuppoſe that when ſhe pronounces theſe words, ſhe delivers to Proculeius either her crown, or ſome other enſign of royalty. M. Mason.

GAL. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd;
[*Here* PROCULEIUS, *and two of the Guard, aſcend the Monument by a Ladder placed againſt a Window, and having deſcended, come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.*[8]
Guard her till Cæſar come.[9]
[*To* PROCULEIUS *and the Guard.* *Exit* GALLUS.

[8] In the old copy there is no ſtage-direction. That which is now inſerted is formed on the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "Proculeius came to the gates that were very thicke and ſtrong, and ſurely barred; but yet there were *ſome crannies through the which her voyce might be heard*, and ſo they *without* underſtood that Cleopatra demaunded the kingdome of Egypt for her ſonnes: and that Proculeius aunſwered her, that ſhe ſhould be of good cheere and not be affrayed to refer all unto Cæſar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her aunſwere unto Cæſar: who immediately ſent Gallus to ſpeak once againe with her, and bad him purpoſely hold her with talk, *whilſt* Proculeius *did ſet up a ladder againſt that high windowe by the which Antonius was treſed up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate*, where Cleopatra ſtood to hear what Gallus ſaid unto her. One of her women which was ſhut in her monument with her, ſawe Proculeius by chaunce, as he came downe, and ſhrecked out, O, poore Cleopatra, thou art taken. Then when ſhe ſawe Proculeius behind her as ſhe came from the gate, ſhe thought to have ſtabbed herſelf with a ſhort dagger ſhe wore of purpoſe by her ſide. But Proculeius came ſodainly upon her, and taking her by both the hands, ſayd unto her, Cleopatra, firſt thou ſhalt doe thy ſelfe great wrong, and ſecondly unto Cæſar, to deprive him of the occaſion and opportunitie openlie to ſhew his vauntage and mercie, and to give his enemies cauſe to accuſe the moſt courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to appeache him as though he were a cruel and mercileſſe man, that were not to be truſted. So, even as he ſpake the word, he tooke her dagger from her, and ſhooke her clothes for feare of any poyſon hidden about her." MALONE.

[9] Gal. *You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd;*——
Guard her till Cæſar come.] [Mr. Rowe (and Mr. Pope followed him) allotted this ſpeech to *Charmian.*] This blunder was for want of knowing, or obſerving, the hiſtorical fact.

Iras. Royal queen!

When Cæſar ſent Proculeius to the queen, he ſent Gallus after him with new inſtructions; and while one amuſed Cleopatra with propoſitions from Cæſar, through the crannies of the monument, the other ſcaled it by a ladder, entered it at a window backward, and made Cleopatra, and thoſe with her, priſoners. I have reformed the paſſage, therefore, (as, I am perſuaded, the author deſigned it,) from the authority of Plutarch. [Mr. Theobald gives—*You ſee how eaſily* &c. to *Gallus*; and *Guard her* &c. to *Proculeius*.] THEOBALD.

This line, in the firſt edition, is given to Proculeius; and to him it certainly belongs, though perhaps miſplaced. I would put it at the end of his foregoing ſpeech:

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
[Aſide to Gallus.] *You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriſ'd;*

Then, while Cleopatra makes a formal anſwer, Gallus, upon the hint given, ſeizes her, and Proculeius, interrupting the civility of his anſwer:

——*your plight is pitied*
Of him that cauſ'd it.

cries out:

Guard her till Cæſar come. JOHNSON.

To this ſpeech, as well as the preceding, *Pro.* [i. e. Proculeius] is prefixed in the old copy. It is clear, from the paſſage quoted from Plutarch in the following note, that this was an error of the compoſitor's at the preſs, and that it belongs to Gallus; who, after Proculeius hath, according to his ſuggeſtion, aſcended the monument, goes out to inform Cæſar that Cleopatra is taken. That Cæſar was informed immediately of Cleopatra's being taken, appears from Dolabella's firſt ſpeech to Proculeius on his entry. See p. 273.

"Proculeius,
"What thou haſt done, thy maſter Cæſar knows," &c.

This information, it is to be preſumed, Cæſar obtained from Gallus.

The ſtage-directions being very imperfect in this ſcene in the old copy, no *exit* is here marked; but as Gallus afterwards enters along with Cæſar, it was undoubtedly the author's intention that he ſhould here go out. In the modern edition, this, as well as the preceding ſpeech, is given to Proculeius, though the error in the old copy clearly ſhows that *two* ſpeakers were intended. MALONE

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a Dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourſelf ſuch wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languiſh?[1]

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuſe my maſter's bounty, by
The undoing of yourſelf: let the world ſee
His nobleneſs well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars![2]

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſleep neither:[3] This mortal houſe I'll ruin,

[1] ——*languiſh?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. ii.
"One deſperate grief cure with another's *languiſh*."
Stevens.

[2] *Worth many babes and beggars!*] Why, death, wilt thou not rather ſeize a queen, than employ thy force upon *babes* and *beggars*. Johnson.

[3] *If idle* talk *will once be neceſſary,*
I'll not ſleep neither.] *I will not eat*, and *if it will be neceſſary now for once* to waſte a moment in *idle talk* of my purpoſe, *I will not ſleep neither*. In common converſation we often uſe *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, Now I am going, it *will be* fit for me to dine firſt. Johnson.

Once may mean *ſometimes*. Of this uſe of the word I have already given inſtances, both in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*,

Do Cæſar what he can. Know, ſir, that I

and *King Henry VIII.* The meaning of Cleopatra ſeems to be this: If *idle talking* be ſometimes neceſſary to the prolongation of life, why I will not *ſleep* for fear of *talking idly in my ſleep.*

The ſenſe deſigned, however, may be—If it be neceſſary, for once, to talk of performing impoſſibilities, why, I'll not ſleep neither. I have little confidence, however, in theſe attempts, to produce a meaning from the words under conſideration.

STEEVENS.

The explications above given appear to me ſo unſatisfactory, and ſo little deducible from the words, that I have no doubt that a line has been loſt after the word *neceſſary*, in which Cleopatra threatened to obſerve an obſtinate ſilence. The line probably began with the words *I'll*, and the compoſitor's eye glancing on the ſame words in the line beneath, all that intervened was loſt. See p. 148, n. 4; and p. 260, n. 8.

So, in *Othello*, quarto, 1622, Act III. ſc. i:

" And needs no other ſuitor but his likings,
" To *take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front*,
" To bring you in."

In the folio the ſecond line is omitted, by the compoſitor's eye, after the firſt word of it was compoſed, glancing on the ſame word immediately under it in the ſubſequent line, and then proceeding with that line inſtead of the other. This happens frequently at the preſs. The omitted line in the paſſage, which has given riſe to the preſent note, muſt have been of this import:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
I'll not ſo much as ſyllable a word;
I'll *not ſleep neither. This mortal houſe I'll ruin*, &c.

The words *I'll not ſleep neither*, contain a new and diſtinct menace. I once thought that Shakſpeare might have written—I'll not *ſpeak* neither; but in p. 281, Cæſar comforting Cleopatra, ſays, "feed, and *ſleep*;" which ſhows that *ſleep*, in the paſſage before us, is the true reading. MALONE.

I agree that a line is loſt, which I ſhall attempt to ſupply:

Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, ſir;
If idle talk will once be neceſſary,
[I will not ſpeak; it ſleep be neceſſary,]
I'll not ſleep neither.

The repetition of the word *neceſſary* may have occaſioned the omiſſion. RITSON.

Will not wait pinion'd at your maſter's court;
Nor once be châſtis'd with the ſober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoiſt me up,
And ſhow me to the ſhouting varletry
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me ſtark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,[4]
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further than you ſhall
Find cauſe in Cæſar.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou haſt done thy maſter Cæſar knows,
And he hath ſent for thee: as[5] for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It ſhall content me beſt: be gentle to her.—

[4] *My country's high* pyramides *my gibbet.*] The poet deſigned we ſhould read—*pyramides*, Lat. inſtead of *pyramids*, and ſo the folio reads. The verſe will otherwiſe be defective. Thus, in *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1604:

"Beſides the gates and high *pyramides*
"That Julius Cæſar brought from Africa."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Like to the ſhadows of *pyramides*."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. c. lxxiii:

"The theaters, *pyramides*, the hills of half a mile."

Mr. Tollet obſerves, "that Sandys, in his *Travels*, as well as Drayton, in the 26th Song of his *Polyolbion*, uſes *pyramides* as a quadriſyllable. Steevens.

[5] ——*as*—] This conjunction is wanting in the firſt, but is ſupplied by the ſecond folio. Steevens.

To Cæſar I will ſpeak what you ſhall pleaſe,
[*To* CLEOPATRA.
If you'll employ me to him.

CLEO. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS, *and Soldiers.*

DOL. Moſt noble empreſs, you have heard of me?

CLEO. I cannot tell.

DOL. Aſſuredly, you know me.

CLEO. No matter, ſir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

DOL. I underſtand not, madam.

CLEO. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, ſuch another ſleep, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man!

DOL. If it might pleaſe you.—

CLEO. His face was as the heavens; and therein ſtuck
A ſun,[5] and moon; which kept their courſe, and lighted
The little O, the earth.[7]

[5] ——*as the* heavens; *and therein* ſtuck
A ſun,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
"——it *ſtuck* upon him, as the *ſun*
"In the grey vault of *heaven.*" STEVENS.

[7] *The little O, the earth.*] Old copy—
The little o'the earth.
Dol. *Moſt ſovereign creature!*——
What a bleſſed limping verſe theſe *hemiſtichs* give us! Had none of the editors an ear to find the hitch in its pace. There is but a ſyllable wanting, and that, I believe verily, was but of a ſingle letter. I reſtore.

Dol. Moſt ſovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs beſtrid the ocean:[8] his rear'd arm
Creſted the world:[9] his voice was propertied
As all the tuned ſpheres, and that to friends;[1]
But when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping:[2] His delights

The little O o'th' earth.

i. e. the little orb or circle. Our poet, in other paſſages, chooſes to expreſs himſelf thus. Theobald.

When two words are repeated near to each other, printers very often omit one of them. The text however may well ſtand. Shakſpeare frequently uſes *O* for an orb or circle So, in *King Henry V:*

" ——— can we cram
" Within this wooden *O* the very caſques," &c.

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*

" Than all yon fiery *oes*, and eyes of light." Malone.

[8] *His legs beſtrid the ocean:* &c.] So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world,
" Like a Coloſſus." Malone.

[9] —— *his rear'd arm*
Creſted the world:] Alluding to ſome of the old creſts in heraldry, where a raiſed arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet. Percy.

[1] ——and *that to friends*;] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, with no leſs obſcurity:

—— when *that to friends*. Steevens.

[2] —— *For his bounty,*
There was no winter in't; an autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping:] Old copy—
—— *an* Antony *it was*,——.

There was certainly a contraſt both in the thought and terms, deſigned here, which is loſt in an accidental corruption. How could an *Antony* grow the more by reaping? I'll venture, by a very eaſy change, to reſtore an exquiſite fine alluſion; which carries its reaſon with it too, why there was no *winter* in his bounty.

Were dolphin-like;[3] they ſhow'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and iſlands were
As plates[4] dropp'd from his pocket.

——*For his bounty,*
There was no winter *in't*; *an* autumn *'twas,*
That grew the more by reaping.

I ought to take notice, that the ingenious Dr. Thirlby likewiſe ſtarted this very emendation, and had marked it in the margin of his book. THEOBALD.

The following lines in Shakſpeare's 53d Sonnet add ſupport to the emendation:

"Speak of the ſpring, and *foiſon* of the year,
"The one doth ſhadow of your bounty ſhow;
"The *other* as your *bounty* doth appear,
"And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know."

By the *other*, in the third line, i. e. the *foiſon* of the year, the poet means *autumn*, the ſeaſon of plenty.

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

"How does my *bounteous* ſiſter [*Ceres*]?" MALONE.

[3] ——*His delights*
Were dolphin-like; *&c.*] This image occurs in a ſhort poem inſerted in T. Lodge's *Life and Death of William Longbeard, the moſt famous and witty Engliſh Traitor*, &c. 1593, 4to. bl. l:

"Oh faire of faireſt, *Dolphin-like*,
"Within the rivers of my plaint," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *As plates*—] *Plates* mean, I believe, *ſilver money*. So, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"What's the price of this ſlave 200 crowns?——
"And if he has, he's worth 300 *plates*."

Again:

"Rat'ſt thou this Moor but at 200 *plates*?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens juſtly interprets *plates* to mean ſilver money. It is a term in heraldry. The balls or roundels in an eſcutcheon of arms, according to their different colours, have different names. If *ruby*, or red, they are called *tortcauxes*; if *or*, or yellow, *bezants*; if *argent*, or white, *plates*, which are buttons of ſilver without any impreſſion, but only prepared for the ſtamp.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, ſuch a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one ſuch,[5]
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming: Nature wants ſtuff
To vie ſtrange forms[6] with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainſt fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.[7]

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loſs is as yourſelf, great; and you bear it
As anſwering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake purſu'd ſucceſs, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that ſhoots[8]
My very heart at root.

So Spenſer, *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vii. ſt. 5:

"Some others were new driven, and diſtent
"Into great ingoes, and to wedges ſquare;
"Some in round *plates* withouten moniment,
"But moſt were ſtampt, and in their metal bare,
"The antique ſhapes of kings and keſars, ſtraung and rare." WHALLEY.

[5] ——or *ever were one ſuch*,] The old copy has—*nor* ever, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[6] *To vie ſtrange forms*—] To *vie* was a term at cards. See Vol. VIII. p. 309, n. 9; and Vol. IX. p. 80, n. 1. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*yet, to imagine*
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainſt fancy,
Condemning ſhadows quite.] The word *piece*, is a term appropriated to works of art. Here Nature and Fancy produce each their *piece*, and the *piece* done by Nature had the preference. Antony was in reality *paſt the ſize of dreaming*; he was more by *Nature* than *Fancy* could preſent in ſleep. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*ſhoots*—] The old copy reads—*ſuites*. STEEVENS.

Cleo. I thank you, ſir.
Know you, what Cæſar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæſar.

Enter Cæsar, Gallus, Proculeius, Mecænas, Seleucus, *and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[Cleopatra *kneels.*

Cæs. Ariſe, You ſhall not kneel:——
I pray you, riſe; riſe, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods Will have it thus; my maſter and my lord I muſt obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts: The record of what injuries you did us, Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole ſir o'the world,

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The error aroſe from the two words, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, being pronounced alike. See Vol. VII. p. 80, n. 7. Malone.

I cannot project mine own cauſe ſo well[a]
To make it clear; but do confeſs, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often ſham'd our ſex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourſelf to our intents,
(Which towards you are moſt gentle,) you ſhall find
A benefit in this change; but if you ſeek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's courſe, you ſhall bereave yourſelf

[a] *I cannot* project *mine own cauſe ſo well*—] *Project* ſignifies to *invent* a cauſe, not to *plead* it; which is the ſenſe here required. It is plain that we ſhould read:

I cannot proctor *my own cauſe ſo well.*

The technical term, to plead by an advocate. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

I cannot parget *my own cauſe* ——.

Meaning, I cannot *whitewash, varniſh*, or *gloſs* my cauſe. I believe the preſent reading to be right. To *project a cauſe* is to *repreſent* a cauſe; to *project* it *well*, is to *plan* or *contrive* a ſcheme of defence. JOHNSON.

The old reading may certainly be the true one. Sir John Harrington, in his *Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596, p. 79, ſays—"I have choſen Ajax for the *project* of this diſcourſe."

Again, in *Looke about you*, a comedy, 1600:

"But quite diſlike the *project* of your ſute."

Yet Sir Thomas Hanmer's conjecture may be likewiſe countenanced; for the word he wiſhes to bring in, is uſed in the 4th Eclogue of Drayton:

"Scorn'd paintings, *pargit*, and the borrow'd hair."

And ſeveral times by Ben Jonſon. So, in *The Silent Woman:*

"—— ſhe's above fifty too, and *pargets*." STEEVENS.

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, we find theſe lines:

"—— She cannot love,
"Nor take no ſhape nor *project* of affection,
"She is ſo ſelf-endear'd."

I cannot *project*, &c. means, therefore, I cannot ſhape or form my cauſe, &c. MALONE.

Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'ſcutcheons, and your ſigns of conqueſt, ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra.[1]

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am poſſeſs'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.[2]—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treaſurer; let him ſpeak, my lord,

[1] *You ſhall adviſe me in all for Cleopatra*] You ſhall yourſelf be my counſellor, and ſuggeſt whatever you wiſh to be done for your relief. So, afterwards:

"For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
"Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel." Malone.

[2] ——*'tis exactly valued;*
Not petty things admitted.] Sagacious editors! Cleopatra gives in a liſt of her wealth, ſays, 'tis exactly valued; but that petty things are not *admitted* in this liſt: and then ſhe appeals to her treaſurer, that ſhe has reſerved nothing to herſelf. And when he betrays her, ſhe is reduced to the ſhift of exclaiming againſt the ingratitude of ſervants, and of making apologies for having ſecreted certain trifles. Who does not ſee, that we ought to read:

Not petty things omitted?

For this declaration lays open her falſehood; and makes her angry, when her treaſurer detects her in a direct lie.

Theobald.

Notwithſtanding the wrath of Mr. Theobald, I have reſtored the old reading. She is angry afterwards, that ſhe is accuſed of having reſerved more than petty things. Dr. Warburton and Sir Thomas Hanmer follow Theobald. Johnson.

Upon his peril, that I have reſerv'd
To myſelf nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather ſeel my lips,[3] than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, bluſh not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wiſdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæſar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O ſlave, of no more truſt
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goeſt thou back? thou ſhalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, ſoul-leſs villain, dog!
O rarely baſe![4]

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæſar, what a wounding ſhame is this;[5]

[3] ——*ſeel my lips*,] Sew up my mouth. Johnson.

It means, cloſe up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk are cloſed. To *ſeel* hawks was the technical term. Steevens.

[4] *O rarely baſe!*] i. e. baſe in an uncommon degree. Steevens.

[5] *O Cæſar*, &c.] This ſpeech of Cleopatra is taken from Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch, where it ſtands as follows: "O Cæſar, is not this great ſhame and reproach, that thou having vouchſafed to take the pains to come unto me, and haſt done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miſerable eſtate, and that mine own ſervants ſhould come now to accuſe me. Though it may be that

That thou, vouchſafing here to viſit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordlineſs
To one ſo meek,[6] that mine own ſervant ſhould
Parcel the ſum of my diſgraces by[7]
Addition of his envy![8] Say, good Cæſar,
That I ſome lady trifles have reſerv'd,
Immoment toys, things of ſuch dignity
As we greet modern friends[9] withal; and ſay,
Some nobler token I have kept apart

I have reſerved ſome jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor ſoul) to ſet out myſelf withal; but meaning to give ſome pretty preſents unto Octavia and Livia, that they [illegible] means and intercession for me to thee, thou might [illegible] thy favour and mercy upon me," &c. SPREVENS.

[6] *To one ſo* meek,] *Meek*, I ſuppoſe, means here *tame*, ſubdued by adverſity. So, in the parallel paſſage in Plutarch: "poor wretch, and caitiff creature, brought into this pitiful and miſerable eſtate—." Cleopatra, in any other ſenſe, was not eminent for *meekneſs*.

Our author has employed this word, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

"Feeble deſire, all recreant, poor, and *meek*,
"Like to a bankrupt beggar, wails his caſe." MALONE.

[7] Parcel *the ſum of my diſgraces by*—] *To parcel her diſgraces*, might be expreſſed in vulgar language, *to bundle up her calamities*. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, either is, "that this fellow ſhould add one more parcel or *item* to the ſum of my diſgraces, namely, his own malice;" or, "that this fellow ſhould *tot up* the ſum of my diſgraces, and add his own malice to the account."

Parcel is here uſed technically. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "That this fellow [Francis, the drawer,] ſhould have fewer words than a parrot! his eloquence the *parcel* of a reckoning." There it means, either an *item*, or the accumulated total formed by various *items*. MALONE.

—— *of his* envy!] *Envy* is here, as almoſt always in theſe plays, *malice*. See Vol. XV. p. 64, n. 2; and p. 106. MALONE.

—— modern *friends*—] *Modern* means here, as it generally does in theſe plays, *common* or *ordinary*. M. MASON.

For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; muſt I be unfolded
With one[1] that I have bred? The gods! It ſmites me
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;
[*To* SELEUCUS.
Or I ſhall ſhow the cinders of my ſpirits
Through the aſhes of my chance:[2]—Wert thou a man,

So, in *As you like it*:
" Full of wiſe ſaws and *modern* inſtances."

See Vol. VIII. p. 74, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[1] With *one*—] *With*, in the preſent inſtance, has the power of *by*. So, in *The Lover's Progreſs* of Beaumont and Fletcher: " And courted *with* felicity." STEEVENS.

[2] *Through the aſhes of my* chance:] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I ſhall exert that royal ſpirit which I had in my proſperity, in ſpite of the imbecility of my preſent weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *miſchance*. WARBURTON.

We have had already in this play—" the wounded *chance* of Antony." MALONE.

Or I ſhall ſhow the cinders *of my ſpirits*
Through the aſhes *of my chance:*] Thus Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 3180:
" Yet in our *aſhen* cold is fire yreken."
And thus (as the learned editor has obſerved) Mr. Gray, in his *Church-Yard Elegy*:
" Even in our *aſhes* live their wonted fires."
Mr. Gray refers to the following paſſage in the 169 (171) Sonnet of Petrarch, as his original:
" Ch'i veggio nel pentier, dolce mio foco,
" Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiuſi
" Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville." *Edit* 1564, p. 271.
Thus alſo Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, Lib. 3:
" *In aſhes* of deſpaire (though burnt) ſhall make thee *live*." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's 73d Sonnet:
" In me thou ſee'ſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
" That on the aſhes of his youth doth lie." MALONE.

Thou would'ſt have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit* Seleucus.

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.[3]

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reſerv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conqueſt: ſtill be it yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure; and believe,
Cæſar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your priſons:[4] no, dear queen;

[3] *Be it known, that we, the greateſt, are misthought*
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We anſwer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.] We ſuffer at our higheſt ſtate of elevation in the *thoughts of mankind for that which others do; and when we fall*, thoſe that contented themſelves only to think ill before, call us to *anſwer in our own names for the merits of others. We are therefore to be pitied. Merits* is in this place taken in an ill ſenſe, for actions *meriting* cenſure. Johnson.

The plain meaning is this: *The greateſt of us are aſperſed for things which others do; and when, by the decline of our power, we become in a condition to be queſtioned, we are called to anſwer in our own names for the actions of other people.*

Merit is here uſed, as the word *deſert* frequently is, to expreſs a certain degree of merit or demerit. A man may merit puniſhment as well as reward. M. Mason.

As *demerits* was often uſed, in Shakſpeare's time, as ſynonymous to *merit*, ſo merit might have been uſed in the ſenſe which we now affix to *demerit*; or the meaning may be only, we are called to account, and to anſwer in our own names for *acts*, with which others, rather than we, *deſerve* to be charged.

Malone.

For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Yourſelf ſhall give us counſel. Feed, and ſleep:
Our care and pity is ſo much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And ſo adieu.

Cleo. My maſter, and my lord!

Cæs. Not ſo: Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar, *and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I ſhould not
Be noble to myſelf: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whiſpers* Charmian.

Iras. Finiſh, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have ſpoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haſte.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, ſir. [*Exit* Charmian.

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæſar through Syria

* *Make not your thoughts your* priſons.] I once wiſhed to read—

Make not your thoughts your poiſon:——

Do not deſtroy yourſelf by muſing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading preſents a very proper ſenſe. *Be not a priſoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.* Johnson

Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he ſend before:
Make your beſt uſe of this: I have perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I ſhall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your ſervant.
Adieu, good queen; I muſt attend on Cæſar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* Dol.] Now,
Iras, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, ſhalt be ſhown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanick ſlaves
With greaſy aprons, rules, and hammers, ſhall
Upliſt us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of groſs diet, ſhall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like ſtrumpets; and ſcald rhymers
Ballad us out o'tune:[5] the quick comedians[6]

[5] —— *and* ſcald rhymers
Ballad *us out o'tune*:] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" ———— thou ——
" Shalt have thy treſpaſs cited up in *rhymes*,
" And *ſung* by children in ſucceeding times."
Maloni

Scald was a word of contempt implying poverty, diſeaſe, and filth. Johnson.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Evans calls the Hoſt of the Garter "*ſcald*, ſcurvy companion;" and in *King Henry I* Fluellen beſtows the ſame epithet on Piſtol. Stevens.

[6] —— *the quick comedians*—] The gay inventive players.
Johnson.

Quick means, here, rather *ready* than *gay*. M. Mason.

The lively, inventive, *quick*-witted comedians. So, (*ut meos quoque attingam*,) in an ancient tract, entitled *A briefe Deſcrip-*

Extemporally will ſtage us, and preſent
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking Cleopatra boy my greatneſs[7]
I' the poſture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never ſee it; for, I am ſure, my nails
Are ſtronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their moſt abſurd intents.[8]—Now, Charmian?—

tion of Ireland, made in this Yeare, 1589, by Robert Payne, &c. 8vo. 1589: "They are *quick-witted*, and of good conſtitution of bodie." See p. 23, n. 3; and Vol. VII. p. 55, n. 1. MALONE.

[7] ——*boy my greatneſs*—] The parts of women were acted on the ſtage by boys. HANMER.

Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication*, &c. 1595, ſays, "Our players are not as the players beyond ſea, a ſort of ſquirting, bawdy comedians, that have whores and common courtezans to play women's parts," &c. To obviate the impropriety of men repreſenting women, T. Goff, in his tragedy of *The Raging Turk, or Bajazet II.* 1631, has no female character. STEEVENS.

[8] *Their moſt* abſurd *intents.*] Why ſhould Cleopatra call Cæſar's deſigns *abſurd*? She could not think his intent of carrying her in triumph, ſuch, with regard to his own glory; and her finding an expedient to diſappoint him, could not bring it under that predicament. I much rather think the poet wrote:

Their moſt abſtruſe *intents.*——

i. e. the purpoſes, which they make themſelves moſt ſure of accompliſhing. THEOBALD

I have preſerved the old reading. The deſign certainly appeared *abſurd* enough to Cleopatra, both as ſhe thought it unattainable in itſelf, and as ſhe knew it would fail. JOHNSON

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My beſt attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.[9]—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll deſpatch indeed:
And, when thou haſt done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noiſe?

[*Exit* IRAS. *A Noiſe within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highneſs' preſence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor[1] an inſtrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My reſolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-conſtant: now the fleeting moon

[9] ——Sirrah, *Iras, go.*] From hence it appears that *Sirrah*, an appellation generally addreſſed to males, was equally applicable to females.

Thus, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the ſixth *Iliad*:

"Unto the *maides* quoth Hector then, your miſtreſſe where is ſhe?
"What, is not ſhe now gone abroade ſome ſiſter hers to ſee,
"Or to my good ſiſters there hir griefe to put away,
"And ſo to paſſe the time with them? now *Sirs* do quickly ſay." STEEVENS.

[1] ——How *poor* &c.] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt nonſenſically reads—*What* poor &c. STEEVENS.

No planet is of mine.[2]

Re-enter Guard, *with a* Clown *bringing a Baſket.*

GUARD. This is the man.

CLEO. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit* Guard.
Haſt thou the pretty worm of Nilus[3] there,
That kills and pains not?

[2] ——*now the fleeting moon*
No planet is of mine.] Alluding to the Ægyptian devotion paid to the moon under the name of Iſis. WARBURTON.

I really believe that our poet was not at all acquainted with the devotion that the Ægyptians paid to this planet under the name of Iſis; but that Cleopatra having ſaid, *I have nothing of woman in me*, added, by way of amplification, that ſhe had not *even the changes of diſpoſition peculiar to her ſex, and which ſometimes happen as frequently as thoſe of the moon*; or that ſhe was not, like the ſea, governed by the moon. So, in *King Richard III*: "—I being governed by the watry *moon*," &c. Why ſhould ſhe ſay on this occaſion that ſhe no longer made uſe of the forms of worſhip peculiar to her country?

Fleeting is inconſtant. So, in William Walter's *Guiſlard and Siſmond*, 12mo. 1597:

"More variant than is the *flitting lune*."

Again, in Greene's *Metamorphoſis*, 1617: "—to ſhow the world ſhe was not *fleeting*." See Vol. XIV. p. 325, n. 2.
STEEVENS.

Our author will himſelf furniſh us with a commodious interpretation of this paſſage. I am now "whole as the marble, founded as the rock," and no longer changeable and fluctuating between different purpoſes, like the *fleeting* and *inconſtant* moon,

"That monthly changes in her circled orb." MALONE.

[3] ——*the pretty* worm *of Nilus*—] *Worm* is the Teutonick word for *ſerpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *ſlow-worm* ſtill in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monſter, ſeen ſometimes in the Northern ocean, the *ſea-worm*.
JOHNSON.

So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"Thoſe coals the Roman Portia did devour,
"Are not burnt out, nor have th' Ægyptian *worms*
"Yet loſt their ſtings."

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; thoſe, that do die of it, do ſeldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too, I heard of one of them no longer than yeſterday: a very honeſt woman, but ſomething given to lie; as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty: how ſhe died of the biting of it, what pain ſhe felt, —Truly, ſhe makes a very good report o'the worm: But he that will believe all that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by half that they do:[4] But this is moſt fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wiſh you all joy of the worm.

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631:

"——I'll watch for fear
"Of venomous *worms*"

See Vol. XIII. p. 295, n. 3. Stevens.

In the Northern counties, the word *worm* is ſtill given to the ſerpent ſpecies in general. I have ſeen a Northumberland ballad, entituled, *The laidly Worm of Spindleſton Haughes*, i. e. The loathſome or foul ſerpent of Spindleſton Craggs, certain rocks ſo called, near Bamburgh Caſtle.

Shakſpeare uſes *worm* again in the ſame ſenſe. See *The Second Part of King Henry VI.*

"The mortal *worm* might make the ſleep eternal."

Percy.

Again, in the old verſion of *The New Teſtament*, Acts xxviii. "Now when the barbarians ſawe the *worme* hang on his hand," &c. Tollet.

[4] *But he that will believe* all *that they ſay, ſhall never be ſaved by* half *that they do:*] Shakſpeare's clowns are always jokers, and deal in ſly ſatire. It is plain this muſt be read the contrary way, and *all* and *half* change places. Warburton.

Probably Shakſpeare deſigned that confuſion which the critick would diſentangle. Stevens.

Cleo. Farewell. [Clown *ſets down the Baſket.*

Clown. You muſt think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.[5]

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people; for, indeed, there is no goodneſs in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it ſhall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the devil himſelf will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dith for the gods, if the devil dreſs her not. But, truly, theſe ſame whoreſon devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

[5] —— *will do his kind.*] The ſerpent will act according to his nature. Johnson.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, 1633:

"Good girls, they *do their kind.*"

Again, in the ancient black letter romance of *Syr Tryamoure*, no date:

"He *dyd* full gentylly *his kinde.*"

Again, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the 8th Book of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* ch. 42: "—Queene Semiramis loved a great horſe that ſhe had to farre forth, that ſhe was content hee ſhould *doe his kind* with her. Steevens.

Again, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"For tickle Fortune *doth*, in chaunging, but her *kind.*"

Malone.

Clown. Yes, forſooth; I wiſh you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Iras, *with a Robe, Crown,* &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me:[6] Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape ſhall moiſt this lip:[7]—
Yare, yare,[8] good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I ſee him rouſe himſelf
To praiſe my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæſar, which the gods give men
To excuſe their after wrath: Huſband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baſer life.[9]—So,—have you done?

[6] Immortal longings *in me*:] This expreſſion appears to have been tranſplanted into Addiſon's *Cato*:

"This *longing* after *immortality*." Steevens.

—— *Now no more*
The juice of Egypt's grape ſhall moiſt *this lip*:] This verb occurs alſo in Chapman's verſion of the 22d *Iliad*:

"—— the wine he finds in it,
"Scarce *moiſts* his palate." Steevens.

[8] *Yare, yare,*] i. e. make haſte, be nimble, be ready. So, in the old bl. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*:

"Ryght ſoone he made him *yare*."

See Vol. IV. p. 5, n. 2. Steevens.

A preceding paſſage preciſely aſcertains the meaning of the word:

"—— to proclaim it civilly, were like
"A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
"For being *yare* about him." Malone.

[9] *I am* fire, *and* air, *my other elements*
I give to baſer life.] So, in *King Henry V*: "He is pure *air* and *fire*; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." "Do not our lives (ſays Sir Andrew Aguecheek,) conſiſt of the *four* elements?" Malone.

Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kiſſes them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*
Have I the aſpick in my lips? [1] Doſt fall? [2]
If thou and nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a lover's pinch,[3]
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lie ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Diſſolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may ſay,
The gods themſelves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; [4] and ſpend that kiſs,
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch, [5]
[*To the Aſp, which ſhe applies to her Breaſt.*
With thy ſharp teeth this knot intrinſicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,

Homer, *Iliad* VII. 99, ſpeaks as contemptuouſly of the groſſer elements we ſpring from:
" Ἀλλὰ σύμεῖς μὲν πάντες ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖαν γεγάασθε."
STEEVENS.

[1] *Have I the aſpick in my lips?*] Are my lips poiſoned by the aſpick, that my kiſs has deſtroyed thee? MALONE.

[2] —— *Doſt fall?*] Iras muſt be ſuppoſed to have applied an aſp to her arm while her miſtreſs was fettling her dreſs, or I know not why ſhe ſhould fall ſo ſoon. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *a lover's pinch,*] So before, p. 53:
" That am with Phœbus' *amorous pinches* black."
STEEVENS.

[4] *He'll make demand of her;*] He will enquire of her concerning me, and kiſs her for giving him intelligence. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *Come, mortal wretch,*] Old copies, unmetrically
—— *Come,* thou *mortal wretch,* STEEVENS.

Be angry, and deſpatch. O, could'ſt thou ſpeak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæſar, aſs
Unpolicied![6]

Char. O eaſtern ſtar!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Doſt thou not ſee my baby at my breaſt,
That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?[7]

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As ſweet as balm, as ſoft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another Aſp to her Arm.*
What ſhould I ſtay— [*Falls on a Bed, and dies.*

[6] ——— *aſs*
Unpolicied!] i. e. an aſs *without more policy* than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its nobleſt decoration. Stevens.

[7] *That ſucks the nurſe aſleep?*] Before the publication of this piece, *The Tragedy of Cleopatra*, by Daniel, 1594, had made its appearance; but Dryden is more indebted to it than Shakſpeare. Daniel has the following addreſs to the aſp:

"Better than death death's office thou diſchargeſt,
"That with one gentle touch can free our breath;
"And in a pleaſing ſleep our ſoul enlargeſt,
"Making ourſelves not privy to our death.—
"Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chief,
"That open canſt with ſuch an eaſy key
"The door of life; come gentle, cunning thief,
"That from ourſelves ſo finely'ſt ourſelves away."
See Warton's Pope, Vol. IV. 219, v. 7.

Dryden ſays on the ſame occaſion:

"——Welcome thou kind deceiver!
"Thou beſt of thieves; who with an eaſy key
"Doſt open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
"Even ſteal us from ourſelves: Diſcharging ſo
"Death's dreadful office better than himſelf,
"Touching our limbs ſo gently into ſlumber,
"That death ſtands by, deceiv'd by his own image,
"And thinks himſelf but ſleep." Stevens.

Char. In this wild world?[8]—So, fare thee well.—
Now boaſt thee, death! in thy poſſeſſion lies
A laſs unparallel'd.—Downy windows, cloſe;[9]
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again ſo royal! Your crown's awry;[1]
I'll mend it, and then play.[2]

[8] *In this* wild *world?*] Thus the old copy. I ſuppoſe ſhe means by this *wild* world, this world which by the death of Antony is become a *deſert* to her. A *wild* is a deſert. Our author, however, might have written *vild* (i. e. *vile* according to ancient ſpelling) for worthleſs. Stevens.

[9] —— *Downy windows, cloſe;*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
" Her two blue *windows* faintly ſhe upheaveth."
Malone.

Charmian, in ſaying this, muſt be conceived to cloſe Cleopatra's eyes; one of the firſt ceremonies performed toward a dead body. Ritson.

[1] —— *Your crown's* awry;] This is well amended by the editors. The old editions had—
—— *Your crown's* away. Johnson.

So, in Daniel's *Tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1594:
" And feebleleſs, in her ſinking down, the *weyes*
" The diadem which on her head ſhe wore;
" Which Charmian (poor weak feeble maid) eſpyes,
" And haſtes to right it as it was before;
" For Eras now was dead." Steevens.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. The author has here as uſual followed the old tranſlation of Plutarch: " —They found Cleopatra ſtarke dead layed upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feete; and her other woman called Charmion half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head." Malone.

[2] —— *and then* play.] i. e. play her part in this tragick ſcene by deſtroying herſelf: or ſhe may mean, that having performed her laſt office for her miſtreſs, ſhe will accept the permiſſion given her in p. 288, to " *play* till doomſday." Steevens.

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the Asp.*
O, come; apace, dispatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.[3]
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

[3] *Descended of so many royal kings.*] Almost these very words are found in Sir T. North's translation of Plutarch; and in Daniel's play on the same subject. The former book is not uncommon, and therefore it would be impertinent to crowd the page with every circumstance which Shakspeare has borrowed from the same original. Steevens

Enter CÆSAR, *and Attendants.*

Dol. O, ſir, you are too ſure an augurer;
That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Braveſt at the laſt:
She levell'd at our purpoſes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not ſee them bleed.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1 *Guard.* A ſimple countryman, that brought her figs;
This was his baſket.

Cæs. Poiſon'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæſar,
This Charmian lived but now; ſhe ſtood, and ſpake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead miſtreſs; tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakneſs!—
If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appear
By external ſwelling: but ſhe looks like ſleep,
As ſhe would catch another Antony
In her ſtrong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breaſt,
There is a vent of blood, and ſomething blown:[4]
The like is on her arm.

[4] ——*ſomething* blown.] The fleſh is ſomewhat *puffed* or *ſwoln*. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Bevys of Hampton*, bl. l. no date:

"That with venim upon him thrown,
"The knight lay then to-*blown*."

1 *Guard.* This is an aſpick's trail: and theſe fig-leaves
Have ſlime upon them, ſuch as the aſpick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Moſt probable,
That ſo ſhe died; for her phyſician tells me,
She hath purſu'd concluſions infinite[5]
Of eaſy ways to die.[6]—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She ſhall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth ſhall clip[7] in it
A pair ſo famous. High events as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their ſtory is
No leſs in pity, than his glory,[8] which

Again, in the romance of *Syr Iſenbras*, bl. l. no date:
"With adders all your beſtes ben ſlaine,
"With venyme are they *blowe*."
Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetick Lady*:
"—— What is *blown*, puff? ſpeak Engliſh.—
"Tainted an' pleaſe you, ſome do call it,
"She *ſwells* and ſo *ſwells*," &c. Steevens.

[5] *She hath purſu'd* concluſions *infinite*—] To *purſue concluſions*, is to *try experiments*. So, in *Hamlet*
"——like the famous ape,
"To *try concluſions*," &c.
Again, in *Cymbeline*.
"I did amplify my judgment in
"Other *concluſions*." Steevens.

[6] *Of eaſy ways to die.*] Such was the death brought on by the aſpick's venom. Thus Lucan, Lib. IX.
"At tibi Leve miſer fixus præcordia preſſit
"Niliaca ſerpente cruor; nullo que dolore
"Teſtatus morſus ſubita caligine mortem
"Accipis, & Stygias ſomno deſcendis ad umbras."
Steevens.

[7] ——*ſhall* clip—] i. e. enfold. See p. 219, n. 4. Steevens.

[8] ——*their ſtory is*
No leſs in pity, than his glory, &c.] i. e. the narrative of ſuch events demands not leſs compaſſion for the ſufferers, than glory on the part of him who brought on their ſufferings. Steevens.

Brought them to be lamented. Our army ſhall,
In ſolemn ſhow, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, ſee
High order in this great ſolemnity. [*Exeunt.*[9]

[9] This play keeps curioſity always buſy, and the paſſions always intereſted. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick ſucceſſion of one perſonage to another, call the mind forward without intermiſſion from the firſt Act to the laſt. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the ſcene; for, except the feminine arts, ſome of which are too low, which diſtinguiſh Cleopatra, no character is very ſtrongly diſcriminated. Upton, who did not eaſily miſs what he deſired to find, has diſcovered that the language of Antony is, with great ſkill and learning, made pompous and ſuperb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not diſtinguiſhable from that of others: the moſt tumid ſpeech in the play is that which Cæſar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are deſcribed according to hiſtory, are produced without any art of connection or care of diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

KING LEAR.*

* KING LEAR.] The ſtory of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakſpeare ſeems to have been more indebted to *The True Chronicle Hiſtory of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605, (which I have already publiſhed at the end of a collection of the quarto copies) than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that ſome play on this ſubject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moſte famous Chronicle Hiſtorie of Leire King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the ſame title is entered again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from theſe Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. Vol. II. From *The Mirror of Magiſtrates*, 1587, Shakſpeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons muſt have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the leaſt trace of it in any other work. I have referred to theſe pieces, wherever our author ſeems more immediately to have followed them, in the courſe of my notes on the play. For the firſt *King Lear*, ſee likewiſe *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed for S. Leacroft, Charing-Croſs.

The reader will alſo find the ſtory of *K. Lear*, in the ſecond book and 10th canto of Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, and in the 13th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harſnet's pamphlet to which it contains ſo many references, (as will appear in the notes,) was not publiſhed till that year. STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains*, (p. 306. ed. 1674,) tells a ſimilar ſtory to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the Weſt Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the fable. See under the head of *Wiſe . . ches*. PERCY.

The ſtory told by Camden in his *Remains*, 4to. 1605, is this: "Ina, King of Weſt Saxons, had three daughters, of whom upon a time he demanded whether they did love him, and ſo would do during their lives, above all others: the two elder ſware deeply they would; the youngeſt, but the wiſeſt, told her father flatly, without flattery, that albeit ſhe did love, honour, and reverence him, and ſo would whilſt ſhe lived, as much as nature and daughterly duty at the uttermoſt could expect, *yet ſhe did think that one day, it would come to paſſe that ſhe ſhould affect another more fervently, meaning her husband, when ſhe were married*; who being made one fleſh with her, as God by commandment had told, and nature had taught her, ſhe was to cleave faſt to, forſaking father and mother, kithe and kinne.

[Anonymous.] One referreth this to the daughters of King Leir."

It is, I think, more probable that Shakſpeare had this paſſage in his thoughts, when he wrote Cordelia's reply concerning her future marriage, than *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, as Camden's book was publiſhed recently before he appears to have compoſed this play, and that portion of it which is entitled *Wyfe Speeches*, where the foregoing paſſage is found, furniſhed him with a hint in *Coriolanus*.

The ſtor[illegible]f King Leir and his three daughters was originally told by G[illegible]My of Monmouth, from whom Holinſhed tranſcribed it; and honour[illegible]Chronicle Shakſpeare had certainly read it, as it occurs n[illegible]rom that of *Cymbeline*; though the old play on the ſam[illegible]My i probably *firſt* ſuggeſted to him the idea of making [illegible]nd-work of a tragedy.

Geoffr[illegible]I m[illegible]mouth ſays, that Leir, who was the eldeſt ſon of Bladu[illegible] governed his country for fixty years." According to [illegible]Sir, I th[illegible]ian, he died about 800 years before the birth of Chriſt.

The nam[illegible]He hath h[illegible]youngeſt daughter, which in Geoffrey's hiſtory, in [illegible]:—The *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, and the old anonymous [illegible]*ordeilla*, *Cordila*, or *Cordella*, Shakſpeare found ſofter [illegible]o *Cordelia* by Spenſer in his Second Book, Canto X. The names of Edgar and Edmund were probably ſuggeſted by Holinſhed. See his *Chronicle*, Vol. I. p. 122: "*Edgar*, the ſon of *Edmund*, brother of Athelſtane," &c.

This tragedy, I believe, was written in 1605. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

As the epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons is undoubtedly formed on the ſtory of the blind king of Paphlagonia in Sidney's *Arcadia*, I ſhall ſubjoin it, at the end of the play. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lear, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloſter.
Edgar, *Son to* Gloſter.
[illegible]mund, *Baſtard Son to* Gloſter.
[illegible]ran, *a Courtier.*
[illegible]*l Man, Tenant to* Gloſter.
[illegible]*yſician.*
[illegible]*ol.*
[illegible]wald, *Steward to* Goneril.
[illegible] *Officer, employed by* Edmund.
[illegible]*ntleman, attendant on* Cordelia.
[illegible] *Herald.*
[illegible]*rvants to* Cornwall.

[illegible]oneril, }
[illegible]ga } [illegible]
[illegible]rd[illegible]

[illegible]*ig*[illegible]

SCENE, Britain.

account: though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily into the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making, and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets ſound within.*

Enter Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloſter.

Glo. I ſhall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Edmund.

Lear. Mean-time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.[7]

[7] ——*expreſs our* darker *purpoſe*] *Darker*, for more ſecret; not for indirect, oblique. Warburton.

This word may admit a further explication. *We ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe*, that is, we have already made known in ſome meaſure our deſire of parting the kingdom; we will now diſcover what has not been told before, the reaſons by which we ſhall regulate the partition. This interpretation will juſtify or palliate the exordial dialogue. Johnson.

Give me the map there.[8]—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our faſt intent[9]
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age;[1]
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths,[2] while we[3]
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our ſon of Cornwall,
And you, our no leſs loving ſon of Albany,
We have this hour a conſtant will[4] to publiſh
Our daughters' ſeveral dowers, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngeſt daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,

[8] Give me *the map there.*] So the folio. The quartos, leaving the verſe defective, read—*The map there.* STEEVENS.

[9] —— *and 'tis our faſt intent*—] *Faſt* is the reading of the firſt folio, and, I think, the true reading. JOHNSON.

Our *faſt intent* is our determined reſolution. The quartos have—our *firſt* intent. MALONE.

[1] ——*from our age*:] The quartos read—*of our ſtate.* STEEVENS.

Conferring *them on younger ſtrengths,*] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read, *conferring* them on younger *years.* STEEVENS.

[2] —— *while we*] &c. From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*conſtant will*—] Seems a confirmation of *faſt* intent. JOHNSON.

Conſtant is *firm, determined. Conſtant will* is the *certa voluntas* of Virgil. The ſame epithet is uſed with the ſame meaning in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"——elſe nothing in the world
"Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
"Of any *conſtant* man." STEEVENS.

(Since now[5] we will deveſt us, both of rule,
Intereſt of territory, cares of ſtate,)
Which of you, ſhall we ſay, doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend
Where merit doth moſt challenge it.[6]—Goneril,
Our eldeſt-born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life,[7] with grace, health, beauty, honour:

[5] *Since now* &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[6] *Where merit doth moſt challenge it.*] The folio reads:

Where nature *doth* with *merit challenge*:

i. e. where the claim of *merit* is ſuperadded to that of *nature*; or where a ſuperior degree of *natural filial affection* is joined to the claim of other *merits*. STEEVENS.

[7] Gon. *Sir, I*
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,——
No leſs than life,] So, in Holinſhed: "—he firſt aſked Gonorilla the eldeſt, how well ſhe loved him; who calling hir gods to record, proteſted that *ſhe loved him more than hir own life*, which by right and reaſon ſhould be moſt deere unto hir. With which anſwer the father being well pleaſed, turned to the ſecond, and demanded of hir how well ſhe loved him: who anſwered (confirming hir ſaieings with great othes,) that ſhe loved him more than tong could expreſſe, and farre above all other creatures of the world.

"Then called he his youngeſt daughter Cordeilla before him, and aſked hir, what account ſhe made of him; unto whom ſhe made this anſwer as followeth: Knowing the great love and fatherlie zeale that you have alwaies born towards me, (for the which I maie not anſwere you otherwiſe than I thinke and as my conſcience leadeth me,) I proteſt unto you that I have loved you ever, and will continuallie (while I live) love you as my natural father. And if you would more underſtand of the love I bear you, aſcertain yourſelf, that ſo much as you have, ſo much you are worth, and ſo much I love you, and no more." MALONE.

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable;
Beyond all manner of ſo much[8] I love you.

Cor. What ſhall Cordelia do?[9] Love, and be ſilent. [*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, even from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers[1] and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's iſſue
Be this perpetual.—What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.[2]

Reg. I am made[3] of that ſelf metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me[4] at her worth. In my true heart

[8] *Beyond all manner of ſo much*—] Beyond all aſſignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot ſay it is *ſo much*, for how much ſoever I ſhould name, it would be yet more. JOHNSON.

Thus Rowe, in his *Fair Penitent*, fc. i:

" ——I can only
" Swear you reign here, *but never tell how much.*"

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*do?*] So the quarto; the folio has *ſpeak*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*and with champains* rich'd,
With plenteous rivers—] Theſe words are omitted in the quartos. To *rich* is an obſolete verb. It is uſed by Thomas Drant, in his tranſlation of Horace's *Epiſtles*, 1567:

"To *rich* his country, let his words lyke flowing water fall.' STEEVENS.

Rich'd is uſed for *enriched*, as *'tice* for *entice*, *'late* for *ablate*, *ſtrain* for *conſtrain*, &c. M. MASON.

[2] ——*Speak*] Thus the quartos. This word is not in the folio. MALONE.

[3] *I am made* &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir*, I am made of *the ſelf-ſame* metal *that my ſiſter is*. STEEVENS.

[4] *And prize me at her worth* &c.] I believe this paſſage ſhould rather be pointed thus:

And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
I find ſhe names &c.

I find, ſhe names my very deed of love:
Only ſhe comes too ſhort,—that I profeſs[5]
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;[6]
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear higheſs' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo; ſince, I am ſure, my love's

That is, *And* ſo may you *prize me at her worth*, as *in my true heart I find*, that *ſhe names* &c. THEOBALD.

I believe we ſhould read:

And prize you at her worth.

That is, ſet the ſame high value upon you that ſhe does.
M. MASON.

Prize me at her worth, perhaps means, *I think myſelf as worthy of your favour as ſhe is.* HENLEY.

[5] *Only ſhe comes too ſhort,—that I profeſs* &c.] *That* ſeems to ſtand without relation, but is referred to *find*, the firſt conjunction being incurably ſuppoſed. I find *that* ſhe names my deed, I *find* that I profeſs, &c. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is this:—"My father has equally expreſſed my ſentiments, only ſhe comes ſhort of me in this, that I profeſs myſelf an enemy to all joys but you."—*That I profeſs*, means, *in that I profeſs*. M. MASON.

In that, i. e. *inaſmuch as*, I profeſs myſelf, &c. Thus the folio. The quartos read

"Only ſhe *came ſhort*, that I profeſs," &c. MALONE.

[6] *Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes:*] Perhaps *ſquare* means only *compaſs*, *complete ſum*. JOHNSON.

So, in a *Paræneſis to the Prince*, by Lord Stirling, 1001

"The *ſquare* of reaſon, and the mind's clear eye."

Golding, in his verſion of the 6th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, tranſlates—

"——quotidiane to obtain
"*La juſte*—"
"As oft as he demanded *out of ſquare*."

i. e. what was unreaſonable. STEEVENS.

I believe that Shakſpeare uſes *ſquare* for the full complement of all the ſenſes. EDWARDS.

More richer than my tongue.[7]

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity,[8] and pleaſure,
Than that confirm'd[9] on Goneril.—Now, our joy,[1]
Although the laſt, not leaſt;[2] to whoſe young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,

[7] *More* richer *than* my *tongue*.] The quartos thus: the folio—more *ponderous*. Steevens.

We ſhould read—*their tongue*, meaning her ſiſters.
Warburton.

I think the preſent reading right. Johnson.

[8] *No leſs in ſpace, validity*,] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title. Warburton.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607: "The countenance of your friend is of leſs value than his counſel, yet both of very ſmall *validity*." Steevens.

[9] —— *confirm'd*—] The folio reads, *confirm'd*. Steevens.

Why was not this reading adhered to? It is equally good ſenſe and better Engliſh. We confer *on* a perſon, but we confirm *to* him. M. Mason.

[1] ——*Now, our joy*, &c.] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads:

"——*But* now our joy,
"Although the laſt, not leaſt in our dear love,
"What can you ſay to win a third," &c.

The folio.

"——Now our joy,
"Although our laſt, *and* leaſt; to whoſe young love
"The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
"Strive to be int'reſs'd. *What can you ſay*," &c.
Johnson.

[2] *Although the laſt, not leaſt*; &c.] So, in the old anonymous play, King Lear ſpeaking to Mumford:

"——to thee laſt of all;
"Not greeted laſt, 'cauſe thy deſert was ſmall."
Steevens.

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, written before 1591:

"The *third* and *laſt*, *not leaſt*, in our account."
Malone.

Strive to be interefs'd;[3] what can you fay, to draw[4]
A third more opulent than your ſiſters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.[5]

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majeſty
According to my bond; nor more, nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia?[6] mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return thoſe duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,

Strive to be interefs'd,] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion*: "—there is ſcarce any of the nobilitie, or gentry of this land, but he is ſome way or other by his blood *intereſſed* therein."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Sejanus*:

"Our ſacred laws and juſt authority
"Are *intereſs'd* therein."

'To *intereſt* and to *intereſſe*, are not, perhaps, different ſpellings of the ſame verb, but are two diſtinct words though of the ſame import; the one being derived from the Latin, the other from the French *intereſſer*. Steevens.

[4] ——*to draw*—] The quarto reads—what can you ſay, *to win*. Steevens.

[5] *Lear. Nothing?*

Cor. Nothing.] Theſe two ſpeeches are wanting in the quartos. Steevens.

[6] How, how, *Cordelia?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read —*Go to, go to.* Steevens.

They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,[7]
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care, and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.[8]

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?[9]

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?[1]

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

[7] ——*Haply, when I shall wed, &c.*] So, in the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587, Cambridge says:

"——Nature so doth bind and me compell
"To love you as I ought, my father, well;
"Yet shortly I may chance, if fortune will,
"To find in heart to bear another more good will.
"Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.

STEEVENS.

See also the quotation from Camden's *Remains*, near the end of the first note on this play. [p. 303.] MALONE.

[8] *To love my father all.*] These words are restored from the first edition, without which the sense was not complete. POPE.

[9] *But goes this with thy heart?*] Thus the quartos, and thus I have no doubt Shakspeare wrote, this kind of insertion occurring often in his plays, and in the contemporary writers. So, in *King Henry VIII.*

"——and make your house our Tower.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*

"——That many may be meant
"By the fool multitude."

See Vol. VII. p. 297. n. 7.

The editor of the folio, not understanding this kind of phraseology, substituted the more common form. But as *thy heart with this* is in the next line he reads, Ay, *my good* lord, instead of Ay, *good my lord*, the reading of the quartos, and the constant language of Shakspeare. MALONE.

[1] *So young, and so untender?*] So, in Shakspeare's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Ah me, quoth Venus, *young, and so unkind*."

MALONE.

Lear. Let it be ſo,—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the ſacred radiance of the ſun;
The myſteries of Hecate,[2] and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this,[3] for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation[4] meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou my ſometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her moſt,[5] and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery.—Hence, and avoid my ſight!— [*To* Cordelia.[6]

[2] *The* myſteries *of Hecate.*] The quartos have *miſtreſs*, the folio—*miſteries*. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, who likewiſe ſubſtituted *operations* in the next line for *operation*, the reading of the original copies. Malone.

[3] *Hold thee, from this,*] i. e. from this time. Steevens.

[4] ——*generation*—] i. e. his children. Malone.

[5] *I lov'd her moſt.*] So, Holinſhed: "—which daughters he greatly loved, but eſpecially Cordilla, the youngeſt, farre above the two elder." Malone.

[6] [*To Cordelia.*] As Mr. Heath ſuppoſes, *to Kent.* For in the next words Lear ſends for France and Burgundy to offer Cordelia without a dowry. Steevens.

Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, that Kent ſhould not yet deſerve ſuch treatment from the King, as the only words he had uttered were "Good my liege." Reed.

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who ſtirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt this third:
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majeſty.—Ourſelf, by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we ſtill retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;[8]
The ſway,
Revenue, execution of the reſt,[9]
Beloved ſons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,

Surely ſuch quick tranſitions or inconſiſtencies, which even they are called, are perfectly ſuited to Lear's character. I have no doubt that the direction now given is right. Kent has hitherto ſaid nothing that could extort even from the choleric king ſo harſh a ſentence, having only interpoſed in the mildeſt manner. Afterwards indeed, when he remonſtrates with more freedom, and calls Lear a madman, the king exclaims—"Out of my ſight!" Malone.

[8] ——*Only we* ſtill *retain*—] Thus the quarto. Folio: we *ſhall* retain. Malone.

——*all the* additions *to a king*.] All the titles belonging to a king. See Vol. XV. p. 328, n. 6. Malone.

[9] ——*execution of the reſt*,] The *execution of the reſt* is, I ſuppoſe, *all the other buſineſs*. Johnson.

As my great patron thought on in my prayers,[1]—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,[2]
When power to flattery bows? To plainneſs honour's bound,

[1] *As my great patron thought on in my prayers.*] An alluſion to the cuſtom of clergymen praying for their patrons, in what is commonly called the bidding prayer. Henley.

See alſo note to the epilogue to *King Henry IV.* Part II. Vol. XII. p. 263, n. 1. Reed.

[2] *Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,* &c.] I have given this paſſage according to the old folio, from which the modern editions have ſilently departed, for the ſake of better numbers, with a degree of inſincerity, which, if not ſometimes detected and cenſured, muſt impair the credit of ancient books. One of the editors, and perhaps only one, knew how much miſchief may be done by ſuch clandeſtine alterations. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reſerve thy ſtate*, it gives, *reverſe thy doom*, and has *ſtoops*, inſtead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *anſwer my life my judgment*, is, *Let my life be anſwerable for my judgment*, or, *I will ſtake my life on my opinion*. The reading which, without any right, has poſſeſſed all the modern copies, is this:

——*to plainneſs honour*
Is bound, when majeſty to folly falls
Reſerve thy ſtate; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs, with my life I anſwer
Thy youngeſt daughter &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverſe thy doom* was Shakſpeare's firſt reading, as more appoſite to the preſent occaſion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reſerve thy ſtate*, which conduces more to the progreſs of the action. Johnson.

I have followed the quartos. *Reſerve* was formerly uſed for *preſerve*. So, in our poet's 32d Sonnet:

"*Reſerve* them for my love, not for their rhymes."

Malone.

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs[3] no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies;[4] nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.[5]

[3] *Reverbs*—] This is, perhaps, a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverberates*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *a pawn*

To wage against thine enemies,] i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession, not the property; and which was entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war against your enemies.

To *wage against* is an expression used in a Letter from Guil. Webbe to Robt. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Gismund*, 1592. "—you shall not be able to *wage against* me in the charges growing upon this action." STEEVENS.

My life &c.] That is, I never considered my life as of more value than that of the commonest of your subjects. A *pawn*, in chess, is a *common man*, in contradistinction to the *knight*; and Shakspeare has several allusions to this game, particularly in *King John*:

"Who painfully with much expedient march,
"Have brought a *counter check* before your gates."

Again, in *King Henry V.*

"Therefore take heed how you *impawn* our person."

HENLEY.

The true blank *of thine eye*.] The *blank* is the *wave* or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. *See better*, [illegible] *and keep me always in your view*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IX. p. 105, n. 7. MALONE.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,[6]—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vaſſal! miſcreant!
[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear ſir, forbear.[7]

Kent. Do;
Kill thy phyſician, and the fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe. Revoke thy gift;[8]
Or, whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance hear me!—
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durſt never yet,) and, with ſtrain'd pride,[9]
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power;[1]
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)

[6] ——*by* Apollo,—] Blaſtud, Lear's father, according to Geoffrey of [illegible], attempting to fly, fell on *the temple of Apollo*, and was killed. This circumſtance our author muſt have noticed, both in Holinſhed's *Chronicle* and *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*. Mal[illegible].

Are we to underſtand, from this circumſtance, that the *ſon* ſwears by *Apollo*, becauſe the *father* broke his neck on the temple of that deity. Steevens.

[7] *Dear ſir, forbear.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quarto. Steevens.

[8] ——*thy gift*,] The quarto reads *thy doom*. Steevens.

[9] ——ſtrain'd *pride*,] The oldeſt copy reads *ſtrain'd pride*, that is, *pride exorbitant*, pride paſſing due bounds. Johnson.

[1] *To come betwixt our ſentence and our power*,] *Power*, for execution of the ſentence. Warburton.

Rather, as Mr. Edwards obſerves, *our power to execute that ſentence*. Steevens.

Our potency make good,[2] take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world;[3]

[2] *Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)*
Our potency make *good,*] *As thou haſt come with unreaſonable pride between the* ſentence *which I had paſſed, and the* power *by which I ſhall execute it,* take thy reward *in another ſentence which ſhall* make *good, ſhall eſtabliſh, ſhall maintain,* that power.

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good,* relates only to *our place.* Which our nature cannot bear, nor our *place,* without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is eaſy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very juſt obſervation of life, made to entangle himſelf with vows, upon any ſudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability. JOHNSON.

In my opinion, *made,* the reading of all the editions, but one of the quartos, (which reads *make good,*) is right. Lear had juſt delegated his power to Albany and Cornwall, contenting himſelf with only the name and all the additions of a king. He could therefore have *no power* to inflict on Kent the puniſhment which he thought he deſerved. *Our potency made good* ſeems to me only this: *They to whom I have yielded my power and authority, yielding me the ability to diſpenſe it in this inſtance, take thy reward.* STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is,—As a proof that I am not a mere threatner, that I have power as well as will to puniſh, take the due reward of thy demerits; hear thy ſentence. The words *our potency made good* are in the abſolute caſe.

In *Othello* we have again nearly the ſame language:

"My *ſpirit* and my *place* have in them *power*
"To make this bitter to thee." MALONE.

[3] *To ſhield thee from* diſeaſes *of the world;*] Thus the quartos. The folio has *diſaſters.* The alteration, I believe, was made by the editor, in conſequence of his not knowing the meaning of the original word. *Diſeaſe,* in old language, means the ſlighter inconveniencies, troubles, or diſtreſſes of the world. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. XIII. p. 79, n. 7.

"And in that caſe I'll tell thee my *diſeaſe.*"

And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! By Jupiter,[4]
This ſhall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: ſince thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence,[5] and baniſhment is here.—
The gods to their dear ſhelter[6] take thee, maid,
[*To* Cordelia.
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid![7]—
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* Regan *and* Goneril.
That good effects may ſpring from words of love.—

Again, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſs*, by T. Heywood, 1617:

" Fie, fie, that for my private buſineſſe
" I ſhould *diſeaſe* a friend, and be a trouble
" To the whole houſe."

The proviſion that Kent could make in five days, might in ſome meaſure guard him againſt the *diſeaſes* of the world, but could not ſhield him from its *diſaſters*. Malone.

Which word he retained is, in my opinion, quite immaterial. Such recollection as an interval of five days will afford to a conſiderate perſon, may ſurely enable him in ſome degree to provide againſt the *diſaſters*, (i. e. the calamities,) *of the* world.

Stevens.

[4] —— *By Jupiter,*] Shakſpeare makes his Lear too much a mythologiſt: he had Hecate and Apollo before. Johnson.

[5] Freedom *lives hence,*] So the folio: the quartos concur in reading—*Friendſhip* lives hence. Stevens.

[6] —— *dear ſhelter*—] The quartos read—*protection*.
Stevens.

[7] *That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:
That *rightly* think'ſt, and haſt moſt *juſtly* ſaid. Malone.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll ſhape his old courſe[8] in a country new.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We firſt addreſs towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the leaſt,
Will you require in preſent dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?[9]

Bur. Moſt royal majeſty,
I crave no more than hath your highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When ſhe was dear to us, we did hold her ſo;[1]
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands;
If aught within that little, ſeeming[2] ſubſtance,

[8] *He'll ſhape his old courſe*—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the ſame principles. JOHNSON.

——————adieu;
He'll ſhape his *old* courſe *in a country* new.] There is an odd coincidence between this paſſage, and another in *The Battell of Alcazar* &c. 1594.

" ——————*adue*;
" For here Tom Stukley *ſhapes his courſe anue.*"
STEEVENS.

[9] ——queſt *of love*?] *Queſt of love* is *amorous expedition.* The term originated from Romance. A queſt was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phraſe is often to be met with in *The Faery Queen.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*we did hold her ſo*;] We eſteemed her worthy of that dowry, which, as you ſay, we promiſed to give her. MALONE.

[2] ——*ſeeming*—] is *beautiful.* JOHNSON.

Or all of it, with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,[3]
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal ſir;
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.[4]

Seeming rather means *ſpecious*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "—pluck the borrowed veil of modeſty from the ſo *ſeeming* miſtreſs Page."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"——hence ſhall we ſee,
"If power change purpoſe, what our *ſeemers* be."

Steevens.

[3] ——*owes*,] i. e. is poſſeſſed of. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"All the power this charm doth *owe*." Steevens.

[4] *Election makes* not up *on ſuch conditions*.] To *make up* ſignifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this ſenſe it has, I think, always the ſubject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward*, to *make advances*, which, I think, is meant here.

Johnson.

I ſhould read the line thus:——

Election makes not, *upon* ſuch conditions. M. Mason.

Election makes not up, I conceive, means, *Election comes not to a deciſion*; in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay, "I have *made up* my mind on that ſubject."

In *Cymbeline* this phraſe is uſed, as here, for *finiſhed, completed*:

"——Being ſcarce *made up*,
"I mean, to man,"—&c.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"——to ruin aſſur'd,
"That he's a *made up* villain."

Lear. Then leave her, ſir; for, by the power
that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* France.
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.

France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, that even but now was your beſt object,
The argument of your praiſe, balm of your age,
Moſt beſt, moſt deareſt,[5] ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it,[6] or your fore-vouch'd affection

In all theſe places the alluſion is to a piece of work completed by a tradeſman.

The paſſages juſt cited ſhow that the text is right, and that our poet did not write, as ſome have propoſed to read:

Election makes not, upon *ſuch conditions*. Malone.

[5] Moſt *beſt*, moſt *deareſt*;] Thus the quartos. The folios read—

The *beſt*, the *deareſt*———. Steevens.

We have juſt had *more worthier*, and in a preceding paſſage *more richer*. The ſame phraſeology is found often in theſe plays and in the contemporary writings. Malone.

[6] ——ſuch *unnatural degree*,
That *monſters it*,] This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"But with *ſuch* words *that* are but rooted in
"Your tongue."

Again, *ibidem*:

"——No, not with *ſuch* friends,
"*That* thought them ſure of you."

Three of the modern editors, however, in the paſſage before us, have ſubſtituted *As* for *That*. Malone.

Fall into taint: [7] which to believe of her,

That monſters *it.*] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"To hear my nothings *monſter'd.*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*or your fore*-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint:] The common books read:

"——or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint:——

This line has no clear or ſtrong ſenſe, nor is this reading authorized by any copy, though it has crept into all the late editions. The early quarto reads:

——or *you, for* vouch'd *affections*
Fall'n into taint.

The folio:

——or *your fore*-vouch'd *affiction*
Fall into taint.

Taint is uſed for *corruption* and for *diſgrace*. If therefore we take the oldeſt reading it may be reformed thus:

——*ſure her offence*
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it; or you for vouch'd affection
Fall into taint.

Her offence muſt be prodigious, or *you* muſt *fall into reproach* for having *vouched affection* which you did not feel. If the reading of the folio be preferred, we may, with a very ſlight change, produce the ſame ſenſe:

——*ſure her offence*
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Falls into taint.——

That is, *falls into reproach* or *cenſure*. But there is another poſſible ſenſe. *Or* ſignifies *before*, and *ere* is *before ever*, the meaning in the folio may therefore be, *Sure her crime muſt be monſtrous before your affection can be affected with hatred.* Let the reader determine.—As I am not much a friend to conjectural emendation, I ſhould prefer the latter ſenſe, which requires no change of reading. JOHNSON

The meaning of the paſſage as I have pointed it [*fall'n into taint*] is, I think, Either her offence *muſt be* monſtrous, or, if ſhe has not committed any ſuch offence, the affection which you always profeſſed to have for her *muſt be tainted* and *decay'd*, and is now without reaſon alienated from her.

Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your majeſty,
(If for I want[8] that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A ſtill-ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

I once thought the reading of the quartos right—or *you*, *for* vouch'd *affections*, &c i. e. on account of the extravagant profeſſions made by her ſiſters but I did not recollect that France had not heard theſe. However, Shakſpeare might himſelf have forgot this circumſtance. The plural *affections* favours this interpretation.

The interpretation already given, appears to me to be ſupported by our author's words in another place:

"When *love* begins to ſicken and *decay*," &c.

MALONE.

The preſent reading, which is that of the folio, is right; and the ſenſe will be clear, without even the ſlight amendment propoſed by Johnſon, to every reader who ſhall conſider the word *muſt*, as referring to *fall* as well as to *be*. Her offence *muſt* be monſtrous, or the former affection which you profeſſed for her, muſt *fall* into taint; that is, become the ſubject of reproach.

M. MASON.

Taint is a term belonging to falconry. So, in *The Booke of Hawkyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: "A *taint* is a thing that goeth overthwart the fethers, &c. like as it were eaten with wormes."

STEEVENS.

[8] *If* for *I want* &c.] If this be my offence, that I want the glib and oily art, &c. MALONE.

For has the power of—*because*. Thus, in p. 333:

"*for* that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moonſhine
"Lag of a brother." STEEVENS.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this?[9] a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What ſay you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with reſpects,[1] that ſtand
Aloof from the entire point.[2] Will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.[3]

Bur. Royal Lear,[4]
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Ducheſs of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have ſworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

[9] *Is it but this?* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos, diſregarding metre—
Is it no more *but this?* &c. Steevens.

[1] —— *with* reſpects,] i. e. with cautions and prudential conſiderations. See Vol. XV. p. 302, n. 4.
Thus the quartos. The folio has—*regards*. Malone.

[2] —— *from the entire point.*] Single, unmixed with other conſiderations. Johnson.
Dr. Johnſon is right. The meaning of the paſſage is, that his love wants ſomething to mark its ſincerity:
"Who ſeeks for aught in love but love alone."
Steevens.

[3] *She is herſelf* a dowry.] The quartos read:
She is herſelf and dower. Steevens.

[4] *Royal Lear,*] So the quarto; the folio has—*Royal king*.
Steevens.

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being poor;
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.—
Thy dowerleſs daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou loſeſt here,[5] a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, *and Attendants.*

France. Bid farewell to your ſiſters.

Cor. The jewels[6] of our father, with waſh'd eyes

[5] *Thou loſeſt here,*] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns. Thou loſeſt this reſidence to find a better reſidence in another place. Johnson.

So, in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World*, 1592:

"That growes not here, takes roote in other *where*."

See note on *The Comedy of Errors*, Vol. XX. Act II. ſc. i. Steevens.

[6] The *jewels*—] As this reading aſſords ſenſe, though an awkward one, it may ſtand: and yet *Ye* inſtead of *The*, a change adopted by former editors, may be juſtified; it being frequently impoſſible, in ancient MSS. to diſtinguiſh the one word from the cuſtomary abbreviation of the other. Steevens.

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loath to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Uſe well our father:[7]
To your profeſſed boſoms[8] I commit him:
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.

Gon. Preſcribe not us our duties.[9]

Reg. Let your ſtudy
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms.[1] You have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.[2]

[7] ——Uſe *well our father:*] So the quartos. The folio reads—*Love* well. Malone.

[8] ——profeſſed *boſoms*—] All the ancient editions read—*profeſſed.* Mr. Pope—*profeſſing*; but, perhaps, unneceſſarily, as Shakſpeare often uſes one participle for the other;—*longing* for *longed* in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Stevens.

[9] Preſcribe *not us our duties.*] *Preſcribe* was uſed formerly without *to* ſubjoined. So, in Maſſinger's *Picture:*

"——Shall I *preſcribe you*,
"Or blame your fondneſs." Malone.

[1] *At* fortune's alms.] The ſame expreſſion occurs again in *Othello:*

"And ſhoot myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
"To *fortune's alms.*" Stevens.

[2] *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] You are well deſerving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* Act IV. ſc. i: "Though I *want* a kingdom," i. e. though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 137 "Anſelm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his biſhoprick," i. e. he did not receive the profits, &c. Tollet.

Thus the folio. In the quartos the tranſcriber or compoſitor inadvertently repeated the word *worth*. They read:

"And well are worth the *worth* that you have wanted."

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning[3] hides;
Who cover faults,[4] at laſt ſhame them derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* France *and* Cordelia

This, however, may be explained by underſtanding the ſecond *worth* in the ſenſe of *wealth*. Malone.

A claſh of words ſimilar to that in the text, occurs in Chapman's verſion of the twentieth *Iliad*:

" ——the gods' firme gifts *want want* to yeeld ſo ſoone,
" To men's poore powres;—." Steevens.

[3] ——plaited *cunning*—] i. e. *complicated, involved* cunning. Johnson.

I once thought that the author wrote *plated*:—cunning *ſuperinduced*, thinly ſpread over. So, in this play:

" ——*Plate* ſin with gold,
" And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks."

But the word *unfold*, and the following lines in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, ſhow, that *plaited*, or (as the quartos have it) *pleated*, is the true reading.

" For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
" Hiding baſe ſin in *pleats* of majeſty." Malone.

[4] *Who cover faults*, &c.] The quartos read:

Who covers *faults*, *at laſt* ſhame them *derides*.

The former editors read with the folio:

Who covers *faults at laſt with ſhame derides*.

Steevens.

Mr. Malone believes the folio, with the alteration of a letter, to be the right reading:

Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covert faults at laſt with ſhame derides.

The word *who* referring to *time*.

In the third Act, Lear ſays:

" ——Caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
" That under *covert*, and convenient ſeeming,
" Haſt practis'd on man's life." Ritson

In this paſſage Cordelia is made to allude to a paſſage in Scripture.—*Prov.* xxviii. 13: "He that *covereth* his ſins ſhall not *proſper*: but whoſo confeſſeth and forſaketh them, ſhall have mercy." Henley.

Gon. Sifter, it is not a little I have to ſay, of what moſt nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's moſt certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is; the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our ſiſter moſt; and with what poor judgment he hath now-caſt her off, appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition,[5] but, therewithal, the unruly waywardneſs that infirm and choleriek years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's baniſhment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit[6] together: If our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſitions as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

[5] ——*of long-engrafted* condition,] i. e. of *qualities* of mind, confirmed by long habit. So, in *Othello*: "—a woman of ſo gentle *a condition*." See alſo Vol. XII. p. 521, n. 7. MALONE.

[6] ——*let us* hit—] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us* fit. JOHNSON.

——*let us* hit—] i. e. let us agree. STEEVENS.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' the heat.[7]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Earl of Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a Letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddeſs;[8] to thy law
My ſervices are bound: Wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom;[9] and permit

[7] ——*i' the heat.*] i. e. We muſt *ſtrike while the iron's hot.* So in Chapman's verſion of the twelfth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

"——and their iron ſtrook
"*At higheſt heat.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *Thou, nature, art my goddeſs;*] Edmund ſpeaks of *nature* in oppoſition to *cuſtom*, and not (as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes) to the exiſtence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *cuſtom* or *law* had preſcribed, ſo he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldeſt and the youngeſt.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's aſſertion yet more ſtrongly, Edmund concludes this very ſpeech by an invocation to heaven:

"Now *gods* ſtand up for baſtards!" STEEVENS.

Edmund calls *nature* his goddeſs, for the ſame reaſon that we call a baſtard a *natural* ſon: one, who according to the law of nature, is the child of his father, but according to thoſe of civil ſociety is *nullius filius*. M. MASON.

[9] *Stand in the* plague *of cuſtom*;] The word *plague* is in all the old copies. I can ſcarcely think it right, nor can I reconcile myſelf to *plage*, the emendation propoſed by Dr. Warburton, though I have nothing better to offer. JOHNSON.

The meaning is plain, though oddly expreſſed. Wherefore ſhould I acquieſce, ſubmit tamely to the plagues and injuſtice of cuſtom?

'The curiosity of nations[1] to deprive me,[2]
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

Shakspeare seems to mean by the *plague of custom*, Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed? Dr. Warburton defines *plague* to be *the place, the country, the boundary* of custom; a word, I believe, to be found only in Chaucer. STEEVENS.

[1] *The* curiosity *of nations*—] *Curiosity*, in the time Shakspeare, was a word that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in *Timon*: "When thou wast (says Apemantus) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much *curiosity*." Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected*: and again in this play of *King Lear*, Shakspeare seems to use it in the same sense, "which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is the old reading, which Mr. Theobald changed into *courtesy*, though the former is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, with the meaning for which I contend.

It is true, that Orlando, in *As you like it*, says: "The *courtesy* of nations allows you my better;" but Orlando is not there inveighing against the law of primogeniture, but only against the unkind advantage his brother takes of it, and *courtesy* is a word that fully suits the occasion. Edmund, on the contrary, is turning this law into ridicule; and for such a purpose, the *curiosity of nations*, (i. e. the idle, nice distinctions of the world,) is a phrase of contempt much more natural in his mouth, than the softer expression of—*courtesy of nations*. STEEVENS.

Curiosity is used before in the present play, in this sense:—"For *equalities* are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"I rank nature, rather *curious* than in haste,
"Hath well compos'd thee."

In THE ENGLISH DICTIONARY, *or Interpreter of hard Words*, by H. Cockeram, 8vo. 1623, *curiosity* is defined—"More diligence than needs." MALONE.

By "the *curiosity* of nations" Edmund means the *nicety*, the *strictness* of civil institution. So, when Hamlet is about to prove that the dust of Alexander might be employed to stop a bung-hole, Horatio says, "that were to consider the matter too *curiously*."

M. MASON.

Lag of a brother?[3] Why baſtard? wherefore baſe?
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt madam's iſſue? Why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature,[4] take
More compoſition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween aſleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I muſt have your land:
Our father's love is to the baſtard Edmund,

[2] ——*to* deprive *me*,] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, ſynonymous to *diſinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exhæredo* by this word: and Holinſhed ſpeaks of *the line of Henry before* deprived.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. ch. xvi:

"To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye ſhall reſtore again."

Again, *ibid*:

"The one reſtored, for his late *depriving* nothing mov'd."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs againſt the tyranny of cuſtom, in two inſtances, with reſpect to younger brothers, and to baſtards. In the former he muſt not be underſtood to mean himſelf, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is ſaid, *Wherefore ſhould I or any man*. HANMER.

[4] *Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature*, &c.] How much the following lines are in character, may be ſeen by that monſtrous with of Vanini, the Italian atheiſt, in his tract *De admirandis Naturæ*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died. "*Quidnam extra legitimam & connubialem thorum eſſem proſeſtus! Ita enim progenitores mei* in venerem incaluiſſent ardentius, *ac* cumulatim aſſatimque generoſa femina contuliſſent, *è quibus ego formæ blanditiam & elegantiam, robuſtas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem, conſequutus fuiſſem. At quia* conjugatorum ſum ſoboles, his orbatus ſum bonis." Had the book been publiſhed but ten or twenty years ſooner, who would not have believed that Shakſpeare alluded to this paſſage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what ſuch an atheiſt as Vanini would ſay, when he wrote upon ſuch a ſubject.

WARBURTON.

As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the baſe
Shall top the legitimate.[5] I grow; I proſper:—
Now, gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

[5] *Shall* top *the legitimate.*] Here the Oxford editor would ſhow us that he is as good at coining phraſes as his author, and ſo alters the text thus:

Shall toe *th' legitimate.*——

i. e. *lay* him, *ſtand on even ground with him*, as he would do with his author. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's emendation will appear very plauſible to him that ſhall conſult the original reading. The quartos read:

—— *Edmund the baſe*
Shall tooth' *legitimate.*——

The folio:

——*Edmund the baſe*
Shall to th' *legitimate.*——

Hanmer, therefore, could hardly be charged with coining a word, though his explanation may be doubted. To *toe* him, is perhaps to *kick* him *out*, a phraſe yet in vulgar uſe; or, to *toe*, may be literally to *ſupplant*. The word *le* [which ſtands in ſome editions] has no authority. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read,—*Shall* top *the legitimate.*

I have received this emendation, becauſe the ſucceeding expreſſion, I *grow*, ſeems to favour it, and becauſe our poet uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Hamlet*:

" ——ſo far he *topp'd* my thought," &c. STEEVENS

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——Not in the legions
" Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
" In evils to *top* Macbeth."

A paſſage in *Hamlet* adds ſome ſupport to *toe*, Sir Thomas Hanmer's reading: " —for the *toe* of the peaſant *comes ſo near to the heel of the courtier, that he galls his kybe.*"

In Devonſhire, as Sir Joſhua Reynolds obſerves to me, " to *tor* a thing up, is, to tear it up by the roots; in which ſenſe the word is perhaps uſed here, for Edmund immediately adds—I *grow*, I proſper. MALONE.

Enter GLOSTER.

GLO. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power![6]
Confin'd to exhibition![7] All this done
Upon the gad![8]——Edmund! How now? what news?

EDM. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the Letter*

GLO. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

[6] ——subscrib'd *his power!*] To subscribe, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building.
JOHNSON.

To *subscribe* in Shakspeare is to *yield*, or *surr*[illegible] So, afterwards: "You owe me no *subscription*." [illegible]n, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"For Hector in his blaze of wrath *subscribes*
"To tender objects." MALONE.

The folio reads—*prescribed*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*exhibition!*] is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"[illegible]nance he from his friend receives,
"[illegible]on thou shalt have from me."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*All this done*
Upon the gad!] To do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly. JOHNSON.

Done upon the gad is done suddenly, or, as before, while the *iron is hot*. A *gad* is an *iron bar*. So, in *I'll never leave thee*, a Scottish song, by Allan Ramsay:

"Bid ice-shoes hammer red *gads* on the studds."

The statute of 2 and 3 Ed. 6, c. 27, is a "Bill against false forging of iron *gadds*, instead of *gadds* of steel." REDON.

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible deſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee: Come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, ſir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for ſo much as I have peruſed, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, ſir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay or taſte of my virtue.[9]

[9] ——taſte of *my virtue*] Though *taſte* may ſtand in this place, yet I believe we ſhould read—*aſſay* or *teſt* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet*:

'Bring me to the *teſt*." JOHNSON.

Eſſay and *Taſte*, are both terms from royal tables. See note on Act V. ſc. iii. Mr. Henley obſerves, that in the eaſtern parts of this kingdom the word *fay* is ſtill retained in the ſame ſenſe. So, in Chapman's verſion of the nineteenth *Iliad*:

"Atrides with his knife took *fay*, upon the part before;"—. STEEVENS.

Both the quartos and folio have *eſſay*, which may have been merely a miſ-ſpelling of the word *aſſay*, which in Cowley's *Alphabetical Table*, 1664, is defined—"a proof or trial." But as *eſſay* is likewiſe defined by Bulloka in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, "a trial," I have made no change.

Glo. [Reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age,*[1] *makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond*[2] *bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; who ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep till I waked him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,* Edgar.—Humph—Conſpiracy!—*Sleep till I waked him,—you ſhould enjoy half his revenue,*—My ſon Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but, in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

To *aſſay* not only ſignified to make trial of coin, but to *taſte* before another; *praelibo*. In either ſenſe the word might be uſed here. Malone.

[1] *This policy and reverence of age,*] Butter's quarto has, *this policie of age*; the folio, *this policy and reverence of age*. Johnson.

The two quartos publiſhed by Butter, concur with the folio in reading *age*. Mr. Pope's duodecimo is the only copy that has *ages*. Stevens.

[2] ——*idle and fond*—] Weak and fooliſh. Johnson.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore founded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh!—Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhall run a certain courſe; where, if you[3] violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour,[4] and to no other pretence[5] of danger.

[3] ——where, *if you*—] *Where* was formerly often uſed in the ſenſe of *whereas*. See Vol. XIII. p. 302, n. 2. Malone.

So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, Vol. XXI. Act I. ſc. i.

"*Where* now you're both a father and a ſon."

See alſo Act II. ſc. iii. Stevens.

[4] ——*to your* honour.] It has been already obſerved that this was the uſual mode of addreſs to a Lord in Shakſpeare's time. Malone.

See Vol. XIV. p. 399, where the Purſuivant uſes this addreſs to *Lord* Haſtings. Stevens.

[5] ——*pretence*—] *Pretence* is deſign, purpoſe. So, afterwards in this play:

"*Pretence* and purpoſe of unkindneſs. Johnson

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm.[6] Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, ſeek him out; wind me into him,[7] I pray you: frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom: I would unſtate myſelf, to be in a due reſolution.[8]

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Againſt the undivulg'd *pretence* I fight
"Of treaſonous malice."

But of this, numberleſs examples can be ſhown; and I can venture to aſſert, with ſome degree of confidence, that Shakſpeare never uſes the word *pretence*, or *pretend*, in any other ſenſe. STEEVENS.

[6] *Edm.*] From *Nor is*, to *heaven and earth!* are words omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*wind* me *into him*,] I once thought it ſhould be read, *you* into him; but, perhaps, it is a familiar phraſe, like *do* me *this*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—challenge *me* the duke's youth to fight with him." Inſtances of this phraſeology occur in *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Henry IV.* Part I. and in *Othello*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*I would* unſtate *myſelf, to be in a due reſolution.*] i. e. I will throw aſide all conſideration of my relation to him, that I may act as juſtice require. WARBURTON.

Such is this learned man's explanation. I take the meaning to be rather this, *Do you frame the buſineſs*, who can act with leſs emotion; *I would unſtate myſelf*, it would in me be a departure from the paternal character, *to be in a due reſolution*, to be ſtill and compoſed on ſuch an occaſion. The word *would* and *ſhould* are in old language often confounded. JOHNSON.

Edm. I will ſeek him, ſir, preſently; convey the

The ſame word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæſar will
" *Unſtate* his happineſs, and be ſtag'd to ſhow
" Againſt a ſworder."——

To *unſtate*, in both theſe inſtances, ſeems to have the ſame meaning. Edgar has been repreſented as wiſhing to poſſeſs his father's fortune, i. e. to *unſtate* him; and therefore his father ſays he would *unſtate* himſelf to be ſufficiently reſolved to puniſh him.

To *enſtate* is to *confer* a fortune. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" ——— his poſſeſſions
" We do *enſtate* and widow you withal." Steevens.

It ſeems to me, that *I would unſtate myſelf*, in this paſſage, means ſimply *I would give my eſtate*, (including rank as well as fortune.) Tyrwhitt.

Both Warburton and Johnſon have miſtaken the ſenſe of this paſſage, and their explanations are ſuch as the words cannot poſſibly imply. Gloſter cannot bring himſelf thoroughly to believe what Edmund told him of Edgar. He ſays, " Can he be ſuch a monſter?" He afterwards deſires Edmund to ſound his intentions, and then ſays, he would give all he poſſeſſed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words *to be in a due reſolution*.

Othello uſes the word *reſolved* in the ſame ſenſe more than once:

" ——to be once in doubt,
" Is—once to be *reſolved*.—"

In both which places, *to be reſolved* means, *to be certain of the fact*.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, Amintor ſays to Evadne:

" 'Tis not his crown
" Shall buy me to thy bed, now I *reſolve*
" He hath diſhonour'd thee."

And afterwards, in the ſame play, the King ſays:

" Well I am *reſolv'd*
" You lay not with her." M. Maſon.

Though to *reſolve*, in Shakſpeare's time, certainly ſometimes meant to *ſatisfy*, *declare*, or *inform*, I have never found the ſubſtantive *reſolution* uſed in that ſenſe; and even had the word ever borne that ſenſe, the author could not have written—to be

buſineſs[9] as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wiſdom of nature[1] can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcourged by the ſequent effects: love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, trea-

in a due reſolution, but muſt have written, "—*to attain* a due reſolution." Who ever wiſhed "to be *in* due information" on any point? MALONE.

Mr. Ritſon's explanation of the word—*reſolution*, concurs with that of Mr. M. Maſon. STEEVENS.

Mr. Malone ſays, that he has never found the ſubſtantive *reſolution* uſed in the ſenſe which I have attributed to it in my explanation of this paſſage: but in the fifth ſcene of the third Act of Maſſinger's *Picture*, Sophia ſays—

"————I have practiſed
"For my certain *reſolution*, with theſe courtiers."

And, in the laſt Act, ſhe ſays to Baptiſta—

"——what ſhould work on my lord
"To doubt my loyalty? Nay, more, to take
"For the *reſolution* of his fears, a courſe
"That is, by holy writ, denied a Chriſtian."

M. MASON.

[9] ——convey *the buſineſs*—] To *convey* is to *carry through*; in this place it is to *manage artfully*: we ſay of a juggler, that he has a clean *conveyance*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lyly, 1590: "Two, they ſay, may keep counſel if one be away; but to *convey* knavery two are too few, and four are too many."

Again, in *A mad World, my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1608:

"——thus I've *convey'd* it;——
"I'll counterfeit a fit of violent fetches. STEEVENS.

So, in Lord Stirling's *Julius Cæſar*, 1607:

"A circumſtance, or an indifferent thing,
"Doth oft marr all, when not with care *convey'd*."

MALONE.

[1] ——*the wiſdom of nature*—] That is, though natural philoſophy can give account of eclipſes, yet we feel their conſequences. JOHNSON.

ſon; and the bond cracked between ſon and father. *This villain[2] of mine comes under the prediction; there's ſon againſt father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time: Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders, follow us diſquietly to our graves!*—Find out this villain, Edmund; it ſhall loſe thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent baniſhed! his offence, honeſty!—Strange! ſtrange!

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world![1]

[2] *This villain*—] All from afterik. to afterik. is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] *This is the excellent foppery of the world!* &c.] In Shakſpeare's beſt plays, beſides the vices that ariſe from the ſubject, there is generally ſome peculiar prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempeſt*, the lying diſpoſition of travellers, and, in *As you like it*, the fantaſtick humour of courtiers, is expoſed and ridiculed with infinite pleaſantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial aſtrology are ſeverely ridiculed. If fancy, was the date of its firſt performance well conſidered, it would be found that ſomething or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as theſe words ſeem to intimate: *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.* However this be, an impious cheat, which had ſo little foundation in nature or reaſon, ſo deteſtable an original, and ſuch fatal conſequences on the manners of the people, who were at that time fraught with it, certainly deſerved the ſeverelt laſh of ſatire. It was a fundamental in this noble ſcience, that whatever ſeeds of good diſpoſitions the infant unborn might be endowed with either from nature, or traductively from its parents, yet all, at the time of its birth, the delivery was by any caſuality to be accelerated or retarded, as to fall in with the predominance of a malignant conſtellation, that moment by influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities: ſo wretched and monſtrous an opinion did it let out with. But the Italians, to whom we owe this, as well as moſt other

that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſur-

unnatural crimes and follies of theſe latter ages, fomented its original impiety to the moſt deteſtable height of extravagance. Petrus Aponenſis, an Italian phyſician of the 13th century, aſſures us that thoſe prayers which are made to God when the moon is in conjunction with Jupiter in the Dragon's tail, are infallibly heard. The great Milton, with a juſt indignation of this impiety, hath, in his *Paradiſe Regained*, fatirized it in a very beautiful manner, by putting theſe reveries into the mouth of the devil.* Nor could the licentious Rabelais himſelf forbear to ridicule this impious dotage, which he does with exquiſite addreſs and humour, where, in the fable which he ſo agreeably tells from Æſop, of the man who applied to Jupiter for the loſs of his hatchet, he makes thoſe who, on the poor man's good ſucceſs, had projected to trick Jupiter by the ſame petition, a kind of aſtrologick atheiſts, who aſcribed this good fortune, that they imagined they were now all going to partake of, to the influence of ſome rare conjunction and configuration of the ſtars. "Hen, hen, diſent ils—Et doncques, telle eſt au temps preſent la revolution des Cieulx, la conſtellation des Aſtres, & aſpect des Planetes, que quiconque coignée perdra, ſoubdain deviendra ainſi riche?"——*Nou. Prol. du IV. Livre.*——But to return to Shakſpeare. So blaſphemous a deluſion, therefore, it became the honeſty of our poet to expoſe. But it was a tender point, and required managing. For this impious juggle had in his time a kind of religious reverence paid to it. It was therefore to be done obliquely; and the circumſtances of the ſcene furniſhed him with as good an opportunity as he could wiſh. The perſons in the drama are all Pagans, ſo that as, in compliance to cuſtom, his good characters were not to ſpeak ill of judicial aſtrology, they could on account of their religion give no reputation to it. But in order to expoſe it the more, he with great judgment, makes the Pagans fataliſts; as appears by theſe words of Lear:

"By all the operations of the orbs,
"From whom we do exiſt and ceaſe to be."

For the doctrine of fate is the true foundation of judicial aſtrology. Have I thus diſcredited it by the very commendation given to it, he was in no danger of having his direct ſatire againſt it miſtaken, by its being put (as he was obliged, both in paying reſpect to cuſtom, and in following nature) into the mouth of the villainous atheiſt, eſpecially when he has added ſuch force of reaſon to his character, in the words referred to in the beginning of the note. WARBURTON.

* Book IV. v. 38.

ſeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon, and the ſtars: as if we were villains by neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,[4] by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on: An admirable evaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of a ſtar![5] My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under *urſa major*; ſo that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I ſhould have been that I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing. Edgar—

[4] ——*and treachers*,] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the firſt copies, which I have reſtored to the text, may be ſupported from moſt of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"How ſmooth the cunning *treacher* look'd upon it!"

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*:

"——Oh, you *treacherour*!"

Again, in *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"——Hence, *techer* as thou art."

Again, in *The Bloody Banquet*, 1639.

"To poiſon the right uſe of ſervice—a *trecher*."

Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Roſe*, mentions "the falſe *treacher*," and Spenſe often uſes the ſame word. STEEVENS.

[5] — —*of a ſtar*!] Both the quartos read—*to* the charge *of ſtars*. So Chaucer's *Wif of Bathe*, 6196:

"I folwed ay mine inclinacion

"By vertue of my *conſtellacion*."

Bernardus Sylveſtris, an eminent philoſopher and poet of the twelfth century, very gravely tells us in his *Megacoſmus*, that—

"In ſtellis Codri paupertas, copia Croeſi,

"Inceſtus Paridis, Hippolytique pudor." STEEVENS.

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes,[6] like the catastrophe of the old comedy:[7] My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi.*[8]

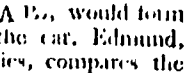
Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

[6] ——*pat he comes,*] The quartos read—
——and *out* he comes.—— STEEVENS.

[7] ——*he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:*] I think this passage was intended to ridicule the very abrupt and conclusions of our old comedies, where the persons of the scene make their entry inartificially, and just when the poet wants them on the stage. WARNER.

[8] ——*O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.*] The commentators, not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspeare however shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on musick say, *mi contra fa est diabolus:* the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, as prefixed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and as prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and discordant sounds, *fa sol la mi.* DR. BURNEY.



The words *fa, sol,* &c. were not in the quarto. The folio, and all the modern editions, read corruptly *me* instead of *mi*. Shakspeare has again introduced the gamut in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Vol. IX. p. 102. MALONE.

Edg. Do you buſy yourſelf with that?

Edm. I promiſe you,[9] the effects he writes of, ſucceed unhappily; * as of[1] unnaturalneſs between the child and the parent; death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient amities; diviſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt king and nobles; needleſs diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of cohorts,[2] nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you[3] been a ſectary aſtronomical?

Edm. Come, come; * when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourſelf, wherein you may have

[9] *I promiſe you,*] The folio edition commonly differs from the firſt quarto, by augmentations, or inſertions, but in this place it varies by omiſſion, and by the omiſſion of ſomething which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is eaſy to remark, that in this ſpeech, which ought, I think, to be inſerted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the paſt and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture. Johnson.

[1] ——*as of*—] All from this aſteriſk to the next, is omitted in the folio. Stevens.

[2] ——*diſſipation of* cohort,] Thus the old copy. Dr. Johnſon reads,—of *courts*. Stevens.

[3] *How long have you*—] This line I have reſtored from the two eldeſt quartos, and have regulated the following ſpeech according to the ſame copies. Stevens.

offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his preſence, till ſome little time hath qualified the heart of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon[4] it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear.[5] *I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower; and, as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord ſpeak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do ſtir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?*

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; go armed; I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs.—

[*Exit* Edgar.

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſy!—I ſee the buſineſs.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

* ——*that* with *the miſchief of your perſon*—] This reading is in both copies, yet I believe the author gave it, *that* but *with the miſchief* of your perſon it would ſcarce allay. Johnson.

I do not ſee any need of alteration. He could not expreſs the violence of his father's diſpleaſure in ſtronger terms than by ſaying it was ſo great that it would ſcarcely be appeaſed by the deſtruction of his ſon. Malone.

[5] *That's my fear.*] All between this and the next aſteriſk, is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* Steward.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me;[6] every hour
He ſlaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us

[6] *By day and night! he wrongs me;*] It has been ſuggeſted by Mr. Whalley that we ought to point differently:

By day and night he wrongs me;

not conſidering theſe words as an adjuration. But that an adjuration was intended, appears, I think, from a paſſage in *King Henry VIII.* The king, ſpeaking of Buckingham, (Act I. ſc. ii.) ſays:

"——*By day and night*
"He's traitor to the height."

It cannot be ſuppoſed that Henry means to ſay that Buckingham is a traitor in the night as well as by day.

The regulation which has been followed in the text, is likewiſe ſupported by *Hamlet*, where we have again the ſame adjuration:

"O day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange."

MALONE.

By night and day, is, perhaps, only a phraſe ſignifying—*always, every way.* So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you *night and day*,
"For many weary months."

See Vol. V. p. 50, n. 8. I have not, however, diſplaced Mr. Malone's punctuation. STEEVENS.

On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick:—
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.
[*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to queſtion:
If he diſlike it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
*Not to be over-rul'd.[7] Idle old man,[8]
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are ſeen abus'd.*[9]
Remember what I have ſaid.

[7] *Not to be over-rul'd.* &c.] This line, and the four following lines, are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[8] —*Idle old man,* &c.] The lines from one aſteriſk to the other, as they are fine in themſelves, and very much in character for Goneril, I have reſtored from the old quarto. The laſt verſe, which I have ventured to amend, is there printed thus:

"With checks, like flatt'ries when they are ſeen abus'd."

THEOBALD.

[9] *Old fools are babes again; and muſt be us'd*
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are ſeen abus'd.] The ſenſe ſeems to be this: *Old men muſt be treated with checks,* when as *they are ſeen to be deceived with flatteries:* or, *when they are weak enough to be* ſeen abuſed by flatteries, they are then weak enough to be *uſed with checks.* There is a play of the words *uſed* and *abuſed.* To *abuſe* is, in our author, very frequently the ſame as to *deceive.* This conſtruction is harſh and ungrammatical; Shakſpeare perhaps thought it vicious, and choſe to throw away the line; rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officiouſneſs of his editors, who reſtore what they do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo:
I would breed[1] from hence occaſions, and I ſhall,
That I may ſpeak:—I'll write ſtraight to my ſiſter,
To hold my very courſe:—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

The plain meaning, I believe is—old fools muſt be uſed with checks, as flatteries muſt be check'd when they are made a bad uſe of. Tollet.

I underſtand this paſſage thus. *Old fools—muſt be uſed with checks*, as well *as flatteries, when they* [i. e. flatteries] *are ſeen* to be *aluſed*. Tyrwhitt.

The objection to Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is, that he ſupplies the word *with* or *by*, which are not found in the text: "—when as they are ſeen to be deceived *with* flatteries," or, "when they are weak enough to be ſeen abuſed *by* flatteries," &c. and in *his* mode of conſtruction the word *with* preceding *checks*, cannot be underſtood before *flatteries*.

I think Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation the true one. Malone.

The ſentiment of Goneril is obviouſly this: "When old fools will not yield to the appliances of perſuaſion, harſh treatment muſt be employed to compel their ſubmiſſion." When *flatteries are ſeen to be aluſed* by them, *checks muſt be uſed*, as the only means left to ſubdue them. Henley.

[1] *I would I breed* &c.] This line and the firſt four words of the next are found in the quartos, but omitted in the folio.

Malone.

SCENE IV.

A Hall in the ſame.

Enter KENT, *diſguiſed.*

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech diſſuſe,[1] my good intent
May carry through itſelf to that full iſſue
For which I raz'd my likeneſs.—Now, baniſh'd Kent,

[1] *If but as well I other accents borrow,*
That can my ſpeech diſſuſe,] We muſt ſuppoſe that Kent advances looking on his diſguiſe. This circumſtance very naturally leads to his ſpeech, which otherwiſe would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my ſpeech as well as I have changed my dreſs.* To *diſſuſe* ſpeech, ſignifies to *diſtract* it, and ſo to *diſguiſe* it; as in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act IV. ſc. vii:

" ——ruſh at once
" With ſome *diſſuſed* ſong."——

Again, in *The Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid ſays to the *Paſſionate Man*, who appears diſordered in his dreſs:

" ——Go not ſo *diſſuſedly*."

Again, in our author's *King Henry V*:

" ——ſwearing, and their looks, *diſſuſ'd* attire."

Again, in a book entitled, *A Greene Forreſt, or A Natural Hiſtory*, &c. by John Maplet, 1567:—" In this ſtone is apparently ſeene with all the verie forme of a tode, with beſpotted and coloured ſcale, but thoſe uglye and *deſuſedly*."——To *diſſuſe ſpeech* may, however, mean to *ſpeak broad* with a clownish accent.

STEEVENS.

Diſſuſed certainly meant, in our author's time, wild, irregular, heterogeneous. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: " I have ſeen an Engliſh gentleman ſo *deſuſed* in his ſuits, his doublet being for the weare of Caſtile, his hoſe for Venice, his hat for France, his cloak for Germany, that he ſeemed no way to be an Engliſhman but by the face." MALONE.

If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, ſir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? What wouldeſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly, that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe, and ſays little;[3] to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot chooſe; and to eat no fiſh.[4]

[3] ——*to converſe with him that is wiſe, and ſays little.*] To *converſe* ſignifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *diſcourſe* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chooſes for his companions men of reſerve and caution; men who are not tatlers nor tale-bearers. JOHNSON.

We ſtill ſay in the ſame ſenſe—he had criminal *converſation* with her—meaning *commerce*.

So, in *King Richard III*:

"His apparent open guilt omitted,
"I mean his *converſation* with Shore's wife." MALONE.

[4] ——*and I to eat no fiſh.*] In Queen Elizabeth's time the Papiſts were eſteemed, and with good reaſon, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phraſe of, *He's an honeſt man, and eats no fiſh*; to ſignify he's a friend to the government and a Proteſtant. The eating fiſh, on a religious account, being then eſteemed ſuch a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined for a ſeaſon by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the fiſh-towns, it was thought neceſſary to declare the reaſon; hence it was call'd *Cecil's faſt*. To this diſgraceful bad character of popery,

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldeſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldeſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, ſir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, ſir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee

Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtezan ſay, when Lazarillo, in ſearch of the umbrano's head, was ſeized at her houſe by the intelligencers for a traytor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have diſcovered him. He ſhould not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And ſure I did not like him, when he *called for fiſh*." And Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*: "I truſt I am none of the wicked that *eat fiſh a Fridays*."
WARBURTON.

yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So pleaſe you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's aſleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me, when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highneſs is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs[5] appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſayeſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your highneſs is wronged.

Lear. Thou but remembereſt me of mine own conception; I have perceived a moſt faint neglect

[5] ——*of kindneſs*——] Theſe words are not in the quartos. Malone.

of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curioſity,[6] than as a very pretence[7] and purpoſe of unkindneſs: I will look further into't. —But where's my fool? I have not ſeen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, ſir, the fool hath much pined away.[8]

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would ſpeak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you ſir, you ſir, come you hither: Who am I, ſir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreſon dog! you ſlave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord;[9] I beſeech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks[1] with me, you raſcal? [*Striking him.*

[6] ——*jealous curioſity.*] By this phraſe King Lear means, I believe, a *punctilious jealouſy*, reſulting from a ſcrupulous watchfulneſs of his own dignity. Steevens.

[7] ——*a very* pretence—] *Pretence* in Shakſpeare generally ſignifies *deſign*. So, in a foregoing ſcene in this play: "—to no other *pretence* of danger." Again, in Holinſhed, p. 618: "—the *pretenſed* evill purpoſe of the queene." Steevens.

[8] *Since my young lady's going into France, ſir, the fool hath much pined away.*] This is an endearing circumſtance in the Fool's character, and creates ſuch an intereſt in his favour, as his wit alone might have failed to procure for him. Steevens.

[9] *I am none of this, my lord*, &c.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—I am none of *theſe*, my lord; I beſeech *your pardon*. Malone.

[1] ——bandy *looks*—] A metaphor from *Tennis*:

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you baſe foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his Heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou ſerveſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, ſir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wiſdom?[2] ſo. [*Puſhes the* Steward *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

[*Giving* Kent *Money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb. [*Giving* Kent *his Cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?[3]

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the

"Come in, take this *landy* with the racket of patience."
Decker's Satiromaſtix, 1602.

Again:

"——buckle with them hand to hand,
"And *landy* blows as thick as hailſtones fall."
Wily Beguiled, 1606. Steevens.

"To *landy* a ball," Cole defines, *clava pilam torquere*; "to *landy* at tennis," *reticulo pellere*. Dict. 1679. Malone.

[2] *Have you wiſdom?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*you have* wiſdom. Malone.

[3] *Why, fool?*] The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this queſtion to Lear. Steevens.

wind ſits, thoul't catch cold ſhortly:[4] There, take my coxcomb:[5] Why, this fellow has baniſhed two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle?[6] 'Would I had two coxcombs,[7] and two daughters![8]

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living,[9] I'd keep my coxcombs myſelf: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.[1]

[4] ——*thou'lt catch cold ſhortly:*] i. e. be turned out of doors, and expoſed to the inclemency of the weather. Farmer.

[5] ——*take my coxcomb:*] Meaning his cap, called ſo, becauſe on the top of the fool or jeſter's cap was ſewed a piece of red cloth, reſembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was uſed to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow. Warburton.

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the firſt part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation, who has there added, that Minſheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1627, ſays, "Natural idiots and fools, have, and ſtill do accuſtome themſelves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a neck and heade of a cocke on the top*, and a bell thereon," &c. Stevens.

[6] ——*How now*, nuncle?] *Aunt* is a term of reſpect in France. So, in *Lettres D'Elizab. de Baviere Ducheſſe D'Orleans*, Tom. II. p. 65, 66: "C'etoit par un eſpece de plaiſanterie de badinage ſans conſequence, que la Dauphine appelloit Madame de Maintenon *ma tante*. Les filles d'honneur appelloient toujours leur gouvernante *ma tante*." And it is remarkable at this day that the lower people in Shropſhire call the Judge of aſſize —"my *nuncle* the Judge." Vaillant.

[7] —*two coxcombs,*] Two fools caps, intended, as it ſeems, [illegible] folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. Johnson.

[8] ——and *two daughters*] Perhaps we ſhould read—*an'* two daughters; i. e. if. Farmer.

[9] ——*all my* living,] *Living* in Shakſpeare's time ſignified ſtate, or property. So, in *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, by R. Greene, 1594:

"In Laxfield here my land and *living* lies." Malone.

[1] ——beg *another of thy daughters.*] The Fool means to ſay,

Lear. Take heed, ſirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that muſt to kennel; he muſt be whipped out, when Lady, the brach,[2] may ſtand by the fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,[3]
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,[4]
Set leſs than thou throweſt;

that it is by *begging* only that the old king can obtain any thing from his daughters: even a badge of folly in having reduced himſelf to ſuch a ſituation. Malone.

[2] ——*Lady, the* brach,] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind. "Nos quidem hodie *Irach* dicimus de cane fœminea, quæ leporem ex odore perſequitur. Spelm. Gloſſ. in voce *Bracco*."

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, propoſed *lady's brach*, i. e. *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wiſh to eſtabliſh: but the other quarto editions concur in reading *lady oth'e brach*. *Lady* is ſtill a common name for a hound. So Hotſpur.

"I had rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Iriſh."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poem to a Friend*, &c:

"Do all the tricks of a falt *lady* bitch."

In the old black letter *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the liſt of dogs concludes thus: "——and ſmall *ladi popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers ſmall fautes." We might read—"when *lady*, the *brach*," &c. Steevens.

Both the quartos of 1608 read—when Lady *oth'e* brach. I have therefore printed—lady, *the* brach, grounding myſelf on the reading of thoſe copies, and on the paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *King Henry IV.* P. I. The folio, and the late editions, read—when *the lady* brach, &c. Malone.

Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.[5]

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

[*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet fool?

Lear. No, lad;[6] teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counſel'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou[7] for him ſtand:

[3] *Lend leſs than thou oweſt.*] That is, *do not lend all that thou haſt. To owe*, in old Engliſh, is *to poſſeſs*. If *owe* be taken for *to be in debt*, the more prudent precept would be:

Lend *more* than thou owest. Johnson.

[4] *Learn more than thou* troweſt,] *To trow*, is an old word that ſignifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable.

Warburton.

[5] *This is nothing, fool.*] The quartos give this ſpeech to *Lear*.

Steevens.

In the folio the ſe words are given to Kent. Malone.

[6] *No, lad;*] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to *Give me an egg*, was reſtored from the firſt edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reaſons, as it ſeemed to cenſure the monopolies. Johnson.

[7] Or *do thou*—] The word *or*, which is not in the quartos, was ſupplied by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

The ſweet and bitter fool
Will preſently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't:[8] and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myſelf; they'll be ſnatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou cloveſt thy crown i' the middle,

[8] ——*if I had a* monopoly *out, they would have part on't:*] A ſatire on the groſs abuſes of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went ſhares with the patentee. Warburton.

The modern editors, without authority, read—

——a monopoly *on't*,——

Monopolies were in Shakſpeare's time the common objects of ſatire. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "—Give him a court loaf, ſtop his mouth with a *monopoly*."

Again, in *Rum-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611: "A knight that never heard of ſmock fees! I would I had a *monopoly* of them, ſo there was no impoſt fit on them."

Again, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662: "——So foul a monſter would be a fair *monopoly* worth the begging."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, I meet with the following entry. "John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587: lycenſed unto him by the whole conſent of the aſſiſtants, the *onlye* ymprynting of all manner of billes for plaiers." Again, Nov. 6, 1615, The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot. Steevens.

and gaveſt away both parts, thou boreſt thine aſs on thy back over the dirt: Thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gaveſt thy golden one away. If I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whipped that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools had ne'er leſs grace in a year;[9] [Singing.
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, ever ſince thou madeſt thy daughters thy mother:[1] for when thou gaveſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thine own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep,[2] [Singing.
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a king ſhould play bo-peep,[3]
And go the fools among.

[9] *Fools had ne'er leſs grace in a year*;] There never was a time when fools were leſs in favour; and the reaſon is, that they were never ſo little wanted, for wiſe men now ſupply their place. Such I think is the meaning. Johnson.

——*leſs grace*—] So the folio. Both the quartos read—*leſs wit*. Steevens.

In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lyly, 1591, we find, "I think gentlemen *had never leſs wit in a year*." I ſuſpect therefore the original to be the true reading. Malone.

[1] ——*ſince thou madeſt thy daughters thy* mother:] i. e. when you inveſted them with the authority of *a* mother. Thus the quartos. The folio reads, with leſs propriety,—thy *mothers*. Malone.

[2] *Then they for ſudden joy did weep*, &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet[4] on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

" When Tarquin firſt in court began,
" And was approved King,
" So men *for ſudden joy did weep*,
" *But I for ſorrow ſing*."

I cannot aſcertain in what year T. Heywood firſt publiſhed this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have uſed, was the *fourth* impreſſion. Stevens.

[3] *That ſuch a king ſhould play* bo-peep,] Little more of this game, than its mere denomination, remains. It is mentioned, however, in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1593, in company with two other childiſh plays, which it is not my office to explain:

" Cold parts men plaie, much like old plaine *bo-peepe*,
" Or counterfait, in-dock-out-nettle, ſtill." Steevens.

[4] ——*that frontlet*—] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*, ſuch as was anciently called part of a woman's dreſs. So, in a play called *The Four P's*, 1569:

" Forſooth, women have many lets,
" And they be maſked in many nets
" As *frontlets*, fillets, partlets, and bi[illegible]
" And then their bonets and their pion[illegible]

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou had'ſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure:[5] I am better than thou[6] art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; ſo your face [*To* Gon.] bids me, though you ſay nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.—

That's a ſhealed peaſcod.[7] [*Pointing to* Lear.

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: "Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knotſtrings, glaſſes," &c.

Again, and more appoſitely, in *Zepheria*, a collection of ſonnets, 4to. 1594:

"But now, my ſunne, it fits thou take thy ſet,
"And vayle thy face with *frownes* as with a *frontlet*."

Stelvens.

A *frontlet* was a forehead-cloth, uſed formerly by ladies at night to render that part ſmooth. Lear, I ſuppoſe, means to ſay, that Goneril's brow was as completely covered by a frown, as it would be by a frontlet.

So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580: "The next day I coming to the gallery where ſhe was ſolitarily walking, with her *frowning cloth*, as ſicke lately of the fullens," &c.

Malone.

[5] ——*now thou art an* O without a figure:] The Fool means to ſay, that Lear, "having pared his [illegible] on both ſides, and left nothing in the middle," is becom[illegible] a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unleſs preceded or followed by ſome figure. In *The Winter's Tale* we have the ſame alluſion, reverſed:

"——and therefore, like a cypher,
"Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
"With one—we thank you,—many thouſands more
"Standing before it." Malone.

[6] ——*I am better than thou* &c.] This bears ſome reſemblance to [illegible] F[illegible]ſtaff's reply to the Prince, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "A better [illegible] thou; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer."

Stelvens.

[7] *That's a [illegible]ey for[illegible]aled peaſcod.*] i. e. Now a mere huſk, which contains nothi[illegible] by He[illegible]. The outſide of a king remains, but all the intrinſick parts [illegible] of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give.

Johnson.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on[8]
By your allowance;[9] which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.
So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.[1]

That's a shealed peascod.] The robing of Richard IId's effigy in Westminster Abbey is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps an allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 453, edit. 1657, p. 340. Tollet.

[8] —— *put it on*—] i. e. promote, push it forward. So, in *Macbeth*:

"—— the powers above
"*Put on* their instruments."—— Stevens.

[9] *By your* allowance:] By your *approbation*. Malone.

[1] —— *were left* darkling.] This word is used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bool, [illegible]:

"[illegible] the wakeful bird
"[illegible] *darkling*."——

and long before, as Mr Malone observes, by Marston, &c.

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in supposing, that the words—*So out went the candle*, &c. are a fragment of some old song. Stevens.

Shakspeare's Fools are certainly copied from the life. The originals whom he copied were no doubt men of quick parts; lively

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, ſir, I would, you would make uſe of that good wiſdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away theſe diſpoſitions, which of late transform you[2] from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe?—Whoop, Jug![3] I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear:[4] does Lear walk thus? ſpeak thus?

and ſarcaſtick. Though they were licenſed to ſay any thing, it was ſtill neceſſary to prevent giving offence, that every thing they ſaid ſhould have a playful air: we may ſuppoſe therefore that they had a cuſtom of taking off the edge of too ſharp a ſpeech by covering it haſtily with the end of an old ſong, or any glib nonſenſe that came into the mind. I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakſpeare often finiſhes this Fool's ſpeeches. Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In a very old dramatick piece, entitled *A very mery and pythie Comedy, called The longer thou liveſt the more Foole thou art*, printed about the year 1580, we find the following ſtage-direction: "Entreth Moros, counterfaiting a vaine geſture and a fooliſh countenance, *ſynging the foote of many ſongs, a fools were wont.*" Malone.

See my note on Act III. ſc. vi. in which this paſſage was brought forward, long ago, [1773] for a ſimilar purpoſe of illuſtration. Steevens.

[2] ——*tran form you*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads —*tranſport* you. Steevens.

[3] ——*Whoop, Jug!* &c.] There are in the Fool's ſpeeches ſeveral paſſages which ſeem to be proverbial allusions, perhaps not now to be underſtood. Johnson.

——*Whoop, Jug! I love thee.*] This, as ſounds formed on a quotation from the burthen of an old ſong. Ritson.

Whoop, Jug, I'll do thee no harm, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*. Malone.

[4] ——*this is not Lear:*] This paſſage appears to have been imitated by Ben Jonſon in his *Sad Shepherd*.

"——this is not Marian!

"Nor am I Robin Hood! I pray you tell her!"

Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his diſcernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! ſure 'tis not ſo.[5]—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's ſhadow?[6] I would learn that; for by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon, I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.[7]—

"Aſk her, good ſhepherds! aſk her all for me:
"Or rather aſk yourſelves, if ſhe be ſhe;
"Or I be I." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſleeping or waking?—Ha! ſure 'tis not ſo.*] Thus the quartos. The folio: Ha! waking? 'Tis not ſo. MALONE.

[6] ——*Lear's ſhadow?*] The folio gives theſe words to the Fool. STEEVENS.

And, I believe, rightly. M. MASON.

[7] ——*for by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon,* &c.] His daughters prove ſo unnatural, that, if he were only to judge by the reaſon of things, he muſt conclude, they cannot be his daughters. This is the thought. But how does his kingſhip or ſovereignty enable him to judge of this matter? The line, by being falſe pointed, has loſt its ſenſe. We ſhould read

Of ſovereignty, of knowledge.——

i. e. the underſtanding. He calls it, by an equally fine phraſe, in *Hamlet*,—*Sovereignty of reaſon.* And it is remarkable that the editors had depraved it there too. See note, Act I. ſc. vii of that play. WARBURTON.

The conteſted paſſage is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

The difficulty, which muſt occur to every reader, is, to conceive how *the marks of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,* ſhould be of any uſe to *perſuade Lear that he had,* or had not, daughters. No logick, I apprehend, could draw ſuch a concluſion from ſuch premiſes. This difficulty, however, may be entirely removed, by only pointing the paſſage thus:—*for by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and of reaſon, I ſhould be falſe perſuaded—I had daughters.—Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

The chain of Lear's ſpeech being thus untangled, we can clearly trace the ſucceſſion and connection of his ideas. The undutiful behaviour of his daughter ſo diſcomforts him, that he doubts, by turns, whether ſhe is Goneril, and whether he himſelf is Lear. Upon her laſt ſpeech, he only exclaims,

——*Are you our daughter?*

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.[8]

Upon her going on in the ſame ſtyle, he begins to queſtion his own ſanity of mind, and even his perſonal identity. He appeals to the by-ſtanders,

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

I ſhould be glad to be told. *For* (if I was to judge myſelf) *by the marks of ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon*, which once diſtinguiſhed Lear, (but which I have now loſt) *I ſhould be falſe* (againſt my own conſciouſneſs) *perſuaded* (that I am not Lear). He then ſlides to the examination of another diſtinguiſhing mark of Lear:

——*I had daughters.*

But not able, as it ſhould ſeem, to dwell upon ſo tender a ſubject, he haſtily recurs to his firſt doubt concerning Goneril,——

Your name, fair gentlewoman? Tyrwhitt.

This notice is written with confidence diſproportionate to the conviction which it can bring. Lear might as well know by the marks and tokens ariſing from ſovereignty, knowledge, and reaſon, that he had or had not daughters, as he could know by any thing elſe. But, ſays he, if I judge by theſe tokens, I find the perſuaſion falſe by which I long thought myſelf the father of daughters. Johnson.

I cannot approve of Dr. Warburton's manner of pointing this paſſage, as I do not think that *ſovereignty of knowledge* can mean *underſtanding*; and if it did, what is the difference between underſtanding and reaſon? In the paſſage he quotes from Hamlet, *ſovereignty of reaſon* appears to me to mean, the ruling power, the governance of reaſon; a ſenſe that would not anſwer in this place.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's obſervations are ingenious, but not ſatisfactory; and as for Dr. Johnſon's explanation, though it would be certainly juſt had Lear expreſſed himſelf in the paſt, and ſaid, "I have been falſe perſuaded I had daughters," it cannot be the juſt explanation of the paſſage as it ſtands. The meaning appears to me to be this:

"Were I to judge from the marks of ſovereignty, of knowledge, or of reaſon, I ſhould be induced to think I had daughters, yet that muſt be a falſe perſuaſion,—It cannot be."

I could not at firſt comprehend why the tokens of ſovereignty ſhould have any weight in determining his perſuaſion that he had daughters; but by the marks of ſovereignty he means, thoſe tokens of royalty which his daughters then enjoyed as derived from him. M. Mason

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, ſir;
This admiration is much o'the favour[9]
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you ſhould be wiſe:[1]

Lear, it ſhould be remembered, has not parted with all *the marks of ſovereignty*. In the midſt of his prodigality to his children, he reſerved to himſelf *the name and all the additions to a king*.—Shakſpeare often means more than he expreſſes. Lear has juſt aſked whether he is a ſhadow. I wiſh, he adds, to be reſolved on this point; for if I were to judge by the marks of ſovereignty, and the conſciouſneſs of reaſon, I ſhould be perſuaded that I am not a ſhadow, *but a man, a king*, and a father. But this latter perſuaſion is falſe; for thoſe whom I thought my daughters, are *unnatural hags*, and never proceeded from theſe loins.

As therefore I am not a father, ſo neither may I be an embodied being; I may yet be a ſhadow. However, let me be certain. *Your name, fair gentlewoman?*

All the late editions, without authority, read—by the marks of ſovereignty, *of* knowledge, and *of* reaſon.—The words,—*I would learn that*, &c. to—*an obedient father*, are omitted in the folio. Malone.

[8] Which *they will make an obedient father.*] *Which*, is on this occaſion uſed with two deviations from preſent language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obſolete, for *whom*, the accuſative caſe of *who*. Steevens.

[9] ——*o'the* favour—] i. e. of the complexion. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"In *favour's* like the work we have in hand."

Steevens.

[1] *As you are old and reverend*, you ſhould *be wiſe*.] The redundancy of this line convinces me of its interpolation. What will the reader loſe by the omiſſion of the words—*you ſhould*? I would print:

As you are old and reverend, be wiſe:

In the fourth line from this, the epithet—*riotous*, might to the ſame reaſon be omitted. *To make an inn* of a private houſe, by taking unwarrantable liberties in it, is full as criminal as

Here do you keep a hundred knights and ſquires;
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace.[2] The ſhame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy: Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
A little to diſquantity your train;[3]
And the remainder, that ſhall ſtill depend,[4]
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.

[2] ——*a grac'd palace.*] A palace graced by the preſence of a ſovereign. WARBURTON.

[3] *A* little *to diſquantity your train*;] A *little* is the common reading; but it appears, from what Lear ſays in the next ſcene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions ſtood) is no where ſpecified by Goneril. POPE.

Mr. Pope for—*A little* ſubſtituted—*Of fifty*. MALONE.

If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *firſt folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after theſe words—

To have a thankleſs child.—Away, away,

and goes out, while Albany and Goneril have a ſhort conference of two ſpeeches; and then returns in a ſtill greater paſſion, having been informed (as it ſhould ſeem) of the expreſs number, without:

"What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap!"

This renders all change needleſs; and *away, away*, being reſtored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people*; which, as the text ſtood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing ſpeech. Goneril, with great art, is made to avoid mentioning the limited number; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which ſhe knew would be the caſe as ſoon as he left her preſence. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſtill* depend,] *Depend*, for continue in ſervice. WARBURTON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
"So ſtinkingly *depending*?" STEEVENS.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!—
Saddle my horſes; call my train together.—
Degenerate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people; and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,[5]—O, ſir, are you come?[6]
Is it your will? [*To* Alb.] Speak, ſir.—Prepare my horſes.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhow'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter![7]

Alb. Pray, ſir, be patient.[8]

[5] Woe, *that too late repents,*] This is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos, for *Woe*, have *He*, and that of which the firſt ſignature is B, reads—*He* that too late *repent's*—; i. e. repent *us:* which I ſuſpect is the true reading. Shakſpeare might have had *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates* in his thoughts:

"They call'd him doting foole, all his requeſts debarr'd,
"Demanding if with life he were not well content:
"Then he *too late his rigour did repent*
"'Gainſt me,—." *Story of Queen Cordila.* Malone.

My copy of the quarto, of which the firſt ſignature is A, reads—*He* that too late *repent's us.* Stevens.

[6] —— *O, ſir, are you come?*] Theſe words are not in the folio. Malone.

[7] *Than the ſea-monſter!*] Mr. Upton obſerves, that the ſea-monſter is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical ſymbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his *Travels*, ſays—"that he killeth his ſire, and ravitheth his own dam." Stevens.

[8] *Pray, ſir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this ſpeech. Stevens.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt: [*To* Goneril.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their name.—O moſt ſmall fault,
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia ſhow!
Which, like an engine,[9] wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his Head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.[1]

[9] ——*like an* engine,] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *ſtrain* upon the *rack*; and in the following paſſage from *The Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* ſeems to be uſed for the ſame inſtrument of torture:

"From Spain they come with *engine* and inſtrument
"To flay, ſubdue, to triumph, and *torment*."

Again, in *The Night-Walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Then ſouls ſhot through with adders, torn on *engines*."

Steevens.

[1] ——*Go, go, my people.*] Perhaps theſe words ought to be regulated differently:

Go, go:—my people!

By Albany's anſwer it ſhould ſeem that he had endeavoured to appeaſe [illegible]; and perhaps it was intended by the author that Lear ſhould here be put back by the king with theſe words,—"*Go, go*;" and that Lear ſhould then turn haſtily from his ſon-in-law, and call his train: "My people!" Mrs. Gens, *Fr.* So, in a former part of this ſcene:

"You ſtrike *my people*; and your diſorder'd rabble
"Make ſervants of their betters."

Again, in *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i:

"——Call up *my people*."

However the paſſage be underſtood, theſe latter words muſt bear this ſenſe. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be only—"Away, away, my followers!" Malone.

With Mr. Malone's laſt explanation I am perfectly ſatisfied. Steevens.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltleſs, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.[2]

Lear. It may be ſo, my lord.—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddeſs, hear! Suſpend thy purpoſe, if
Thou didſt intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey ſterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe;
And from her derogate body[3] never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart[4] diſnatur'd[5] torment to her!
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears[6] fret channels in her cheeks;

[2] *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*from her* derogate *body*—] *Derogate* for *unnatural*. WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, *degraded*; *Uglified*. JOHNSON.

Her ſhrunk and waſted body. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: "*Derogate*. To impaire, diminiſh, or take away." MALONE.

Degraded (Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation) is ſurely the true one. So, in *Cymbeline*: "Is there no *derogation* in't? You cannot *derogate*, my lord," i. e. *degrade* yourſelf. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*thwart*—] *Thwart*, as a noun adjective, is not frequent in our language. It is, however, to be found in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578. "Suth fortune *thwart* doth croſſe my joys with one." HENDERSON.

[5] ——*diſnatur'd*—] *Diſnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So Daniel, in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623.

"I am not ſo *diſnatured* a man." STEEVENS.

[6] ——cadent *tears*—] i. e. Falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *candent*. STEEVENS.

The words—*theſe hot tears*, in Lear's next ſpeech, may ſeem to authorize the amendment; but the preſent reading is right. It is a more ſevere imprecation to wiſh, that tears by conſtant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks, which implies a long

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt;[7] that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers, at a clap!
Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am asham'd

life of wretchedness, than to wish that those channels should be made by scalding tears, which does not mark the same continuation of misery.

The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
"Their eyes o'er-galled with *recourse* of tears,"

should prevent his going to the field. M. Mason.

[7] *Turn all her mother's* pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt;] "Her *mother's pains*" here signifies, not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth, (with which this "unnatured babe" being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or *despise* them,) but *maternal cares*; the solicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child. So, in *King Richard III*:

"'Tis time to speak; my *pains* are quite forgot."

Benefits mean *good offices*; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both these words wrong. He is equally mistaken in supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her*; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's offspring, but to herself. "*Her* mother's *pains*" means—the pains which she (*Goneril*) felt *as a mother*. Malone.

That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus:
[*To* GONERIL.
That theſe hot tears,[8] which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings[9] of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck you out;
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,[1]
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo:[2]—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails

[8] *That theſe hot tears*, &c.] I will tranſcribe this paſſage from the firſt edition, that it may appear to thoſe who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of reviſion, and what indulgence is due to thoſe that endeavour to reſtore corrupted paſſages.—*That theſe hot tears, that I break from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curſe, peruſe every ſenſe about the old fond eyes, beweep this cauſe again*, &c. JOHNSON.

[9] *The* untented *woundings*—] *Untented* wounds, means wounds in their worſt ſtate, not having a *tent* in them to digeſt them; and may poſſibly ſignify here ſuch as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpoſe. Our author quibbles on this practice in ſurgery, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Patr.* Who keeps the *tent* now?

"*Ther.* The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's *wound*."

One of the quartos reads, *untender*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*that you* loſe,] The quartos read—that you *make*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Let it be ſo:* &c.] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the firſt, and part from the ſecond edition. JOHNSON.

Let it be ſo, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

And *is it come to this* is omitted in the folio. *Yet have I left a daughter* is the reading of the quartos; the folio has, *I have another daughter*. MALONE.

She'll flay thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever; thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.[3]

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oſwald, ho!
You, ſir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.

[*To the* Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

**Gon.*[4] This man hath had good counſel:—A hundred knights!
'Tis politick, and ſafe, to let him keep
At point,[5] a hundred knights. Yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.[6]—Oſwald, I ſay!—

[3] ——*thou ſhalt, I warrant thee.*] Theſe words are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[4] **Gon.*] All from this aſteriſk to the next, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[5] *At point,*] I believe, means completely armed, and conſequently ready at appointment or command on the ſlighteſt notice. STEEVENS.

[6] *And hold our lives in mercy.*] Thus the old copies. Mr. Pope who could not endure that the language of Shakſpeare's age ſhould not correſpond in every inſtance with that of modern times, reads—*at* mercy; and the ſubſequent editors have adopted his innovation. MALONE.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than truſt:[7]
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe ſuſtain him and his hundred knights,
When I have ſhow'd the unfitneſs,*—How now,
Oſwald?[8]

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more.[9] Get you gone;
And haſten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleneſs, and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

[7] *Safer than truſt:*] Here the old copies add—*too far*; as if theſe words were not implied in the anſwer of Goneril. The redundancy of the metre authorizes the preſent omiſſion. Steevens.

[8] ——*How now, Oſwald?* &c.] The quartos read—*what Oſwald, ho!*

Oſw. *Here, madam.*

Gon. *What, have you writ this letter* &c. Steevens.

[9] ——*compact it more.*] Unite one circumſtance with another, ſo as to make a conſiſtent account. Johnson.

More is here uſed as a diſſyllable. Malone.

I muſt ſtill withhold my aſſent from ſuch new diſſyllables. Some monoſyllable has in this place been omitted. Perhaps the author wrote—

Go, *get you gone.* Steevens.

You are much more attaſk'd [1] for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.

[1] ——*more* attaſk'd—] It is a common phraſe now with parents and governeſſes: *I'll take you to task*, i. e. *I will reprehend and correct you. To be at task*, therefore, is to be liable to *reprehenſion and correction.* JOHNSON.

Both the quartos inſtead of *at task*—read, *alapt.* A late editor of *King Lear*, [Mr. Jennens] ſays, that the firſt quarto reads—*attask'd*; but unleſs there be a third quarto which I have never ſeen or heard of, his aſſertion is erroneous. STEEVENS.

The quarto printed by N. Butter, 1608, of which the firſt ſignature is B, reads—*attask'd* for want of wiſdom, &c. The other quarto printed by the ſame printer in the ſame year, of which the firſt ſignature is A, reads—*alapt* for want of wiſdom, &c. Three copies of the quarto firſt deſcribed, (which concur in reading *attask'd*,) and one copy of the other quarto, are now before me. The folio reads—*at task.*—The quartos have *praiſe* inſtead of *prais'd. Attask'd* I ſuppoſe, means, *charged, cenſured.* So, in *King Henry IV.*:

"How ſhow'd his *tasking*? ſeem'd it in contempt?"

See Vol. XI. p. 409 n. 9.

In the notes on this play I ſhall hereafter call the quarto firſt mentioned, quarto B: the other, quarto A. MALONE.

Both the quartos deſcribed by Mr. Malone are at this inſtant before me, and they concur in reading—*alapt.* I have left my two copies of Butter's publication (which I had formerly the honour of lending to Mr. Malone) at the ſhop of Meſſieurs White, Bookſellers, in Fleet Street.

I have no doubt, however, but that Mr. Malone and myſelf are equally juſtifiable in our aſſertions, though they contradict each other; for it appears to me that ſome of the quartos (like the folio 1623) muſt have been partially corrected while at preſs. Conſequently the copies firſt worked off, eſcaped without correction. Such is the caſe reſpecting two of the three quartos (for three there are) of *King Henry IV.* P. II. 1600. STEEVENS.

The word *task* is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare, and indeed by other writers of his time, in the ſenſe of *tax.* Goneril means to ſay, that he was more taxed for want of wiſdom, than praiſed for mildneſs.

So, in *The Iſland Princeſs*, of Beaumont and Fletcher, Quiſara ſays to Ruy Dias:

"You are too lavcy, too impudent,
"To *task* me with thoſe errors." M. MASON

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.[2]

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Court before the ſame.

Enter Lear, Kent, *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloſter with theſe letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there before you.[3]

Kent. I will not ſleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

[2] *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.*] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"Were it not ſinful then, *ſtriving to mend,*
"*To mar the ſubject that before was well?*" Malone.

[3] ——*there before you.*] He ſeems to intend to go to his daughter, but it appears afterwards that he is going to the houſe of Gloſter. Steevens.

The word *there* in this ſpeech ſhows, that when the king ſays, "Go you before to *Gloſter*," he means the town of Gloſter, which, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved, Shakſpeare choſe to make the reſidence of the Duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their ſetting out late from thence, on a viſit to the Earl of Gloſter, whoſe caſtle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city. Our old Engliſh earls uſually reſided in the counties from whence they took their titles. Lear, not finding his ſon-in-law and his wife at home, follows them to the Earl of Gloſter's caſtle. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, in Act II. ſc. iv. Malone.

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly:[4] for though ſhe's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canſt thou tell, my boy?[5]

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canſt tell, why one's noſe ſtands i' the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either ſide his noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:[6]—

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

[4] ——*thy other daughter will uſe thee* kindly:] The *Fool* uſes the word *kindly* here in two ſenſes; it means *affectionately*, and like the reſt of her *kind*. M. Mason.

[5] Why, *what canſt* thou *tell*, my *boy*?] So the quartos. The folio reads—What canſt tell, boy? Malone.

[6] *I did her wrong:*] He is muſing on Cordelia. Johnson.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em. The reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldeſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce![7]—Monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, before thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!—

[7] *To take it again perforce!*] He is meditating on the reſumption of his royalty. Johnson.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in ſo violent a manner deprived him of thoſe privileges which before ſhe had agreed to grant him. Steevens.

The ſubject of Lear's meditation is the reſumption of that moiety of the kingdom which he had given to Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraidings of his wife:—"Well, well, the event:"—what Lear himſelf projected when he left Goneril to go to Regan.—

"——Yet I have left a daughter,
"Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
"When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
"She'll flay thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
"That *I'll reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt think*
"*I have caſt off for ever*; thou ſhalt, I warrant thee."

And what Curan afterwards refers to, when he aſks Edmund: "Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?" Henley

Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.[8] [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*unleſs things be cut ſhorter.*] This idle couplet is apparently addreſſed to the females preſent at the performance of the play; and, not improbably, crept into the playhouſe copy from the mouth of ſome buffoon actor, who "ſpoke more than was ſet down for him."

It ſhould ſeem, from Shakſpeare's ſpeaking in this ſtrong manner, that he had ſuffered the injury he deſcribes. Indecent jokes, which the applauſe of the *groundlings* might occaſion to be repeated, would, at laſt, find their way into the prompter's books, &c.

I am aware, that ſuch liberties were exerciſed by the authors of *Locrine*, &c.; but can ſuch another offenſive and extraneous addreſs to the audience be pointed out among all the dramas of Shakſpeare? Steevens.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Court within the Caſtle of the Earl of Gloſter.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

EDM. Save thee, Curan.

CUR. And you, ſir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutcheſs, will be here with him to-night.

EDM. How comes that?

CUR. Nay, I know not: You have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whiſpered ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments?[9]

EDM. Not I; 'Pray you, what are they?

CUR.[1] Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDM. Not a word.

CUR. You may then, in time. Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*

EDM. The duke be here to-night? The better! Beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs!
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother;

[9] ——ear-kiſſing *arguments?*] *Ear-kiſſing arguments* means that they are yet in reality only *whiſper'd ones.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Cur.*] This, and the following ſpeech, are omitted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

And I have one thing, of a queazy queſtion,[2]
Which I muſt act:—Briefneſs, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—deſcend:—Brother, I ſay;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O ſir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haſte,[3]
And Regan with him; Have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the duke of Albany?[4]

[2] ——queazy *queſtion*,] Something of *ſuſpicious, queſtionable, and uncertain nature*. This is, I think, the meaning. JOHNSON.

Queazy, I believe, rather means *delicate, unſettled*, what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben Jonſon, in *Sejanus*:

"Thoſe times are ſomewhat *queaſy* to be touch'd.—
"Have you not ſeen or read part of his book?"

Again, in *Letters from the Paſton Family*, Vol. II. p. 127 "—the world ſeemeth *queaſy* here."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*:

"Notes of a *queaſy* and ſick ſtomach, labouring
"With want of a true injury."

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"Deſpight of his quick wit, and *queazy* ſtomach."
STEEVENS.

Queazy is ſtill uſed in Devonſhire, to expreſs that ſickiſhneſs of ſtomach which the ſlighteſt diſguſt is apt to provoke. HENLEY.

[3] ——i' the *haſte*,] I ſhould have ſuppoſed we ought to read only—*in haſte*, had I not met with our author's preſent phraſe in *XII merry Jeſts of the Wyddow Edyth*, 1573:

"To London they tooke in all *the* haſte,
"They wolde not once tary to breake their faſte."
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Have you nothing ſaid*
Upon his party 'gainſt the duke of Albany?] The meaning is, *have you ſaid nothing upon the party formerly him againſt the duke of Albany?* HANMER.

Adviſe yourſelf.[5]

Edg. I am ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I muſt draw my ſword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourſelf: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—
[*Exit* Edgar.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his Arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport.[6]—Father! father!
Stop, ſtop! No help?

Enter Gloster, *and Servants with Torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read:
Againſt his party, *for* the duke of Albany? Johnson.

Upon his party—] i. e. on his behalf. Henley.

[5] Adviſe *yourſelf.*] i. e. conſider, recollect yourſelf. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "*Adviſe* you what you ſay." Steevens.

[6] ——*I have ſeen drunkards*
Do more than this in ſport.] So, in a paſſage already quoted in a note on *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. ſc. ii. "Have I not been *drunk* for your health, eat glaſſes, drunk urine, *ſlobbered arms*, and done all offices of proteſted gallantry for your ſake?"—Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*. Steevens.

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon[7]
To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs:[8]—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, ſir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, ſir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Purſue him, ho!—Go after.—[*Exit* Serv.] By no means,—what?

Edm. Perſuade me to the murder of your lordſhip;
But that I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainſt parricides did all their thunders[9] bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnatural purpoſe, in fell motion,
With his prepared ſword, he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:
But when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

[7] *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon*—] This was a proper circumſtance to urge to Gloſter, who appears, by what paſſed between him and his baſtard ſon in a foregoing ſcene, to be very ſuperſtitious with regard to this matter. WARBURTON.

The quartos read, *warbling* inſtead of *mumbling*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*conjuring the moon*
To ſtand his auſpicious miſtreſs.] So, in *All's well that ends well*:
"And fortune play upon thy proſperous helm,
"As *thy auſpicious miſtreſs*." MALONE.

[9] ——*their thunders*—] Firſt quarto; the reſt have it, *the thunder*. JOHNSON.

Or whether gaſted [1] by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;
And found—Deſpatch.—The noble duke [2] my maſter,
My worthy arch [3] and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward [4] to the ſtake;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech [5]
I threaten'd to diſcover him: He replied,

[1] ——*gaſted*—] Frighted. Johnson.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons*: "—either the ſight of the lady has *gaſted* him, or elſe he's drunk." Steevens.

[2] *Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;*
And found—Deſpatch.—The noble duke &c.] The ſenſe is interrupted. He ſhall be caught—and found, *he ſhall be puniſhed*. Deſpatch. Johnson.

[3] ——*arch*—] i. e. *Chief*; a word now uſed only in compoſition, as *arch-angel, arch-duke*.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613. "Poole, that *arch* for truth and honeſty." Steevens

[4] ——*murderous coward*—] The firſt edition reads *caitiff*. Johnson.

[5] *And found him* pight *to do it, with curſt ſpeech*—] *Pight* is *pitched*, fixed, ſettled. *Curſt* is ſevere, harſh, vehemently angry. Johnson.

So, in the old morality of *Luſty Juventus*, 1561:
"Therefore my heart is ſurely *pyght*
"Of her alone to have a ſight."
Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"——tents
"Thus proudly *pight* upon our Phrygian plains." Steevens

Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal[6]
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,[7]*) I'd turn it all*
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,[8]
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs[9]
To make thee seek it.

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain![1]
Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.[2]
[*Trumpets within.*

[6] ——*would the reposal*—] i. e. Would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c. WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the reposure.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*though thou didst produce*
My very character,—] i. e. my very handwriting. See Vol. VI. p. 385, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] ——*make a* dullard *of the world,*] So, in *Cymbeline:*
"What, mak'st thou me a *dullard* in this act?" [illegible]
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*pregnant and potential* spurs—] Thus the quartos. Folio: potential *spirits.* MALONE.

[1] Strong *and fasten'd villain!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*O strange* and fasten'd villain. MALONE.

Strong is determined. Of this epithet our ancestors were uncommonly fond. Thus in the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne,* MS:
"And my doghter that hore *strange*
"I broute shal be" &c.
The same term of obloquy is many times repeated by the hero of this poem. STEEVENS.

[2] *Would he deny his letter?—I never got him.*] Thus the quartos. The folio omits the word —*I never got him*, and, instead of them, substitutes—*said he?* MALONE.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes:—
All ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.[3]

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard ſtrange news.[4]

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue the offender. How doſt, my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

[3] ——*of my land,—*
To make thee capable.] i. e. capable of ſucceeding to my land, notwithſtanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy.
So, in *The Life and Death of Will Summers*, &c.—"The king next demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he were *capable* to inherit any land," &c.
Similar phraſeology occurs alſo in Chapman's verſion of the ſixteenth *Iliad*:
"——an inmate in a towne,
"That is no city libertine, not *capable of* their gowne."
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſtrange news.*] Thus the quartos. Inſtead of theſe words the folio has—*ſtrangeneſs.* MALONE.

Glo. O, lady, lady, ſhame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.[5]

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waſte and ſpoil of his revenues.[6]
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That, if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have ſhown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, ſir.

[5] *Yes, madam, he was.*] Thus the quartos. The folio deranges the metre by adding—
——— *of that conſort.* Steevens.

[6] *To have the* waſte *and* ſpo'l *of his revenues.*] Thus quarto B. The other quarto reads—
To have theſe—*and waſte of* this *his revenues.*
The folio,
To have the expence and waſte *of his revenues.*
Theſe in quarto A was, I ſuppoſe, a miſprint for—*the uſe.*
Malone.

The remark made in p. 378, n. 1, is confirmed by the preſent circumſtance; for both my quartos read with Mr. Malone's quarto A:
To have thei?—*and waſte of* this *his revenues.*
It is certain therefore that there is a third quarto which I have never ſeen. Steevens.

Glo. He did bewray his practice;[7] and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.[8]

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be scar'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth[9] this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.[1]

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

[7] *He did* bewray *his practice*;] i. e. *Discover, betray.* So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:
"We were *bewray'd*, beset, and forc'd to yield."
Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:
"Thy solitary passions should *bewray*
"Some discontent."——

Practice is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief.* So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II: "—his heart fainted and got a conceit, that with *bewraying* this *practice*, he might obtaine pardon."

The quartos read—*betray.* Steevens.

See Minsheu's *Dictionary*, 1617, in v: "To *bewraie*, or disclose, a Goth bewrye." Malone.

[8] ——*he is.*] These words were supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer to complete the measure. Steevens.

[9] *Whose virtue and obedience doth*—] i. e. whose virtuous obedience. Malone.

[1] For him *I thank your grace.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, judiciously, in my opinion, omits—*For him*, as needless to the sense, and injurious to the metre. Steevens.

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon; threading dark-ey'd night.[2]
Occaſions, noble Gloſter, of ſome poize,[3]
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of differences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home;[4] the ſeveral meſſengers
From hence attend deſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſom; and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſs,[5]
Which craves the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, madam:
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——threading *dark-ey'd night.*] The quarto reads:
——threat'ning *dark-ey'd night.* Johnson.

Shakſpeare uſes the former of theſe expreſſions in *Coriolanus*, Act III:
"They would not *thread* the gates." Steevens.

[3] ——*of ſome* poize,] i. e. of ſome weight or moment. So, in *Othello*:
"——full of *poize* and difficulty,
"And fearful to be granted."
Thus the quarto B. The other quarto of 1608, and the folio, have *prize*. Malone.

Here again both my quartos read with Mr. Malone's quarto A—*prize*; though *poize* is undoubtedly the preferable reading. Steevens.

[4] ——*from our home*;] Not at home, but at ſome other place. Johnson.

Thus the folio. The quarto B reads—which I *leſt* thought it fit to anſwer from our *home*. The other quarto—which I *leſt* thought it fit to anſwer from our *hand*. Malone.

Both my quartos—*leſt*,—and—from our *hand*. Steevens.

[5] ——*to our* buſineſs,] Thus the quartos. Folio—to our *buſineſſes*. Malone.

SCENE II.

Before Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter KENT *and* Steward, *ſeverally.*

STEW. Good dawning to thee, friend:[6] Art of the houſe?[7]

KENT. Ay.

STEW. Where may we ſet our horſes?

KENT. I' the mire.

STEW. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not.

STEW. Why, then I care not for thee.

[6] *Good* dawning *to thee, friend:*] Thus the folio. The quartos—Good *even.* STEEVENS.

We ſhould read with the folio—"Good *dawning* to thee, friend." The latter end of this ſcene ſhows that it paſſed in the morning; for when Kent is placed in the ſtocks, Cornwall ſays, "There he ſhall ſit till noon," and Regan replies, "Till noon, till night:" and it paſſed very early in the morning; for Regan tells Gloſter, in the preceding page, that ſhe had been *threading dark-ey'd night* to come to him. M. MASON.

Dawning is again uſed, in *Cymbeline*, as a ſubſtantive, for morning:

"——that *dawning*
"May bare the raven's eye."

It is clear, from various paſſages in this ſcene, that the morning is now juſt beginning to dawn, though the moon is ſtill up, and though Kent, early in the ſcene, calls it ſtill night. Towards the cloſe of it, he wiſhes Gloſter *good morrow*, as the latter goes out, and immediately after calls on the *ſun* to ſhine, that he may read a letter. MALONE.

[7] ——*of* the *houſe?*] So the quartos. Folio—of *this* houſe. MALONE.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,[8] I would make thee care for me.

[8] —— *Lipsbury pinfold,*] The alluſion which ſeems to be contained in this line I do not underſtand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which burſts from Kent, in this dialogue, there are ſome epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of *a three-ſuited knave* I know not the meaning, unleſs it be that he has different dreſſes for different occupations. *Lily-livered* is *cowardly*; *white-blooded* and *white-livered* are ſtill in vulgar uſe. An *one-trunk-inheriting ſlave*, I take to be a wearer of old caſt-off clothes, an inheritor of torn breeches. Johnson.

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury*: it may be a cant phraſe, with ſome corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-ſuited* ſhould, I believe, be *third-ſuited*, wearing clothes at the *third hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three ſuits* only. Farmer.

Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expreſſion importing the ſame as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Maſſinger's *Duke of Milan*:

" To marry her, and ſay he was the party
" Found in *Lob's Pound*."

A *pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus, in Gaſcoigne's *Dan Bartholemew of Bathe*, 1587:

" In ſuch a *pin-folde* were his pleaſures pent."

Three-ſuited knave might mean, in an age of oſtentatious finery like that of Shakſpeare, one who had no greater change of raiment than *three ſuits* would furniſh him with. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*: " —wert a pitiful fellow, and hadſt nothing but *three ſuits of* apparel:" or it may ſignify a fellow *thrice-ſued* at *law*, who has *three ſuits* for debt ſtanding out againſt him. A *one-trunk-inheriting ſlave* may be a term uſed to deſcribe a fellow, the whole of whoſe poſſeſſions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *ſucceſſor in poverty*; *a poor rogue hereditary*, as Timon calls Apemantus. *A worſted-ſtocking knave* is another reproach of the ſame kind. The ſtockings in England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed in 1595,) were remarkably expenſive, and ſcarce any other kind than ſilk were worn, even (as this author ſays) by thoſe who had not above forty ſhillings a year wages. So, in an old comedy, called *The Hog hath loſt its Pearl*, 1614, by R. Tailor: " —good parts are no more ſet by in theſe times, than a good leg in a *woollen ſtocking*."

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a raſcal, an eater of broken meats; a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound,[9] filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave;[1] a whorſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuperſerviceable, finical rogue;[2] one-trunk-

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Green ſicknefſes and ſerving-men light on you,
"With greaſy breeches, and in *woollen ſtockings*."

Again, in *The Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607, two ſober young men come to claim their portion from their elder brother, who is a ſpendthrift, and tell him: "Our birth-right, good brother: this town craves maintenance; *ſilk ſtockings* muſt be had," &c.

Silk ſtockings were not made in England till 1560, the ſecond year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice, in the 10th Song of his *Polyolbion*:

"Which our plain fathers eſt would have accounted ſin,
"Before the coſtly coach and *ſilken ſtock* came in."

Steevens.

This term of reproach alſo occurs in *The Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607: "Mettrezza Amiola keeps her love with half the coſt that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good huſband; walk in *worſted ſtockings*, and inquire for the ſixpenny ordinary."

Malone.

[9] ——*hundred-pound*,] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach uſed in Middleton's *Phœnix*, 1607. Steevens.

[1] ——*action-taking knave*;] i. e. a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the aſſault, inſtead of reſenting it like a man of courage. M. Mason.

[2] ——*a whorſon*, glaſs-gazing,—*rogue*;] This epithet none of the commentators have explained; nor am I ſure that I underſtand it. In *Timon of Athens*, "the *glaſs-fac'd* flatterer" is mentioned, that is, ſays Dr. Johnſon, "he that ſhows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron." *Glaſs-gazing* may be licentiouſly uſed for one enamoured of himſelf; who gazes often at his own perſon in a glaſs. Malone.

inheriting ſlave; one that wouldeſt be a bawd, in way of good ſervice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the ſon and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou denieſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.[3]

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two days ago, ſince I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o'the moonſhine of you:[4] Draw, you whorſon cullionly barber-monger,[5] draw. [*Drawing his Sword.*

[3] ——*addition.*] i. e. titles. The Statute 1 Hen. V. ch. 5, which directs that in certain writs a deſcription ſhould be *added* to the name of the defendant, expreſſive of his eſtate, myſtery, &c. is called the ſtatute of *Additions*. Malone.

[4] ——*I'll make a ſop o'the moonſhine of you:*] This is equivalent to our modern phraſe of making *the ſun ſhine through any one*. But, alluding to the natural philoſophy of that time, it is obſcure. The Peripateticks thought, though falſely, that the rays of the moon were cold and moiſt. The ſpeaker therefore ſays, he would make a ſop of his antagoniſt, which ſhould abſorb the humidity of the moon's rays, by letting them into his guts. For this reaſon Shakſpeare, in *Romeo and Juliet*, ſays:

" ——the moonſhine's *watry* beams."

And, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the *watry* moon."

Warburton

I much queſtion if our author had ſo deep a meaning as is here imputed to him by his more erudite commentator. Stevens.

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal: you come with letters againſt the king; and take vanity the puppet's part,[6] againſt the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks:—draw, you raſcal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

I'll make a ſop o' the moonſhine *of you.*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. In *The Old Shepherd's Kalendar*, among the diſhes recommended for *Prymetyme*, "One is *eggys* in *moneſhine*." Farmer.

Again, in ſome verſes within a letter of Howell's to Sir Thomas How:

"Could I thoſe whitely ſtars go nigh,
"Which make the milky way i' th' ſkie,
"I'd poach the [redacted]*moonſhine* diſhes,
"To make my Delia a curious meſs." Stevens.

I ſuppoſe he means, that after having beaten the Steward ſufficiently, and made his fleſh as ſoft as moiſtened bread, he will lay him flat on the ground, like a ſop in a pan, or a tankard. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"And make a *ſop* of all this ſolid globe." Malone.

[1] ——*barber-monger,*] Of this word I do not clearly ſee the force. Johnson.

Barber-monger may mean, *dealer in the lower tradeſmen*: a ſtur upon the ſteward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the buſineſs of the family. Farmer.

A *barber-monger*; i. e. a fop who deals much with barbers, to adjuſt his hair and beard. M. Mason.

Barber-monger perhaps means one who conforts much with barbers. Malone.

[6] ——*vanity the puppet's part,*] Alluding to the myſteries or allegorical ſhows, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were perſonified. Johnson.

So, in *Lo'pane, or the Fox*

"Get you a cittern, Lady *Vanity*." Stevens.

Dr. Johnſon's deſcription is applicable only to the old *morality*, between which and the *myſteries* there was an eſſential difference. Ritson.

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand; you neat ſlave,[7] ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh you; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that ſtrikes again:[8] What is the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtirred your valour. You cowardly raſcal, nature diſclaims in thee;[9] a tailor made thee.

[7] ——*neat ſlave*,] You mere ſlave, you very ſlave. Johnson.

You neat ſlave, I believe, means no more than *you finical raſcal*, you who are an aſſemblage of *foppery and poverty*. Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame epithet in his *Poetaſter*:

"By thy leave, my *neat* ſcoundrel." Steevens.

[8] *He dies, that ſtrikes again:*] So, in *Othello*:

"He that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
"*He dies* upon the motion." Steevens.

[9] ——*nature* diſclaims in *thee*;] So the quartos and the folio. The modern editors read, without authority:

——nature diſclaims *her ſhare* in thee.

The old reading is the true one. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"——I will *diſclaim in* your favour hereafter."

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, ſir: a ſtone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, ſir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd,
At ſuit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter![1]—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain[2] into mortar,[3] and

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonſon, 1609:
"Thus to *diſclaim in* all th' effects of pleaſure."
Again:
"No, I *diſclaim in* her, I ſpit at her."
Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. chap. xvi:
"Not theſe, my lords, make me *diſclaim in* it which all purſue." Stevens.

[1] *Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter!*] Zed is here probably uſed as a term of contempt, becauſe it is the laſt letter in the Engliſh alphabet, and as its place may be ſupplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonick. In Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a ſyllable than a letter. C (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed) cannot be the unneceſſary letter, as there are many words in which its place will not be ſupplied with any other, as *charity*, *chaſtity*, &c. Stevens.

This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaſter ſays, "Z is much harder amongſt us, and ſeldom ſeen.—S is become its *lieutenant general*. It is lightlie expreſſed in Engliſh, ſaving in foren enfranchiſements." Farmer.

[2] ——*this unbolted villain*—] i. e. unrefined by education, the bran yet in him. Metaphor from the bakehouſe. Warburton.

[3] ——*into mortar*,] This expreſſion was much in uſe in our

daub the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, ſirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, ſir; but anger has a privilege.[4]

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty. Such ſmiling rogues as theſe,[5]
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinſe t'unlooſe:[6] ſmooth every paſſion[7]

author's time. So, Maſſinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, Act I. ſc. i:

"——I will help your memory,
"And *tread thee into mortar.*" Steevens.

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unſifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is neceſſary to tread it by men in wooden ſhoes. This *unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarſe* raſcal. Tollet.

[4] *Yes, ſir; but anger has a privilege.* So, in *King John*:
"Sir, ſir, impatience hath its privilege." Steevens.

[5] ——*Such ſmiling rogues* as theſe,] The words—*as theſe*, are, in my opinion, a manifeſt interpolation, and derange the metre without the leaſt improvement of the ſenſe. Steevens.

[6] *Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain*
Which are too intrinſe *t'unlooſe*:] By theſe *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents, and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the ſanctuary*; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to thoſe ſacrilegious rats. The expreſſion is fine and noble. Warburton.

The quarto read—*to intrench*. The folio—*t'intrince*. *Intrinſe*, for ſo it ſhould be written, I ſuppoſe was uſed by Shakſpeare for *intricate*, a word which, as Theobald has obſerved, he has uſed in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

That in the natures of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks

" ——Come, mortal wretch;
" With thy ſharp teeth this knot *intrinſecate*
" Of life at once untie."

We have had already in this play *reverbs* for *reverberates*. Again, in *Hamlet*:

" Seaſon your admiration for a while
" With an *attent* ear."

The word *intrinſecate* was but newly introduced into our language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marſton's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598: " I know he will vouchſafe it ſome of his new-minted epithets; as *real*, intrinſecate, *Delphicke*," &c.

I doubt whether Dr. Warburton has not, as uſual, ſeen more in this paſſage than the poet intended. In the quartos the word *holy* is not found, and I ſuſpect it to be an interpolation made in the folio edition. We might perhaps better read, with the elder copy:

like rats, oft bite *thoſe* cords in twain, *which are*
Too, &c. MALONE.

[7] ——ſmooth *every paſſion*—] So the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors ſubſtituted *ſooth*. The verb to *ſmooth* occurs frequently in our elder writers. So, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1592:

" For ſince he learn'd to uſe the poet's pen,
" He learn'd likewiſe with *ſmoothing* words to feign."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

" Yield to his humour, *ſmooth*, and ſpeak him fair."

Again, in our poet's *King Richard III*:

" Smile in men's faces, *ſmooth*, deceive, and cog."

MALONE.

Mr. Holt White has obſerved, in a note on *Pericles*, that in ſome counties they ſay—" *ſmooth* the cat," inſtead of " *ſtroke* the cat." Thus alſo Milton:

" ——*ſmoothing* the raven down
" Of darkneſs—"

Thus alſo in Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 8vo, 1581: " If you will learn to deride, ſcoffe, mock and flowt, to flatter and *ſmooth*," &c. STEEVENS.

With every gale and vary of their maſters,[8]
As knowing nought,[9] like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptick viſage![1]
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.[2]

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

[8] ——*and turn their* halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters,] The *halcyon* is the bird otherwiſe called the *king-fiſher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means ſhow from what point it blew. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"But how now ſtands the wind?
"Into what corner peers my *halcyon's* bill?"

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Thomas Wolſey, Cardinall*, a poem, 1599:

"Or as a *halcyon* with her turning breſt,
"Demonſtrates wind from wind, and eaſt from weſt."

Again, in *The Tenth Booke of Notable Thinges*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "A lytle byrde called the *Kings Fyſher*, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or ſtrayght againſt ye winde." Steevens.

[9] As *knowing nought,*] *As* was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for the ſake of connection as well as metre. Steevens.

[1] ——*epileptick viſage!*] The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. Johnson.

[2] ——*Camelot.*] Was the place where the romances ſay king Arthur kept his court in the Weſt; ſo this alludes to ſome proverbial ſpeech in thoſe romances. Warburton.

So, in *The Birth of Merlin*, 1662:

"——raiſe more powers
"To man with ſtrength the caſtle *Camelot.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song III:

"Like *Camelot*, what place was ever yet renown'd?
"Where, as at Carlion, oft he kept the table round."
Steevens.

In Somerſetſhire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geeſe, ſo that many other places are from hence ſupplied with quills and feathers. Hanmer.

Glo. How fell you out? Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.[3]

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? What's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.[4]

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature:[5] He cannot flatter, he!—
An honeſt mind and plain,—he muſt ſpeak truth:
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs

[3] *No contraries hold more antipathy,*
Than I and ſuch a knave.] Hence Mr Pope's expreſſion:
"The ſtrong antipathy of good to bad." Tollet.

[4] ——likes *me not.*] i. e. pleaſes me not. So, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*
"I did but caſt an amorous eye, even now,
"Upon a pair of gloves that ſomewhat *lik'd* me."
Again, in *The Sixth Booke of Notable Things*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to bl. l.: "—if the wyne have gotten his former ſtrength the water will ſmell, and then the wyne will *lyke* thee."
Steevens.

[5] ——*conſtrains the garb,*
Quite from his nature.] Forces his *outſide* or his *appearance* to ſomething totally *different from* his natural diſpoſition.
Johnson.

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,[6]
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good ſooth, in ſincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,[7]—

CORN. What mean'ſt by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much. I know, ſir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain

[6] *Than twenty* ſilly *ducking obſervants,*] *Silly* means *ſimple*, or ruſtick. So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. iii:

"There was a fourth man in a *ſilly* habit," meaning Poſthumus in the dreſs of a peaſant. *Nicely* is with *punctilious folly*. Niais. Fr. STEEVENS.

See *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. iii. *Nicely* is, I think, with the utmoſt exactneſs, with an attention to the moſt *minute trifle*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge."

MALONE.

[7] *On* flickering *Phœbus' front,*] Dr. Johnſon, in his *Dictionary*, ſays this word means to *flutter*. I meet with it in *The Hiſtory of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

"By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace ſhall underſtand."

Again, in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——ſome caſtrel
"That hovers over her, and dares her daily;
"Some *flickering* knave."

Stanyhurſt, in his tranſlation of the fourth Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, deſcribes Iris—

"From the ſky down *flickering*," &c.

And again, in the old play entitled, *Tamus Troes*, 1633:

"With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air."

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's interpretation is too vague for the purpoſe. To *flicker* is indeed to *flutter*, but in a particular manner, which may be better exemplified by the motion of a *flame*, than explained by any verbal deſcription. HENLEY.

knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me to it.[8]

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:[9]
It pleas'd the king his maſter, very late,
To ſtrike at me, upon his miſconſtruction;
When he, conjunct,[1] and flattering his diſpleaſure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praiſes of the king
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment[2] of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.[3]

Kent. None of theſe rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.[4]

[8] ——*though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me to it.*] Though I ſhould win you, diſpleaſed as you now are, to like me ſo well as to intreat me to be a knave. JOHNSON.

[9] *Never any:*] Old copy:
I never gave him *any.*
The words here omitted, which are unneceſſary to ſenſe and injurious to metre, were properly extruded by Sir T. Hanmer, as a manifeſt interpolation. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*conjunct,*] is the reading of the old quartos; *compact,* of the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*fleſhment*——] A young ſoldier is ſaid to fleſh his ſword, the firſt time he draws blood with it. *Fleſhment*, therefore, is here metaphorically applied to the firſt act of treaſon which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his maſter; and, at the ſame time, in a ſarcaſtick ſenſe, as though he had eſteemed it an heroick exploit to trip a man behind, that was actually falling. HENLEY

[3] *Drew on me here.*] Old copy:
Drew on me here again.
But as Kent *had not drawn on him before*, and as the adverb —*again*, corrupts the metre, I have ventured to leave it out. STEEVENS.

[4] *But Ajax is* their fool.] Meaning, as we ſhould now expreſs

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks, ho!
You ſtubborn ancient knave,[5] you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your ſtocks for me: I ſerve the king;
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you:
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhow too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks:
As I've life and honour, there ſhall he ſit till noon.

it. Ajax is a fool to them, there are none of theſe knaves and cowards, that if you believe themſelves, are not ſo brave, that Ajax is a fool compared to them; alluding to the Steward's account of their quarrel, where he ſays of Kent, "This ancient ruffian, whoſe life I have ſpared in pity to his gray beard." When a man is compared to one who excels him very much in any art or quality—it is a vulgar expreſſion to ſay, "He is but *a fool to him.*"

So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Alphonſo ſays:

"The experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,
"And let them drink their wiſh, I'll make them ideots."

M. Mason.

The foregoing explanation of this paſſage was ſuggeſted alſo by Mr. Malone, in his *Second Appendix to the Supplement to Shakſpeare*, 8vo. 1783, in oppoſition to an idea of mine, which I readily allow to have been erroneous. Steevens.

Our poet has elſewhere employed the ſame phraſeology. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Tut, ſhe's a lamb, a dove, *a fool to him.*"

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"—— now this mask
"Was cry'd incomparable, and the enſuing night
"Made it *a fool* and beggar."

The phraſe in this ſenſe is yet uſed in low language.

Malone.

[5] ——ancient *knave.*] Two of the quartos read—*miſcreant* knave, and one of them—*unreverent*, inſtead of *reverend.*

Steevens.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You ſhould not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out.*[6]

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame colour[7]
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of:—Come, bring away the ſtocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your grace not to do ſo:
*His fault is much, and the good king his maſter
Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and contemned'ſt wretches,[8]
For pilferings and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with: * the king muſt take it ill,
That he's ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.

Corn. I'll anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,

[6] *Stocks* &c.] This is not the firſt time that ſtocks had been introduced on the ſtage. In *Hick Scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of King Henry VIII. *Pity* is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perſeverance* and *Contemplacyon*. Stevens.

[7] ——*colour*—] The quartos read, *nature*. Steevens.

[8] *His fault*—] All between the aſteriſks is omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[9] ——*and* contemned'ſt *wretches*,] The quartos read—and *temneſt* wretches. This conjectural emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

I found this correction already made in an ancient hand in the margin of one of the quarto copies. Steevens.

For following her affairs.[1]—Put in his legs.—
[KENT *is put in the Stocks.*[2]
Come, my good lord; away.
[*Exeunt* REGAN *and* CORNWALL.

GLO. I am ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd, nor ſtopp'd:[3] I'll entreat for thee.

KENT. Pray, do not, ſir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

GLO. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

KENT. Good king, that muſt approve the common ſaw![4]

[1] *For following her affairs.* &c.] This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

[2] I know not whether this circumſtance of putting Kent in the *ſtocks* be not ridiculed in the puniſhment of Numps, in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew-Fair*.

It ſhould be remembered, that formerly in great houſes, as ſtill in ſome colleges, there were moveable *ſtocks* for the correction of the ſervants. FARMER.

[3] *Will not be rub'd, nor ſtopp'd:*] Metaphor from bowling. WARBURTON.

[4] *Good king, that muſt approve the common ſaw!* &c.] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of*, &c. That changeſt better for worſe. Hanmer obſerves, that it is a proverbial ſaying, applied to thoſe who are turned out of houſe and home to the open weather. It was perhaps uſed of one diſmiſſed from an hoſpital, or houſe of charity, ſuch as were erected formerly in many places for travellers. Thoſe houſes had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. JOHNSON

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter!—Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,[5]
But miſery;—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;[6]

The *ſaw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, Book II. chap. v:

" In your running from him to me, *ye runne*
" *Out of God's bleſſing into the warme ſunne.*"

TYRWHITT.

Kent was not thinking of the king's being *turned out of houſe and home to the open weather*, a miſery which he has not yet experienced, but of his being likely to receive a worſe reception from Regan than that which he had already experienced from his elder daughter Goneril. Hanmer therefore certainly miſunderſtood the paſſage.

A quotation from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, may prove the beſt comment on it. " This Auguſtine after his arrival converted the Saxons indeed from Paganiſme, but, as the proverb ſayth, bringing them *out of Goddes bleſſing into the warme ſunne*, he alſo imbued them with no leſſe hurtful ſuperſtition than they did know before."

See alſo Howell's Collection of Engliſh Proverbs, in his *Dictionary*, 1660: " He goes out of God's bleſſing to the warm ſun, viz. *from good to worſe*." MALONE.

[5] —— *Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Nothing almoſt ſees *my wrack*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *I know, 'tis from Cordelia*; &c.] This paſſage, which ſome of the editors have degraded as ſpurious to the margin, and others have ſilently altered, I have faithfully printed according to the quarto, from which the folio differs only in punctuation. The paſſage is very obſcure, if not corrupt. Perhaps it may be read thus:

——*Cordelia——has been——informed*
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall find time——
From this enormous ſtate-ſeeking, to give
Loſſes their remedies.——

Cordelia is informed of our affairs, and when the *enormous* care of *ſeeking her fortune* will allow her time, ſhe will employ it in remedying loſſes. This is hath, perhaps ſomething better

Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe; and ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate,—ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies:[7]—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

may be found. I have at leaſt ſupplied the genuine reading of the old copies. *Enormous* is unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary courſe of things. JOHNSON.

So, Holinſhed, p. 617: "The maior perceiving this *enormous* doing," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and ſhall find time*
From this enormous ſtate,—ſeeking to give
Loſſes their remedies:] I confeſs I do not underſtand this paſſage, unleſs it may be conſidered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himſelf by moonlight: it certainly conveys the ſenſe of what ſhe would have ſaid. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on thoſe circumſtances in it that promiſe the change in our affairs which we moſt wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's aſſurances that ſhe will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* miſrule of Regan, is willing to go to ſleep with that pleaſing reflection uppermoſt in his mind. But this is mere conjecture. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage cannot be right; for although in the old ballad from whence this play is ſuppoſed to be taken, Cordelia is forced to ſeek her fortune, in the play itſelf ſhe is Queen of France, and has no fortune to ſeek; but it is more difficult to diſcover the real meaning of this ſpeech, than to refute his conjecture. It ſeems to me, that the verb, *ſhall find*, is not governed by the word Cordelia, but by the pronoun *I*, in the beginning of the ſentence; and that the words *from this enormous ſtate*, do not refer to Cordelia, but to Kent himſelf, dreſſed like a clown, and condemned to the ſtocks,—an enormous ſtate indeed for a man of his high rank.

The difficulty of this paſſage has ariſen from a miſtake in all the former editors, who have printed theſe three lines, as if they were a quotation from Cordelia's letter, whereas they are in fact the words of Kent himſelf; let the reader conſider them in that light, as part of Kent's own ſpeech, the obſcurity is at an end, and the meaning is clearly this: "I know that the letter is from Cordelia, (who hath been informed of my obſcured courſe,) and ſhall find time, by this ſtrange diſguiſe and ſituation, which I ſhall employ in ſeeking to remedy our preſent loſſes." M. MASON.

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

Notwithſtanding the ingenuity and confidence of Mr. M. Maſon, (who has not however done juſtice to his own idea,) I cannot but concur with Mr. Stevens, in aſcribing theſe broken expreſſions to the letter of Cordelia. For, if the words were Kent's, there will be no intimation from the letter that can give the leaſt inſight to Cordelia's deſign; and the only apparent purport of it will be, to tell Kent that ſhe knew his ſituation. But excluſive of this conſideration, what hopes could Kent entertain, in a condition ſo deplorable as his, unleſs Cordelia ſhould take an opportunity, from the anarchy of the kingdom, and the broils ſubſiſting between Albany and Cornwall, of *finding a time, to give loſs their remedies?* Curan had before mentioned to Edmund, the rumour of *wars toward*, between theſe dukes. This report had reached Cordelia, who, having alſo diſcovered the ſituation and fidelity of Kent, writes to inform him, that ſhe ſhould avail herſelf of the firſt opportunity which the enormities of the times might offer, of reſtoring him to her father's favour, and her father to his kingdom. [See Act III. ſc. i Act IV. ſc iii.] HENLEY.

In the old copies theſe words are printed in the ſame character as the reſt of the ſpeech. I have adhered to them, not conceiving that they form any part of Cordelia's letter, or that any part of it is or can be read by Kent. He wiſhes for the riſing of the ſun, that he *may* read it. I ſuſpect that two half lines have been loſt between the words *ſtate* and *fickins*. This *enormous ſtate* means, I think, the confuſion ſubſiſting in the ſtate, in conſequence of the diſcord which had ariſen between the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall; of which Kent hopes Cordelia will avail herſelf. He ſays, in a ſubſequent ſcene—

" ——— There is diviſion,
" Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
" With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall."

In the modern editions, after the words *under globe*, the following direction has been inſerted: " *Looking up to the moon.*" Kent is ſurely here addreſſing, not the moon, but the ſun, which he has mentioned in the preceding line, and for whoſe riſing he is impatient, that he may read Cordelia's letter. He has juſt before ſaid to Gloſter, " Give you *good morrow!*" The *comfortable* beams of the moon, no doubt, I believe, has been intended. Thoſe of the ſun are again mentioned by Shakſpeare in *Timon of Athens*.

" Thou *ſun*, that *comforts*, burn!" MALONE.

This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; ſmile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He ſleeps.*

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and moſt unuſual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That every penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;[8]

My reaſon for concurring with former editors in a ſuppoſition that the *moon*, not the *ſun*, was meant by the *lecaon*, aroſe from a conſideration that the term, *lecaon*, was more applicable to the *moon*, being, like that planet, only deſigned for night-ſervice.

As to the epithet—*comfortable*, it ſuits with either luminary; for he who is compelled to travel, or ſit abroad, in the night, muſt ſurely have derived *comfort* from the luſtre of the *moon*.

The mention of the *ſun* in the preceding proverbial ſentence is quite accidental, and therefore ought not, in my opinion, to have weight on the preſent occaſion.—By what is here urged, however, I do not mean to inſinuate that Mr. Malone's opinion is indefenſible. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*elf all my hair in knots*;] Hair thus knotted, was vulgarly ſuppoſed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,[9] who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks,[1] nails, sprigs of rosemary;

"——plats the manes of horses in the night,
"And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,
"Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Of Bedlam beggars.*] Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Arms and Blazon*, B. III. c. 3, has the following passage descriptive of this class of vagabonds: "The *Bedlam* is in the same garb, with a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side; but his cloathing is more fantastick and ridiculous; for, being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins, feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not? to make him seem a mad-man, or one distracted, when he is no other than a dissembling knave."

In *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is another account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man*: "——he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see *pinnes* stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham-men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand."

Again, in *O per se O*, &c. *Being an Addition* &c. *to the Bell-man's Second Night walke* &c. 1612: "Crackers tyed to a dogges tayle make not the poore curre runne faster, than these *Abram* ninnies doe the silly *villagers* of the country, so that when they come to any doore a begging, nothing is denied them."

To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*wooden pricks*,] i. e. skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Deuill*, bl. l. no date: "I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to set up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fedde." STEEVENS.

And with this horrible object, from low farms,[2]
Poor pelting villages,[3] sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatick bans,[4] sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor Tom![5]

Steevens is right: the *eunonymus*, of which the beſt ſkewers are made, is called *prick*-wood. M. Mason.

[2] ——*low* farms,] The quarto read, low *ſervice*. Steevens.

[3] *Poor* pelting *villages*,] *Pelting* is uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of beggarly: I ſuppoſe from *pelt* a ſkin. The poor being generally clothed in leather. Warburton.

Pelting is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakſpeare uſes it, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, of *ſmall brooks*. Johnson.

Beaumont and Fletcher often uſe the word in the ſame ſenſe as Shakſpeare. So, in *King and no King*, Act IV:

"This *pelting*, prating prieſt is good for nothing."

Spaniſh Curate, Act II. ſc. ult.——"To learn the *pelting* law." Shakſpeare's *Midſummer Night's Dream*,—"every *pelting* river." *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. ſc. vii:

"And every *pelting* petty officer."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Hector ſays to Achilles:

"We have had *pelting* wars ſince you refuſed
"The Grecian cauſe."

From the firſt of the two laſt inſtances it appears not to be *a corruption of petty*, which is uſed the next word to it, but ſeems to be the ſame as *paltry*: and if it comes from *pelt* a ſkin, as Dr. Warburton ſays, the poets have furniſhed *villages, peace, law, rivers, officers of juſtice*, and *wears*, all out of the wardrobe. Steevens.

See Vol. IV. p. 357, n. 7. Malone.

[4] ——*lunatick* bans,] To *ban*, is to curſe.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lyly:

"Well, be as be may, is no *banning*."

Again in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"Nay, if thoſe *ban*, let me breathe curſes forth."

Steevens.

[5] ——*poor* Turlygood! *poor Tom!*] We ſhould read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new ſpecies of gipſies, called *Turlupins, a fraternity of naked beggars*, which ran

That's ſomething yet;—Edgar I nothing am.[6]
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before Gloſter's *Caſtle.*[7]

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

LEAR. 'Tis ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.

up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified them with the name of *heretick*s, and actually burned ſome of them at Paris. But what ſort of religioniſts they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them. "Turlupin Cynicorum ſectam ſuſcitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu." Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*.
WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads—*poor* Turlurn. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law; I have no longer any political exiſtence. JOHNSON.

The critick's idea is both too complex and too puerile for one in Edgar's ſituation. He is purſued, it ſeems, and proclaimed i. e. a reward has been offered for taking or killing him. In aſſuming this character, ſays he, I may preſerve myſelf; as Edgar I am inevitably gone. RITSON.

Perhaps the meaning is, As poor Tom, I may exiſt: appearing as Edgar, I am loſt. MALONE.

[7] *Before Gloſter's Caſtle.*] It is not very clearly diſcovered why Lear comes hither. In the foregoing part he ſent a letter to Gloſter; but no hint is given of its contents. He ſeems to have gone to viſit Gloſter while Cornwall and Regan *might* prepare to entertain him. JOHNSON.

It is plain, I think, that Lear comes to the Earl of Gloſter's in conſequence of his having been at the Duke of Cornwall's, and having heard there, that his ſon and daughter were gone to

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!

Lear. How!
Mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?

Kent. No, my lord.[8]

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters![9]

the Earl of Gloſter's. His firſt words ſhow this: "*'Tis ſtrange that* they (Cornwall and Regan) *ſhould ſo depart from home, and not ſend back my* meſſenger (Kent)." It is clear alſo, from Kent's ſpeech in this ſcene, that he went directly from Lear to the Duke of Cornwall's, and delivered his letters, but, inſtead of being ſent back with any anſwer, was ordered to follow the Duke and Ducheſs to the Earl of Gloſter's. But what then is the meaning of Lear's order to Kent, in the preceding Act, ſcene v: *Go you before* to Gloſter *with theſe letters.* The obvious meaning, and what will agree beſt with the courſe of the ſubſequent events, is, that the Duke of Cornwall and his wife were then reſiding at Gloſter. Why Shakſpeare ſhould chooſe to ſuppoſe them at Gloſter, rather than at any other city, is a different queſtion. Perhaps he might think, that Gloſter implied ſuch a neighbourhood to the Earl of Gloſter's caſtle, as his ſtory required. Tyrwhitt.

See p. 378, n. 3. Malone.

[8] *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[9] —— *he wears* cruel *garters!*] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Cruel* ſignifies *worſted*, of which ſtockings, garters, night-caps, &c. are made; and it is uſed in that ſenſe in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Act II:

"For who that had but half his wits about him
"Would commit the counſel of a ſerious ſin
"To ſuch a *cruel* night-cap."——

So, again, in the comedy of *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599;

"——I'll warrant you, he'll have
"His *cruell garters* tyed about the knee."

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"I ſpeak the prologue to our ſilk and *cruel*
"Gentlemen in the hangings."

Horſes are tied by the heads; dogs, and bears, by the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man is over-luſty[1] at legs, then he wears wooden nether-ſtocks.[2]

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtook
To ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

"Wearing of *ſilk*, why art thou ſtill ſo *cruel*."

Steevens

[1] ——*over-luſty*—] *Over-luſty*, in this place, has a double ſignification. *Luſtineſs* anciently meant *laſciviouſneſs*.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"——upon pain of being plagued for their *luſtyneſs*."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"——he'll ſnarl and bite,
"And take up Nero for his *luſtineſs*."

Again, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: "Catlins' ſoldiers did ſhewe themſelves verie ſtubborne and *luſtie* in the campe," &c. Steevens.

[2] ——*then he wears wooden* nether-ſtocks.] *Nether-ſtocks* is the old word for *ſtockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called "men's *overſtockes*," as I learn from Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580.

It appears from the following paſſage in the ſecond part of *The Map of Mock Beggar Hall*, &c. an ancient ballad, that the ſtockings were formerly ſewed to the breeches:

"Their fathers went in homely frees,
"And good plain broad-cloth breeches;
"Their ſtockings with the ſame agrees,
"Sew'd on with good ſtrong ſtitches."

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, has a whole chapter on *The Diverſitie of* Nether Stockes *worne in England*. 1595

Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following:

"Thy *upper-ſtocke*, be they ſtuft with ſilke or flocks,
"Never be one thee like *a nether pare of ſtocks*."

Steevens

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, yea.

Lear.[3] No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I ſwear no.

Kent. By Juno, I ſwear, ay.[4]

Lear. They durſt not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murder,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:[5]
Reſolve me, with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe, this uſage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home

[3] *Lear.*] This and the next ſpeech are omitted in the folio. —I have left the reſt as I found them, without any attempt at metrical diviſion; being well convinced that, as they are collected from diſcordant copies, they were not all deſigned to be preſerved, and therefore cannot, in our uſual method, be arranged. Steevens.

[4] *By Juno, I ſwear, ay.*] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[5] *To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:*] To violate the publick and venerable character of a meſſenger from the king. Johnson.

To do an outrage upon *reſpect*, does not, I believe, *primarily* mean, to behave outrageouſly to *perſons* of a reſpectable character, (though that in ſubſtance is the ſenſe of the words,) but rather, to be *groſsly deficient in reſpect* to thoſe who are entitled to it, conſidering *reſpect* as perſonified. So before in this ſcene,

"You ſhall do ſmall *reſpect*, ſhow too bold malice
"Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
"Stocking his meſſengers." Malone.

I did commend your highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place that ſhow'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From Goneril his miſtreſs, ſalutations;
Deliver'd letters, ſpite of intermiſſion,[6]
Which preſently they read: on whoſe contents,
They ſummon'd up their meiny,[7] ſtraight took horſe;

[6] *Deliver'd letters, ſpite of* intermiſſion,] *Intermiſſion*, for another meſſage, which they had then before them, to conſider of; called *intermiſſion*, becauſe it came between their leiſure and the Steward's meſſage. WARBURTON.

Spite of intermiſſion is *without pauſe, without ſuffering time to intervene.* So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——gentle heaven,
" Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion*," &c. STEEVENS.

Spite of intermiſſion, perhaps means in ſpite of, or without regarding, that meſſage which *intervened*, and which was entitled to precedent attention.

Spite of intermiſſion, however, may mean, in ſpite of being obliged to pauſe and take breath, after having *panted forth* the ſalutation from his miſtreſs. In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 1604, *intermiſſion* is defined, " *forſlowing, a pauſing or breaking off.*" MALONE.

[7] *They ſummon'd up their* meiny,] *Meiny*, i. e. people. POPE.

Meſne, a houſe. *Meſnie*, a family, Fr.
So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:

" ——if ſhe, or her ſad *meiny*,
" Be towards ſleep, I'll wake them.

Again, in the bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

" Of the emperoure took he leave ywys,
" And of all the *meiny* that was there."

Again:

" Here cometh the king of Iſrael,
" With a fayre *meinye*." STEEVENS.

So, in Lambard's *Archeion*, 1635, p. 2: " —while all the world conſiſted of a few houſeholders, the elder (or father of the family) exerciſed authoritie over his *meynie*. RITSON.

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily againſt your highneſs,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;[8]
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet,[9] if the wild geeſe fly that way.

Though the word *meiny* be now obſolete, the word *menial*, which is derived from it, is ſtill in uſe. On *whoſe* contents, means the contents of which. M. Mason.

Menial is by ſome derived from ſervants being *intra moenia*, or domeſticks. An etymology favoured by the human termination of the word. *Many*, in Kent's ſenſe, for *train* or *retinue*, was uſed ſo late as Dryden's time:

"The *many* rend the ſkies with loud applauſe."

Ode on Alexander's Feaſt.

Holt White.

[8] *Having more man than wit about me*, drew;] The perſonal pronoun, which is found in a preceding line, is underſtood before the word *having*. The ſame licence is taken by our poet in ſeveral places. See Act IV. ſc. ii: "—and amongſt them *fell'd* him dead;" where *they* is underſtood. So, in Vol. XV. p. 42:

"——which if granted,
"As he made ſemblance of his duty, *would*
"Have put his knife into him."

where *he* is underſtood before *would*. See alſo *Hamlet*, Act II. ſc. ii: "—whereat griev'd,—*finds* out arreſts."—The modern editors, following Sir Thomas Hanmer, read—*I* drew.

Malone.

[9] *Winter's not gone yet*, &c.] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end. Johnson.

This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours[1] for thy daughters,[2] as thou can'ſt tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother[3] ſwells up toward my heart!

[1] ——*dolours*—] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*. Hanmer.

The ſame quibble had occurred in *The Tempeſt*, and in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. Steevens.

[2] ——*for thy daughters*,] i. e. on account of thy daughters' ingratitude. In the firſt part of the ſentence *dolours* is underſtood in its true ſenſe; in the latter part it is taken for *dollars*. The modern editors have adopted an alteration made by Mr. Theobald, —*from* inſtead of *for*; and following the ſecond folio, read—thy *dear* daughters. Malone.

[3] *O, how this* mother *&c.*] *Lear* here affects to paſs off the ſwelling of his heart ready to burſt with grief and indignation, for the diſeaſe called the *Mother*, or *Hyſterica Paſſio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harſnet's *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacks, depoſes, p. 202, that the firſt night that he came to Denham, the ſeat of Mr. Peckham, where theſe impoſtures were managed, he was ſomewhat evill at eaſe, and he grew worſe and worſe with an old diſeaſe that he had, and which the prieſts perſuaded him was from the poſſeſſion of the devil, viz. "The diſeaſe, I ſpake of was a ſpece of the *Mother*, wherewith I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was ſicke of this diſeaſe in Fraunce, a Scottiſh doctor of phyſick then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capitis*. It riſeth . . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great ſwelling, cauſeth a very painfull collicke in the ſtomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

Hyſterica paſsio! down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, ſir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with ſo ſmall a train?

Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i' the ſtocks for that queſtion, thou hadſt well deſerved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant,[4] to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty,

It is at leaſt very probable, that Shakſpeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hyſterick Paſſion*, or *Mother*, if this paſſage in Harſnet's pamphlet had not ſuggeſted it to him, when he was ſelecting the other particulars from it, in order to furniſh out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberiſh is admirably adapted. Percy.

In p. 25 of the above pamphlet it is ſaid "Maynie had a ſpice of the *Hyſterica paſſio*, as ſeems, from [illegible] youth, he himſelfe termes it the *Mootherr*. Ritson.

[4] *We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant*, &c.] "Go to the ant, thou ſluggard, (ſays Solomon,) learn her ways, and be wiſe; which having no guide, over-ſeer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the *ſummer*, and gathereth her food in the harveſt."

By this alluſion more is meant than is expreſſed. If, ſays the Fool, you had been ſchooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that ſagacious animal, prefer the ſummer of proſperity to the colder ſeaſon of adverſity, from which no profit can be derived; and deſert him, whoſe "mellow hangings" have been ſhaken down, and who by "one winter's bruſh" has been left "open and bare for every ſtorm that blows."

Malone.

but can ſmell him that's ſtinking.[5] Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee[6] better counſel, give

[5] *All that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among* twenty, *but can ſmell him that's* ſtinking.] The word *twenty* refers to the *noſes* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general. STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Maſon ſuppoſes we ſhould read *ſinking*. What the Fool, ſays he, wants to deſcribe is, the ſagacity of mankind, in finding out the man whoſe fortunes are declining. REED.

Stinking is the true reading. See a paſſage from *All's well that ends well*, which I had quoted, before I was aware that it had likewiſe been ſelected by Mr. Malone, for the ſame purpoſe of illuſtration, in the following note. Mr. M. Maſon's conjecture, however, may be countenanced by a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Our fortune on the ſea is out of breath,
"And *ſinks* moſt lamentably." STEEVENS.

Mankind, ſays the Fool, may be divided into thoſe who can ſee and thoſe who are blind. All men, but blind men, though they follow their noſes, are led by their eyes; and this claſs of mankind, *ſeeing* the King ruined, have all deſerted him: with reſpect to the other claſs, the blind, who have nothing but their noſes to guide them, they alſo fly equally from a king whoſe fortunes are declining; for of the noſes of twenty blind men there is not one but can ſmell him, who "*being muddy'd in fortune's mood, ſmells ſomewhat ſtrongly of her diſpleaſure.*" You need not therefore be ſurpriſed at Lear's coming with ſo ſmall a train.

The quartos read—among *a hundred*. MALONE.

[6] *When a wiſe man gives thee* &c.] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uſes, on all occaſions, to prevent his ſentiment from being perverſely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and baſe deſertion of the unfortunate, for fear it ſhould be underſtood ſeriouſly, though delivered by his buffoon or jeſter, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine ſenſe—"I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it." WARBURTON.

me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That, ſir, which ſerves and ſeeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm.
But I will tarry; the fool will ſtay,
And let[7] the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the ſtocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? They are ſick? they are weary?
They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;[8]
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better anſwer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;

[7] *But I will tarry; the fool will ſtay,*
And let &c.] I think this paſſage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The ſenſe will be mended if we read:
But I will tarry; the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly;
The fool turns knave, that runs away;
The knave no fool,——
That I ſtay with the king is a proof that I am a fool; the wiſe men are deſerting him. There is knavery in this deſertion, but there is no folly. JOHNSON.

[8] *Mere fetches;*] Though this line is now defective, perhaps it originally ſtood thus:
Mere fetches all;—. STEEVENS.

How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloſter, Gloſter,
I'd ſpeak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord,[9] I have inform'd them ſo.

Lear. Inform'd them! Doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would ſpeak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter ſpeak, commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?[1]——My breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that[2]—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourſelves,
When nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man.—Death on my ſtate! wherefore
[*Looking on* Kent.
Should he ſit here? This act perſuades me,[3]

[9] Glo. *Well*, &c.] This, with the following ſpeech, is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[1] *Are they inform'd of this?*] This line is not in the quartos. Malone.

[2] —— *Tell the hot duke, that*—] The quartos read—Tell the hot duke, that *Lear*—. Steevens.

[3] —— *This act perſuades me,*] As the meaſure is here defective, perhaps our author wrote:
—— *This act* almoſt *perſuades me,*—. Steevens.

That this remotion[4] of the duke and her
Is practice only.[5] Give me my ſervant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd ſpeak with them,
Now, preſently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*[6]

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my riſing heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney[7] did to

[4] ——*this* remotion—] From their own houſe to that of the Earl of Gloſter. Malone.

[5] *Is* practice *only.*] *Practice* is, in Shakſpeare, and other old writers, uſed commonly in an ill ſenſe for *unlawful artifice.* Johnson.

[6] *Till it cry*—Sleep to death.] This, as it ſtands, appears to be a mere nonſenſical rhapſody. Perhaps we ſhould read—*Death to ſleep*, inſtead of *Sleep to death.* M. Mason.

The meaning of this paſſage ſeems to be—I'll beat the drum till it cries out—*Let them awake no more*;—*Let their preſent ſleep be their laſt.*

Somewhat ſimilar occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——the death tokens of it
" Cry—*No recovery.*"

The ſentiment of Lear does not therefore, in my opinion, deſerve the cenſure beſtowed on it by Mr. M. Maſon, but is, to the full, as defenſible as many other burſts of dramatick paſſion. Stevens.

[7] ——*the* cockney—] It is not eaſy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer obſerves, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of *The Turnament of Tottenham*, publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in his ſecond volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it ſhould ſeem to ſignify a *cook*:

" At that feaſt were they ſerved in rich array;
" Every five and five had a *cokeney.*"

i. e. a *cook*, or *ſcullion*, to attend them.

Shakſpeare, however, in *Twelfth-Night*, makes his Clown ſay—" I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a

the eels, when ſhe put them i' the paſte[8] alive; ſhe rapp'd 'em[9] o'the coxcombs with a ſtick, and

cockney." In this place it ſeems to have a ſignification not unlike that which it bears at preſent; and, indeed, Chaucer, in his *Reve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with ſuch a meaning:

" And when this jape is tald another day,
" I ſhall be halden a daffe or a *cokenay*."

Meres, likewiſe, in the Second Part of his *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598, obſerves, that " many *cockney* and wanton women are often ſick, but in faith they cannot tell where." Decker, alſo, in his *News from Hell*, &c. 1606, has the following paſſage: " 'Tis not their fault, but our mother's, our *cockering* mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys*." See the notes on *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 253, where the reader will meet with more information on this ſubject. STEEVENS.

Cockenay, as Dr. Percy imagines, cannot be a cook or ſcullion, but is ſome diſh which I am unable to aſcertain. My authority is the following epigram from Davies:

" He that comes every day, ſhall have a *cock-nay*,
" And he that comes but now and then, ſhall have a fat hen." *Epigram on Engliſh Proverbs*, 179.

WHALLEY.

Mr. Malone expreſſes his doubt whether *cockney* means a *ſcullion*, &c. in *The Turnament of Tottenham*; and to the lines already quoted from J. Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, adds the two next:

" But cocks that to hens come but now and then,
" Shall have a *cock-nay*, not the fat hen."

I have been lately informed, by an old lady, that, during her childhood, ſhe remembers having eaten a kind of ſugar pellets called at that time *cockneys*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the* eels, *when ſhe put them* i' the paſte—] Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the ſame danger. JOHNSON.

The Fool does not compare *Lear* himſelf to the *eels*, but his *riſing choler*. M. MASON.

This reference is not ſufficiently explained. The *paſte*, or *cruſt of a pie*, in Shakſpeare's time, was called a *coffin*. HINLEY.

[9] ——*ſhe* rapp'd *'em*—] So the quartos. The folio reads—ſhe *knapt* 'em. MALONE.

cry'd, *Down, wantons, down:* 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindneſs to his horſe, buttered his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and Servants.*

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.

CORN. Hail to your grace!

[KENT *is ſet at Liberty.*

REG. I am glad to ſee your highneſs.

LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reaſon
I have to think ſo: if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepúlch'ring[1] an adultreſs.—O, are you free?

[*To* KENT.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy ſiſter's naught: O Regan, ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here,[2]—

[*Points to his Heart.*

I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how deprav'd a quality[3]—O, Regan!

Rapp'd muſt be the true reading, as the only ſenſe of the verb—to *knap*, is to *ſnap*, or *break aſunder*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Sepúlch'ring*—] This word is accented in the ſame manner by Fairfax and Milton:

" As if his work ſhould his *ſepúlcher* be." C. i. 61. 25.

" And ſo *ſepúlcher'd* in ſuch pomp doſt lie."

Milton on Shakſpeare, line 15

STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *ſhe hath tied*
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here,] Alluding to the fable of Prometheus. WARBURTON.

[3] *Of how deprav'd a quality*—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

With *how deprav'd a quality*—. JOHNSON.

Reg. I pray you, ſir, take patience; I have hope,
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.[4]

[4] *Than ſhe to* ſcant *her duty.*] The word *ſcant* is directly contrary to the ſenſe intended. The quarto reads:

——— ſlack *her duty.*

which is no better. May we not change it thus:

You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcan *her duty.*

To *ſcan* may be to *meaſure* or *proportion.* Yet our author uſes his negatives with ſuch licentiouſneſs, that it is hardly ſafe to make any alteration. *Scant* may mean to *adapt*, to *fit*, to *proportion*; which ſenſe ſeems ſtill to be retained in the mechanical term *ſcantling.* JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer had propoſed this change of *ſcant* into *ſcan*; but ſurely no alteration is neceſſary. The other reading—*ſlack*, would anſwer as well. You leſs know how to value her deſert, than ſhe (knows) to *ſcant* her duty, i. e. than ſhe can be capable of being wanting in her duty. I have at leaſt given the *intended* meaning of the paſſage. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, without doubt, intended to make Regan ſay—*I have hope that the fact will rather turn out, that* you *know not how to appreciate her merit, than that* ſhe *knows how to* ſcant, *or be* deficient in, *her duty.* But that he has expreſſed this ſentiment inaccurately, will, I think, clearly appear from inverting the ſentence, without changing a word. "I have hope (ſays Regan) that ſhe knows *more* [or *better*] how to ſcant her duty, than you know how to value her deſert." i. e. I have hope, that ſhe is *a better perfect*, more an adept, (if the expreſſion may be allowed,) in the *non-performance* of her duty, than you are perfect, or accurate, in the eſtimation of her merit.

In *The Winter's Tale* we meet with an inaccuracy of the ſame kind:

"——— I never heard yet,
"That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
"*Leſs* impudence to gainſay what they did,
"Than to perform it firſt."

where, as Dr. Johnſon has juſtly obſerved, "*wanted* ſhould be *had*, or *leſs* ſhould be *more*." Again, in *Cymbeline*: "—be it but to fortify her judgment, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without *leſs* quality." Here alſo *leſs* ſhould certainly be *more*.

Lear. Say,[5] how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation: If, ſir, perchance,
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curſes on her!

Reg. O, ſir, you are old;
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine: you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, ſir.

Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Who *cannot want* the thought how monſtrous
"It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
"To kill the gracious Duncan?"

Here unqueſtionably for *cannot* the poet ſhould have written *can*. See alſo Vol. XVII. p. 240, n. 6.

If Lear is *leſs* knowing in the valuation of Goneril's deſert, than ſhe is in her ſcanting of her duty, then ſhe knows *better* how to *ſcant* or be deficient in her duty, than he knows how to appreciate her deſert. Will any one maintain, that Regan meant to expreſs a hope that this would prove the caſe?

Shakſpeare perplexed himſelf by placing the word *leſs* before *know*; for if he had written, "I have hope that you rather know how to make her *deſert leſs* than it is, (to under-rate it in your eſtimation) than that ſhe at all knows how to ſcant her duty," all would have been clear; but, by placing *leſs* before *know*, this meaning is deſtroyed.

Thoſe who imagine that this paſſage is accurately expreſſed as it now ſtands, deceive themſelves by this fallacy: in paraphraſing it, they always take the word *leſs* out of its place, and connect it, or ſome other ſynonymous word, with the word *deſert*.

MALONE.

[5] *Say, &c.*] This, as well as the following ſpeech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe:[6]
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary:[7] *on my knees I beg,* [Kneeling.
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

[6] *Do you but mark how this becomes* the houſe?] The order of families, duties of relation. WARBURTON.

In *The Tempeſt* we have again nearly the ſame ſentiment:
" But O how oddly will it ſound that I
" Muſt aſk my child forgiveneſs?" MALONE.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Milton on Divorce*, B. II. ch. xii: " ——the reſtraint whereof, who is not too thick-ſighted, may ſee how hurtful, how deſtructive, it is to *the houſe*, the church, and commonwealth!" TOLLET.

The old reading may likewiſe receive additional ſupport from the following paſſage in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598: " Come up to ſupper; it will *become the houſe* wonderful well."

Mr. Tollet has ſince furniſhed me with the following extract from Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601, chap. II. which has much the ſame expreſſion, and explains it. " They two together [man and wife] ruleth the *houſe*. The *houſe* I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their ſervants, bond and free," &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*:——" The gentleman's wife one day could not refrain (by holding a flagge's head ſet up in the gentleman's houſe) from breaking into a laughter before his face, ſaying how that head *became the houſe* very well."
HENDERSON.

[7] *Age is* unneceſſary:] i. e. Old age has few wants.
JOHNSON.

This uſage of the word *unneceſſary* is quite without example; and I believe my learned coadjutor has rather improved than explained the meaning of his author, who ſeems to have deſigned to ſay no more than that it ſeems *unneceſſary* to children that the lives of their parents *ſhould be prolonged*. *Age is unneceſſary*, may mean, *old people are uſeleſs*. So, in *The Old Law*, by Maſſinger:
" ——your laws extend not to deſert,
" But to *unneceſſary* years; and, my lord,
" His are not ſuch." STEEVENS.

Unneceſſary in Lear's ſpeech, I believe, means—*in want of neceſſaries, unable to procure them.* TYRWHITT.

Reg. Good ſir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.

Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me;[8] ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!

Corn. Fye, fye, fye!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun,
To fall and blaſt her pride![9]

[8] Look'd black *upon me*;] To *look black*, may eaſily be explain'd to *look cloudy* or *gloomy*. See Milton;

"So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
"Grew *darker* at their frown." Johnson.

So, Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 1157: "——the biſhops thereat repined, and *looked black*." Tollet.

[9] *To fall and blaſt her pride!*] Thus the quarto: The folio reads not ſo well, *to fall and blaſter*. Johnson.

Fall is, I think, uſed here as an active verb, ſignifying to humble or pull down. *Ye fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn from the earth by the powerful action of the ſun, infect her beauty, ſo as to fall and blaſt*, i. e. humble and deſtroy, *her pride*. Shakſpeare in other places uſes *fall* in an active ſenſe. So, in *Othello*:

"Each drop ſhe *falls* will prove a crocodile."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"——make him *fall*
"His creſt, that prouder than blue Iris bends

In the old play of *King Lear* our poet found—

"I never thought that *pride* would have a *fall*."

Malone.

Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood's on.[1]

Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe;
Thy tender-hefted nature[2] ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn:[3] 'Tis not in thee

I ſee no occaſion for ſuppoſing with Malone, that the word *fall* is to be conſidered in an active ſenſe, as ſignifying to *humble* or *pull down*; it appears to me to be uſed in this paſſage in its common acceptation; and that the plain meaning is this, "You ſen ſuck'd fogs, drawn up by the ſun in order to fall down again and blaſt her pride." M. Mason.

I once propoſed the ſame explanation to Dr. Johnſon, but he would not receive it. Steevens.

[1] ——*when the raſh mood's on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only,——*when the raſh mood*——perhaps leaving the ſentence purpoſely unfiniſhed, as indeed I ſhould wiſh it to be left, rather than countenance the admiſſion of a line ſo inharmonious as that in the text. Steevens.

[2] *Thy* tender-hefted *nature*—] *Hefted* ſeems to mean the ſame as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whoſe boſom is agitated by tender paſſions. The formation of ſuch a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakſpeare uſes *hefts* for *heavings* in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. Both the quartos however read, "tender-*hefted* nature;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle diſpoſitions. *Heft* is an old word ſignifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Muſt yield to *heft* of others that be free."

Hefted is the reading of the folio. Steevens.

[3] *Do comfort and* not burn:] The ſame thought, but more expanded, had already occurred in Sir Philip Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*:

"She comes with light and warmth, which like Aurora prove
"Of gentle force, ſo that mine eyes dare gladly play
"With ſuch a roſie morne, whoſe beames, moſt freſhly gay,
"*Scorch not*, but onely doe darke chilling ſprites remove."
Steevens.

To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,[4]
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in: thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courteſy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o'the kingdom haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good ſir, to the purpoſe.
[*Trumpets within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the ſtocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's:[5] this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here.—Is your lady come?

[4] ——*to ſcant my ſizes.*] To contract my allowances or proportions ſettled. Johnson.

A *ſizer* is one of the loweſt rank of ſtudents at Cambridge, and lives on a ſtated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in publick ſocieties are ſet down to the account of particular perſons: a word ſtill uſed in colleges. So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*:

"You are one of the devil's fellow-commoners; one that *ſizeth* the devil's butteries."

"Fidlers, ſet it on my head; I uſe to *ſize* my muſick, or go on the ſcore for it." *Return from Parnaſſus.*

Size ſometimes means *company*. So, in *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613:

"He now attended with a barbal *ſize*
"Of ſolect Catechiſmen," &c.

I ſuppoſe a *barbal ſize* is a *bearded company*. Steevens.

See a *ſize* in Minſheu's *Dictionary*. Tollet.

[5] Corn. *What trumpet's that?*
Reg. I know't, *my ſiſter's:*] Thus, in *Othello*:
"The Moor,—*I know his trumpet.*"

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my ſight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who ſtock'd my ſervant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didſt not know of't.—Who comes here? O heavens,

Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience,[6] if yourſelves are old,[7]

It ſhould ſeem from both theſe paſſages, and others that might be quoted, that the approach of great perſonages was announced by ſome diſtinguiſhing note or tune appropriately uſed by their own trumpeters. Cornwall knows not the preſent ſound; but to Regan, who had often heard her ſiſter's trumpet, the firſt flouriſh of it was as familiar as was that of the Moor to the ears of Iago. Steevens.

[6] *If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway*
Allow *if obedience, yourſelves are old,*] Mr. Upton has proved by irreſiſtible authority, that to *allow* ſignifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deſervedly replaced the old reading, which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not recollecting the ſcripture expreſſion, *The Lord* alloweth *the righteous*, Pſalm xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "—ſhe *allows* of thee for love, not for luſt." Again, in his *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I *allow* thoſe pleaſing poems of Ouizzo, which begin," &c. Again, Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, concerning the reception with which the death of Ceſar met: "they neither greatly reproved, nor *allowed* the fact." Dr. Warburton might have found the emendation which he propoſed, in Tate's alteration of *King Lear*, which was firſt publiſhed in 1687. Steevens.

[7] —— *if yourſelves are old,*] Thus Statius, *Theb.* X. 705
"——hoc, oro, mumus concede parenti,
"Si tua maturis ſignantur tempora canis,
"Et ſis ipſe parens." Steevens.

Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part!—
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?—
[*To* GONERIL.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, ſir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiſcretion finds,[8]
And dotage terms ſo.

Lear. O, ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the ſtocks?

Corn. I ſet him there, ſir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.[9]

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.[1]

[8] —— *that indiſcretion* finds,] *Finds* is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when a jury is ſaid to *find* a bill, to which it is an alluſion. Our author again uſes the ſame word in the ſame ſenſe in *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. i:

"Why, 'tis *found* ſo." EDWARDS.

To *find* is little more than to *think*. The French uſe their word *trouver* in the ſame ſenſe; and we ſtill ſay I *find* time tedious, or I *find* company troubleſome, without thinking on a jury. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *much leſs* advancement.] The word *advancement* is ironically uſed for *conſpicuouſneſs* of puniſhment; as we now ſay, *a man is* advanced *to the pillory*. We ſhould read:

—— *but his own diſorders*
Deſerv'd much more *advancement*. JOHNSON.

By *leſs advancement* is meant, a ſtill worſe or more diſgraceful ſituation; a ſituation not ſo reputable. PERCY.

Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *diſorders* had entitled him even to a poſt of leſs honour than the ſtocks. STEEVENS.

[1] *I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.*] The meaning is, ſince *you are weak*, be content to think yourſelf weak.
JOHNSON.

If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chooſe
To wage againſt the enmity o'the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch![2]—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, ſquire-like, penſion beg
To keep baſe life[3] aſoot:—Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter[3]
To this deteſted groom. [*Looking on the* Steward.

Gon. At your choice, ſir.

[2] *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chooſe*
To wage *againſt the enmity o'the air;*
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch!] To *wage* is often uſed abſolutely without the word *war* after it, and yet ſignifies *to make war*, as before in this play:

"My life I never held but as a pawn
"To *wage* againſt thine enemies."

The words—*neceſſity's ſharp pinch!* appear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched ſort of exiſtence he had deſcribed in the preceding lines. Steevens.

[3] ——*baſe life*—] i. e. In a *ſervile* ſtate. Johnson.

[4] ——*and* ſumpter—] *Sumpter* is a horſe that carries neceſſaries on a journey, though ſometimes uſed for the caſe to carry them in.—See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Seward's edit. Vol. VIII. note 35; and *Cupid's Revenge*:

"——I'll have a horſe to leap thee,
"And thy baſe iſſue ſhall carry *ſumpters*."

Again, in Webſter's *Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"His is indeed a guarded *ſumpter-cloth*,
"Only for the remove o' the court." Steevens.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh,[5] my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,[6]
A plague-sore,[7] an embossed carbuncle,[8]
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided

[5] *But yet thou art my flesh, &c.*] So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

"God knows, thou art *a collop of my flesh.*"

Steevens.

[6] ——*thou art a* boil, *&c.*] The word in the old copies is written *byle*, and all the modern editors have too strictly followed them. The mistake arose from the word *boil* being often pronounced as if written *bile*. In the folio, we find in *Coriolanus* the same false spelling as here:

"—— *Byles* [boils] and plagues
"Plaster you o'er!" Malone.

[7] *A* plague-sore,] So, in Thomas Lupton's *Fourth Booke of Notable Thinges*, bl. l. 4to: "If you wyll knowe whether one shall escape or not, that is infected with the plague, (having the *plague-sore*) gave the partie, &c. And also anoint the *plague-sore*" &c. The *plague-sore*, we may suppose, was the decisive mark of infection. Steevens.

[8] ——embossed *carbuncle,*] *Embossed* is *swelling, protuberant.* Johnson.

So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"Whom once a day with his *embossed* froth
"The turbulent surge shall cover." Steevens.

For your fit welcome: Give ear, ſir, to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo—
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, ſir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number? How, in one houſe,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to ſlack you,
We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number: What, muſt I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak it again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worſt,

Stands in ſome rank of praiſe:—I'll go with thee;
[*To* GONERIL.
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

GON. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

REG. What need one?

LEAR. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſt's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need![1]

* *Thoſe* wicked *creatures yet do look well-favour'd,*
When others are more wicked;] A ſimilar thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, Act V:
" ——— it is I
" That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
" By being worſe than they." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Cymbeline*:
" Then thou look'dſt like a villain; now, methinks
" Thy favour's good enough." MALONE.

This paſſage, I think, ſhould be pointed thus:
Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worſt
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe.——
That is, *to be not the worſt* deſerves ſome praiſe.
TYRWHITT.

[1] ——patience, patience, *I need!*] I believe the word *patience* was repeated inadvertently by the compoſitor. MALONE.

You ſee me here, you gods, a poor old man,[2]
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters' hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall—I will do ſuch things,—
What they are, yet I know not;[3] but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cauſe of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thouſand flaws,[4]

The compoſitor has repeated the wrong word: Read:
You heavens, give me that patience that *I need.*
Or, ſtill better, perhaps:
You heavens, give me patience!—that I need. RITSON.

[2] ——*poor old man,*] The quarto has, poor old *fellow.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*I will do ſuch things,—*
What they are, yet I know not;]
" ——magnum eſt quodcunque paravi,
" Quid ſit, adhuc dubito." Ovid. *Met.* Lib. VI.
" ——haud quid ſit ſcio,
" Sed grande quiddam eſt." *Senecæ Thyeſtes.*
Let ſuch as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature muſt occaſionally uſe the ſame thoughts and expreſſions, remember, that of both theſe authors there were early tranſlations.
I have ſince met with an apparent imitation of Seneca, in *The Miſfortunes of Arthur,* a tragedy, 1587:
" ——ſomewhat my minde portendes,
" Uncertayne what: but whatſoeuer, it's huge!"
STEEVENS.
Evidently from Golding's tranſlation, 1567:
" The *thing* that I do purpoſe on is great, whatere it is
" *I know not what* it may be *yet.*" RITSON.

[4] ——*into a hundred thouſand* flaws,] A *flaw* ſignifying a crack or other ſimilar imperfection, our author, with his accuſ-

Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I ſhall go mad!
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and* Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.
[*Storm heard at a Diſtance.*

Reg. This houſe
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himſelf from reſt,[5] and muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloſter?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horſe;[6] but will I know not whither.

toned licenſe, uſes the word here for a *ſmall broken particle*. So again, in the fifth Act:

"——But his *flaw'd heart*
"Burſt ſmilingly." MALONE.

[5] ——he *hath put*
Himſelf from reſt,] The perſonal pronoun was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. *He hath* was formerly contracted thus; *H'ath*; and hence perhaps the miſtake. The ſame error has, I think, happened in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. See Vol. VI. p. 225, n. 5. MALONE.

[6] Corn. *Whither is he going?*
Glo. *He calls to horſe;*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way; he leads himſelf.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to ſtay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do ſorely ruffle;[7] for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.

Reg. O, ſir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolmaſters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſperate train;
And what they may incen[illegible] to,[8] being apt
To have his ear abus'd, w[illegible]s fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night;
My Regan counſels well: come out o'the ſtorm.
[*Exeunt.*

[7] *Do ſorely* ruffle;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—Do ſorely *ruffel*, i. e. *ruffle*. Stevens.

Ruffle is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler*, in our author's time, was a noiſy, *boiſterous*, ſwaggerer. Malone.

[8] ——incenſe *him to*,] To *incenſe* is here, as in other places, to inſtigate. Malone.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

KENT. Who's here, beſide foul weather?

GENT. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

KENT. I know [illegible] So Where's the king?

GENT. Conte[illegible] of Gloſt[illegible]h the fretful element:[9]
Bids the wind blow t[illegible]earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,[1]
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair;[2]

[9] ——*the fretful* element:] i. e. the air. Thus the quartos; for which the editor of the folio ſubſtituted *elements*. MALONE.

[1] *Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the* main,] The *main* ſeems to ſignify here the *main land, the continent*. So, in Bacon's *War with Spain*: "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation ſets the two objects of Lear's deſire in proper oppoſition to each other. He wiſhes for the deſtruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raiſing the waters ſo as to overwhelm the land.

So, Lucretius, III. 851:

"——terra mari miſcebitur, et mare cœlo."

See alſo the *Æneid* I. 133, and XII. 204. STEEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"——The *founded waters*
"Should lift their boſoms higher than the *ſhores*,
"And make a ſop of all this *ſolid globe*."

The main is again uſed for *the land*, in *Hamlet*:

"Goes it againſt *the main* of Poland, ſir?" MALONE.

[2] ——*tears his white hair*;] The ſix following verſes were

Which the impetuous blaſts, with eyeleſs rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-ſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.[3]
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,[4]
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf

omitted in all the late editions; I have replaced them from the firſt, for they are certainly Shakſpeare's. POPE.

The firſt folio ends the ſpeech at *change or ceaſe*, and begins again at Kent's queſtion, *But who? with him?* The whole ſpeech is forcible, but too long for the occaſion, and properly retrenched. JOHNSON.

[3] *Strives in his little world of man to out-ſcorn*
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.] Thus the old copies. But I ſuſpect we ſhould read—out-*ſtorm*: i. e. as Neſtor expreſſes it in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——with an accent tun'd in ſelf-ſame key,
" *Returns* to chiding fortune:"

i. e. makes a return to it, gives it as good as it brings, *confronts it with ſelf-compariſons.*

Again, in *King Lear*, Act V:

" Myſelf could elſe *out-frown* falſe fortune's *frown*."

Again, in *King John*:

" Threaten the threatner, and *out-face the brow*,
" Of bragging horror."

Again, (and more deciſively) in *The Lover's Complaint*, attributed to our author:

" *Storming* her *world* with ſorrow's wind and rain."

The ſame miſtake of *ſcorn* for *ſtorm* had alſo happened in the old copies of *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" ——as when the ſun doth light a *ſcorn*,"

inſtead of a—*ſtorm*. See Vol. XV. p. 235. n. 8. STEEVENS.

[4] *This night, wherein the* cub-drawn *bear would couch,*] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to ugnify *drawn by nature to its young*; whereas it means, *whoſe dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, " that even hunger, and the ſupport of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in ſuch a night." WARBURTON.

Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.[5]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my art,[6]
Commend a dear thing to you. There is diviſion,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not,[7] that their great ſtars

Shakſpeare has the ſame image in *As you like it*:

" A lioneſs, *with udders all drawn dry*,
" Lay couching——."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Food to the *ſuck'd and hungry* lioneſs." Steevens.

[5] *And bids what will* take all.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Enobarbus ſays

" I'll ſtrike, and cry, *Take all*." Steevens.

[6] ——*upon the warrant of my* art,] Thus the quartos. The folio—" my *note*."—" The warrant of my *art*" ſeems to mean—on the ſtrength of my *ſkill* in phyſiognomy. Stevens.

——*upon the warrant of my* art,] On the ſtrength of that art or ſkill, which teaches us " to find *the mind's conſtruction in the face*." The paſſage in *Macbeth* from which I have drawn this paraphraſe, in which the word *art* is again employed in the ſame ſenſe, confirms the reading of the quartos. The folio reads —upon the warrant of my *note*: i. e. ſays Dr. Johnſon, " my obſervation of your character." Malone.

[7] *Who have (as who have not,)* The eight ſubſequent verſes were degraded by Mr. Pope, as unintelligible, and to no purpoſe. For my part, I ſee nothing in them but what is very eaſy to be underſtood; and the lines ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invaſion: nor without them is the ſenſe of the context complete. Theobald.

The quartos omit theſe lines. Stevens.

Thron'd and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate; what hath been ſeen,[8]
Either in ſnuffs and packings[9] of the dukes;
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings;[1]—
[But, true it is,[2] from France there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret feet
In ſome of our beſt ports,[3] and are at point

[8] ——*what hath been ſeen,*] What follows, are the circumſtances in the ſtate of the kingdom, of which he ſuppoſes the ſpies gave France the intelligence. STEEVENS.

[9] *Either in* ſnuffs *and* packings—] *Snuffs* are diſlikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

So, in *Henry IV.* P. I: "Took it in *ſnuff*;" and in *King Edward III.* 1599:

"This *packing* evil, we both ſhall tremble for it."

Again, in Stanyhurſt's *Virgil*, 1582:

"With two gods *packing* one woman ſilly to cozen."

We ſtill talk of *packing* juries, and Antony ſays of Cleopatra, that ſhe had "*pack'd* cards with Cæſar." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*are but* furniſhings;] *Furniſhings* are what we now call *colours, external pretences.* JOHNSON.

A *furniſh* anciently ſignified a *ſample.* So, in the Preface to Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621: "To lend the world a *furniſh* of wit, ſhe lays her own to pawn." STEEVENS.

[2] *But, true it is,* &c.] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inſerted in the text, which ſeem neceſſary to the plot, as a preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia in Act IV. How both theſe, and a whole ſcene between Kent and this gentleman in the fourth Act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident. POPE.

[3] ——*from France there comes a power*
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret feet
In ſome of our beſt ports] This ſpeech, as it now ſtands,

To ſhow their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report

is collected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines incloſed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the ſpeech be read with omiſſion of the former, it will ſtand according to the firſt edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then ſtand according to the ſecond. The ſpeech is now tedious, becauſe it is formed by a coalition of both. The ſecond edition is generally beſt, and was probably neareſt to Shakſpeare's laſt copy; but in this paſſage the firſt is preferable: for in the folio, the meſſenger is ſent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare thought his plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but truſting too much to himſelf, and full of a ſingle purpoſe, he did not accommodate his new lines to the reſt of the ſcene. *Scattered* means *divided, unſettled, diſunited.* JOHNSON.

——*have ſecret* feet

In ſome of our beſt ports,] One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the ſame year, and for the ſame printer,) reads *ſecret ſect.* Perhaps the author wrote *ſecret foot*, i. e. footing. So, in a following ſcene:

"——what confederacy have you with the traitors
"Late *footed* in the kingdom?"

A phraſe, not unlike that in the text, occurs in Chapman's verſion of the nineteenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

"——what courſe for home would beſt prevail
"To come in pomp, or beare a *ſecret ſail.*"

STEEVENS.

Theſe lines, as has been obſerved, are not in the folio. Quarto A reads—ſecret *fee*; quarto B—ſecret *feet*. I have adopted the latter reading, which I ſuppoſe was uſed in the ſenſe of *ſecret footing*, and is ſtrongly confirmed by a paſſage in this Act: "Theſe injuries the king now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a *power* already *footed*: we muſt incline to the king." Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"——Why, thou Mars, I'll tell thee,
"We have a *power* on *foot.*" MALONE.

Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The king hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from ſome knowledge and aſſurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purſe, and take
What it contains: If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,
(As fear not but you ſhall,[4]) ſhow her this ring;
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this;) he that firſt[5] lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[4] (*As* fear *not but you ſhall,*)] Thus quarto B and the folio. Quarto A—As *doubt* not but you ſhall. Malone.

[5] ——*the king, (in which your pain,*
That way; I'll this;) he that firſt &c.] Thus the folio. The late reading:
" ——for which you take
" That way, I this,"——
Was not genuine. The quartos read:
" That when we have found the king,
" He this way, you that, he that firſt lights
" On him, hollow the other." Steevens.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

LEAR. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks![6] rage! blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulphurous and thought-executing[7] fires,
Vaunt couriers[8] to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,

[6] *Blow*, wind, *and crack your cheeks!*] Thus the quartos. The folio has—*winds*. The poet, as Mr. M. Maſon has obſerved in a note on *The Tempeſt*, was here thinking of the common repreſentation of the winds, which he might have found in many books of his own time. So again, as the ſame gentleman has obſerved, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias *cheek*
" Outſwell the cholick of *puff'd Aquilon*."

We find the ſame allusion in Kempe's *Nine Daies Wonder*, &c. quarto, 1600: " —he *ſwells* preſently, like *one of the four winds*." MALONE.

[7] ———*thought-executing*—] Doing execution with rapidity equal to thought. JOHNSON.

[8] *Vaunt couriers*—] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phraſe is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakſpeare's time. It originally meant the foremoſt ſcouts of an army. So, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607:

" ——as ſoon as the firſt *vancurrer* encountered him face to face."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

" Might to my death, but the *vaunt-currier* prove."

Again, in *Darius*, 1603:

" Th' *avant-courours*, that came for to examine."

STEEVENS.

Singe my white head! And thou, all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat[9] the thick rotundity o'the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens ſpill at once,[1]
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water[2] in a dry houſe is better than this rain-water out o'door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughters bleſſing; here's a night pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

In *The Tempeſt* "Jove's lightnings" are termed more familiarly—

"————the *precurſors*
"O' the dreadful thunder-claps.—" MALONE.

[9] Strike *flat* &c.] The quarto reads,—*Smite* flat. STEEVENS.

[1] *Crack nature's moulds, all germens ſpill at once,*] Crack nature's mould, and ſpill all the *ſeeds of matter*, that are hoarded within it. Our author not only uſes the ſame thought again, but the word that aſcertains my explication, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"Let nature cruſh the ſides o' the earth together,
"And mar the *ſeeds* within." THEOBALD.

So, again in *Macbeth*:

"——and the ſum
"Of nature's *germens* tumble altogether." STEEVENS.

——ſpill *at once,*] To *ſpill* is to deſtroy. So, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 67:

"So as I ſhall myſelf *ſpill.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*court holy-water*—] Ray, among his proverbial phraſes, p. 184, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the ſame phraſe. *Eau benite de cour*; fair empty words.—*Chambaud's Dictionary.*

The ſame phraſe alſo occurs in Churchyard's *Charitie*, 1595.

"The great good turnes in *court* that thouſands felt,
"Is turn'd to cleer faire *holie water* there" &c.
STEEVENS.

Cotgrave in his *Dict.* 1611, defines *Eau benite de cour*, "*court holie water*; compliments, faire words, flattering ſpeeches," &c. See alſo Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598: "*Mantellizare*, To flatter, to claw,—to give one *court holie-water.*" MALONE.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! ſpout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription;[3] why then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure; here I ſtand, your ſlave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man:—
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul![4]

Fool. He that has a houſe to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will houſe,
Before the head has any,
The head and he ſhall louſe;—
So beggars marry many.[5]
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,[6]
And turn his ſleep to wake.

You owe me no ſubſcription;] *Subjection* for obedience. Warburton.

See p. 336, n. 6. Malone.

So, in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 17: "I tell yee beſides this he is an obſtinat willfull fellow, for ſince this idolatrous adoration given to him here by men, he has kept the ſcepter in his own hand and commands every man: which rebellious man now ſcorns (or rather indeed too obedient to him) inclines to all his hefts, *yields no ſubſcription*, nor will he be commanded by any other power," &c. Reed.

[4] ——*'tis foul!*] Shameful; diſhonourable. Johnson.

[5] *So beggars marry many.*] i. e. A beggar marries a wife and lice. Johnson.

—for there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will ſay nothing.[7]

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's a wiſe man, and a fool.[8]

Kent. Alas, ſir, are you here?[9] things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe; the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,[1]

Rather, "So many beggars marry;" meaning, that they marry in the manner he has deſcribed, before they have houſes to put their heads in. M. Mason.

[6] ——*cry woe,*] i. e. be grieved, or pained. So, in *King Richard III:*

"You live, that ſhall *cry woe* for this hereafter."

Malone.

[7] *No, I will be the pattern of all patience,*
I will ſay nothing.] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, ſpeaking of *Leir:*

"But he, the myrrour of mild patience,
"Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply." Steevens.

[8] ——grace, *and a* cod-piece; *that's a wiſe man and a fool.*] In Shakſpeare's time, "the king's *grace*" was the uſual expreſſion. In the latter phraſe, the ſpeaker perhaps alludes to an old notion concerning fools. See Vol. XV. p. 202, n. 5. Malone.

Alluding perhaps to the ſaying of a contemporary wit; that there is *no diſcretion below the girdle.* Steevens.

[9] ——*are you here?*] The quartos read—*ſit* you here?

Steevens.

[1] Gallow *the very wanderers of the dark,*] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"——ſtoniſh'd as night-wanderers are." Malone.

Gallow, a weſt-country word, ſignifies to ſcare or frighten.

Warburton.

And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.[2]

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother[3] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of juſtice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular man of virtue
That art inceſtuous: Caitiff, to pieces ſhake,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming[4]
Haſt practis'd on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents,[5] and cry

So, the Somerſetſhire proverb: "The dunder do *gally* the beans." Beans are vulgarly ſuppoſed to ſhoot up faſter after thunder-ſtorms. Steevens.

[2] ——*fear.*] So the folio: the latter editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, leſs elegantly. Johnson.

[3] ——*keep this dreadful* pother—] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.
The reading of the text, however, is an expreſſion common to others. So, in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"——fall out with their meat, and *kept a pudder*."
Steevens.

[4] *That under covert and* convenient *ſeeming*—] *Convenient* needs not be underſtood in any other than its uſual and proper ſenſe; *accommodate* to the preſent purpoſe; *ſuitable* to a deſign. *Convenient ſeeming* is *appearance* ſuch as may promote his purpoſe to deſtroy. Johnson.

[5] ——*concealing* continents.] *Continent* ſtands for that which *contains* or *incloſes*. Johnson.
Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"Heart, once be ſtronger than thy *continent*!"

Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.[6]—I am a man,[7]
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed![8]
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt;
Repoſe you there: while I to this hard houſe,
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the twelfth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" I told our pilot that paſt other men
" He moſt muſt bear firm ſpirits, ſince he ſway'd
" The *continent* that all our ſpirits convey'd," &c.

The quartos read, *concealed centers.* Steevens.

[6] ——*and cry*

Theſe dreadful ſummoners *grace.*] *Summoners* are here the *officers* that ſummon offenders before a proper tribunal. See Chaucer's *Sompnour's Tale*, v. 625—670. Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. I. Steevens.

I find the ſame expreſſion in a treatiſe publiſhed long before this play was written: " —they ſeem to brag moſt of the ſtrange events which follow for the moſt part after blazing ſtarres, as if they were the *ſummoners* of God to call princes to the ſeat of judgment." *Defenſative againſt the Poiſon of ſuppoſed Prophecies*, 1581. Malone.

[7] *I am a man,*] Oedipus, in Sophocles, repreſents himſelf in the ſame light. Oedip. Colon. v. 258.

" ——————ταγ' ἐγγα μᾶ
" Ἱππονδὸτ' ἐτι μαλλον η διὸραχοτα." Tyrwhitt.

[8] *Alack, bare-headed!*] Kent's faithful attendance on the old king, as well as that of Perillus, in the old play which preceded Shakſpeare's, is founded on an hiſtorical fact. Lear, ſays Geoffrey of Monmouth, " when he betook himſelf to his youngeſt daughter in Gaul, waited before the city where ſhe reſided, while he ſent a meſſenger to inform her of the miſery he was fallen into, and to deſire her relief to a father that ſuffered both hunger and nakedneſs. Cordeilla was ſtartled at the news, and wept bitterly, and with tears aſked him, how many men her father had with him. The meſſenger anſwered he had none but *one man*, who had been his armour-bearer, and was ſtaying with him without the town." Malone.

Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How doſt, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myſelf.—Where is this ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart[9]
That's ſorry yet for thee.[1]

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit,—*
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,[2]—
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Kent.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.[3]
—I'll ſpeak a prophecy ere I go:

When prieſts are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;[4]
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors:[5]

[9] ——*one* part *in my heart*—] Some editions read:
——thing *in my heart*—.
from which Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, have made *ſtring*, very unneceſſarily; but the copies have *part*. Johnson.

[1] *That's ſorry yet* &c.] The old quartos read:
That ſorrows *yet for thee.* Steevens.

[2] ——*a little tiny wit,*—
With heigh, ho, &c.] See ſong in Vol. V. p. 418. Steevens.

[3] *This is a brave night* &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quartos. Steevens.

When every caſe in law is right;
No ſquire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then ſhall the realm of Albion
Come to great confuſion.[6]
Then comes the time,[7] who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin ſhall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

[4] *When nobles are their tailors' tutors;*] i. e. invent faſhions for them. WARBURTON.

[5] *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors:*] The diſeaſe to which *wenches' ſuitors* are particularly expoſed, was called, in Shakſpeare's time, the *trenning* or *burning*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Iſaiah*, iii. 24: "—and *burning* inſtead of beauty." STEEVENS.

[6] *Then ſhall the realm of Albion*
Come to great confuſion.] Theſe lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows:

"When faith fails in prieſtes ſaws,
"And lords heſts are holden for laws,
"And robbery is tane for purchaſe,
"And letchery for ſolace,
"*Then ſhall the realm of Albion*
"*Be brought to great confuſion.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Then comes the time*, &c.] This couplet Dr. Warburton tranſpoſed, and placed after the fourth line of this prophecy. The four lines, "*When prieſts*," &c. according to his notion, are "a ſatirical deſcription of *the preſent manners*, as *future*;" and the ſix lines from "*When every caſe*—to *churches build*," "a ſatirical deſcription of future manners, which the corruption of the preſent would prevent from ever happening." His conception of the firſt four lines is, I think, juſt; but, inſtead of his far-fetched conceit relative to the other ſix lines, I ſhould rather call them an *ironical*, as the preceding are a ſatirical, deſcription of the time in which our poet lived. The tranſpoſition recommended by this critick, and adopted in the late editions, is, in my opinion, as unneceſſary as it is unwarrantable. MALONE.

SCENE III.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I deſired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe; charged me, on pain of their perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, nor any way ſuſtain him.

Edm. Moſt ſavage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; ſay you nothing: There is diviſion between the dukes; and a worſe matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be ſpoken;—I have locked the letter in my cloſet: theſe injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we muſt incline to the king. I will ſeek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he aſk for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no leſs is threatened me, the king my old maſter muſt be relieved. There is ſome ſtrange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courteſy, forbid thee, ſhall the duke
Inſtantly know; and of that letter too:—
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all:
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

KENT. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

LEAR. Let me alone.

KENT. Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR. Wilt break my heart?[8]

KENT. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

LEAR. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin: ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt.[9] Thoud'ſt ſhun a bear:

[8] *Wilt break my heart?*] I believe that Lear does not addreſs this queſtion to Kent, but to his own boſom. Perhaps, therefore, we ſhould point the paſſage thus:

Wilt break, my heart?

The tenderneſs of Kent indeed induces him to reply, as to an interrogation that ſeemed to reflect on his own humanity.

STEEVENS.

[9] *But where the greater malady is fix'd,*
The leſſer is ſcarce felt.] That of two concomitant pains, the greater obſcures or relieves the leſs, is an aphoriſm of Hippocrates. See *Diſquiſitions, metaphyſical and literary*, by F. Sayers, M. D. 1793, p. 68.

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. vi:

"He leſſer pangs can bear who hath endur'd the chief."

STEEVENS.

But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,[1]
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will puniſh home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:[2]—
In ſuch a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all,[3]—
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;

[1] ——raging *ſea*,] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads,—*roaring ſea*. Steevens.

[2] ——*In ſuch a night*
To ſhut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[3] *Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all,*] Old copies:
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave you *all*,—.
Steevens.

I have already obſerved that the words, *father, brother, rather*, and many of a ſimilar ſound, were ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare as monoſyllables. The editor of the folio, ſuppoſing the metre to be defective, omitted the word *you*, which is found in the quartos. Malone.

That our author's verſification, to modern ears, (I mean to ſuch as have been tuned by the melody of an exact writer like Mr. Pope) may occaſionally appear overloaded with ſyllables, I cannot deny; but when I am told that he uſed the words—*father, brother*, and *rather*, as monoſyllables, I muſt withhold my aſſent in the moſt decided manner. Steevens.

This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go firſt.[4]—[*To the* Fool.] You houſeleſs poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep.—
[Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm,
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs,[3] defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O, I have ta'en

[4] *In, boy; go firſt.* &c.] Theſe two lines were added in the author's reviſion, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciouſly intended to repreſent that humility, or tenderneſs, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind.

JOHNSON.

[3] ——*loop'd and* window'd *raggedneſs,*] So, in *The Amorous War,* 1648:

"——ſpare me a doublet which
"Hath linings in't, and no glaſs *windows.*"

This alluſion is as old as the time of Plautus, in one of whoſe plays it is found.

Again, in the comedy already quoted:

"——this jerkin
"Is wholly made of *doors.*" STEEVENS.

Loop'd is full of ſmall apertures, ſuch as were made in ancient caſtles, for firing ordnance, or ſpying the enemy. Theſe were wider without than within, and were called *loops* or *loop holes*: which Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary,* 1679, renders by the word *ſeſtifeſt.* MALONE.

Loops, as Mr. Hanley obſerves, particularly in caſtles and towers, were often deſtined "for the admiſſion of light, where windows would have been incommodious." Shakſpeare, he adds, "in *Othello,* and other places, has alluded to them."

To deſcharge *ordnance,* however, from *loop holes,* according to Mr. Malone's ſuppoſition, was, I believe, never attempted, becauſe almoſt impoſſible: although ſuch outlets were ſufficiently adapted to the uſe of arrows. Many alſo of theſe *loops,* ſtill exiſting, were contrived before fire arms had been introduced. STEEVENS.

Too little care of this! Take phyſick, pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhow the heavens more juſt.[6]

EDG. [*Within.*] Fathom[7] and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The* Fool *runs out from the Hovel.*

FOOL. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit. Help me, help me!

KENT. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

FOOL. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays his name's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that doſt grumble there i'the ſtraw?
Come forth.

Mr. Warton, in his excellent edition of *Milton's Juvenile Poems*, (p. 511,) quotes the foregoing line as explanatory of a paſſage in that poet's verſes *In Quintum Novembris*:

"Tarda *feneſtratis* figens veſtigia *calceis*.
"Talis, uti fama eſt, vaſta *Franciſcus* eremo
"Tetra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,"——

But, from the ſucceeding, in Buchanan's *Franciſcanus & Fratres*, theſe ſhoes or buſkins with *windows on them* appear to have compoſed a part of the habit of the Franciſcan order:

"Atque *feneſtratum* ſoleas captare *cothurnum*."

The Pariſh Clerk, in Chaucer, (*Canterbury Tales*, v. 3318, edit. 1775,) has "*Poulis windowes* corven on his ſhoos."

HOLT WHITE.

[6] ——*Take phyſick, pomp*;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhow the heavens more juſt.] A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"O let thoſe cities that of plenty's cup
"And her proſperities ſo largely taſte,
"With their ſuperfluous riots,—hear theſe tears;
"The miſery of Tharſus may be theirs." MALONE.

[7] *Fathom* &c.] This ſpeech of Edgar is omitted in the quartos. He gives the ſign uſed by thoſe who are ſounding the depth at ſea. STEEVENS.

Enter EDGAR, *diſguiſed as a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed,[8] and warm thee.

Lear. Haſt thou given all to thy two daughters?[9]
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame,[1] through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,[2]

[8] *Humph! go to thy cold bed,* &c.] So, in the introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew, Sly* ſays, "go to thy cold bed and warm thee." A ridicule, I ſuppoſe, on ſome paſſage in a play as abſurd as *The Spaniſh Tragedy.* STEEVENS.

This line is a ſneer on the following one ſpoken by Hieronimo in *The Spaniſh Tragedy,* Act II:

"What outcries pluck me from my naked bed."

WHALLEY.

Humph! go to thy cold *bed, and warm thee,*] Thus the quartos. The editor of the folio 1623, I ſuppoſe, thinking the paſſage nonſenſe, omitted the word *cold.* This is not the only inſtance of unwarrantable alterations made even in that valuable copy. That the quartos are right, appears from the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew,* where the ſame words occur. See Vol. IX. p. 13, n. 6. MALONE.

[9] *Haſt thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didſt thou give all to thy daughters?* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*led through fire and through flame,*] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus,* ſuppoſed to be lights kindled by miſchievous beings to lead travellers into deſtruction. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*laid knives under his pillow,*] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to ſuicide; the opportunities of deſtroying himſelf, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare found this charge againſt the fiend, with many others of the ſame nature, in Harſnet's *Declaration,* and has

and halters in his pew; ſet ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horſe over four-inched bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor:—Bleſs thy five wits![3]

uſed the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, Act IV. ſc. i.

Infernal ſpirits are always repreſented as urging the wretched to ſelf-deſtruction. So, in *Dr. Fauſtus*, 1604:

"Swords, poiſons, halters, and envenom'd ſteel,
"Are laid before me to diſpatch myſelf." STEEVENS.

The paſſage in Harſenet's book which Shakſpeare had i[illegible] is this:

"This Examt. further ſayth, that one Alexander, an[illegible] carie, having brought with him from London to Denh[illegible] time a new *halter*, and two blades of *knives*, did leave [illegible] upon the gallerie floore, in her maiſters houſe.—A gr[illegible] was made in the houſe to know how the ſaid halter [illegible] blades came thither,—till Ma. Mainy in his next fit ſa[illegible] reported that the *devil layd* them in the gallerie, th[illegible] *thoſe that were poſſeſſed, might either hang themſelv*[illegible] *halter, or kill themſelves with the blades.*"

The kind of temptation which the fiend is deſcribe[illegible] out to the unfortunate, might alſo have been ſugg[illegible] ſtory of Cordila, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1[illegible] DESPAIRE viſits her in priſon, and ſhows her variou[illegible] by which ſhe may rid herſelf of life:

"And there withall ſhe ſpred her garments[illegible]
"Under the which a thouſand things I ſaw[illegible]
"Both knives, ſharpe ſwords, poynadoes a[illegible]
"With bloud, and poyſons preſt, which [illegible] deviſe." MALONE.

[3] ——*Bleſs thy five wits!*] So the five-ſen[illegible] by our old writers. Thus in the very antient i[illegible] *Five Elements*, one of the characters is *Senſual Appe*[illegible] with great ſimplicity thus introduces himſelf to the audience:

"I am callyd ſenſual apetyte,
"All creatures in me delyte,
"I comforte the *wyttys five*,
"The taſtyng ſmelling and herynge
"I refreſhe the ſyghte and felynge
"To all creaturs alyve."

Sig. B. iij. PERCY.

Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking![4] Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

[*Storm continues.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?—
Could'ſt thou ſave nothing? Did'ſt thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerved a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, ſir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have ſubdu'd nature

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality:

"*Every man*, thou art made, thou haſt thy *wyttes five*."

Again, in *Hycke Scorner*:

"I have ſpent amys my *v wittes*."

Again, in *The Interlude of the Four Elements*, by John Raſtell, 1519:

"Brute beſtis have memory and their *wyttes five*."

Again, in the firſt book of Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*:

"As touchende of my *wittes five*." Steevens.

Shakſpeare, however, in his 141ſt Sonnet, ſeems to have conſidered the *five wits*, as diſtinct from *the ſenſes*:

"But my *five wits*, nor my *five ſenſes* can
"Diſſuade one fooliſh heart from ſerving thee."

Malone.

[4] ——*taking!*] To *take* is to blaſt, or ſtrike with malignant influence:

"——ſtrike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs!" Johnson

To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.[5]

Edg. Pillicock ſat[6] on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly;[7] ſwear not; commit not[8] with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind;

[5] ——*pelican daughters.*] The young pelican is ſuppoſed to ſuck the mother's blood. Johnson.

So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1630, ſecond part:

"Shall a ſilly bird pick her own breaſt to nouriſh her young ones? the *pelican* does it, and ſhall not I?"

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"The *pelican* loves not her young ſo well
"That digs upon her breaſt a hundred ſprings."

Steevens.

[6] Pillicock *ſat* &c.] I once thought this a word of Shakſpeare's formation; but the reader may find it explained in Minſheu's *Dict.* p. 305, Article, 3209-2.—*Killico* is one of the devils mentioned in Harſnet's *Declaration*. The folio reads—Pillicock-hill. I have followed the quartos. Malone.

The inquiſitive reader may alſo find an explanation of this word in a note annexed to Sir Thomas Urquart's tranſlation of *Rabelais*, Vol. I. B. I. ch. ii. p. 184, edit. 1750. Steevens.

[7] ——*keep thy* word *juſtly*;] Both the quartos, and the folio, have *words*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[8] ——commit *not* &c.] The word *commit* is uſed in this ſenſe by Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

"His weight is deadly who *commits* with ſtrumpets."

Steevens.

that curled my hair;[9] wore gloves in my cap,[1] ſerved the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her; ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heaven:

[9] ——proud *in heart and mind*; *that* curled my hair; &c.] "Then Ma. Mainy, by the inſtigation of the firſt of the ſeaven [*ſpirits*], began to ſet his hands unto his ſide, *curled his hair*, and uſed ſuch geſtures, as Ma. Edmunds [the exorciſt] preſently affirmed that that ſpirit was *Pride*. Herewith he began to curſe and banne, ſaying, What a poxe do I here? I will ſtay no longer among a company of raſcal prieſts, but go to the court, and brave it amongſt my fellows, the noblemen there aſſembled." Harſnet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603.

"——ſhortly after they [the ſeven ſpirits] were all caſt forth, and in ſuch manner as Ma. Edmunds directed them, which was, that every devil ſhould depart in ſome certaine forme repreſenting either a beaſt or ſome other creature, that had the reſemblance of that ſinne whereof he was the chief author: whereupon the ſpirit of pride departed in the forme of a peacock; the ſpirit of *ſloth* in the likeneſs of an aſſe; the ſpirit of envie in the ſimilitude of a *dog*; the ſpirit of *gluttony* in the form of a *woulfe*, and the other devils had alſo in their departure their particular likeneſſes agreeable to their natures." Malone.

[1] ——*wore gloves in my cap*,] i. e. His miſtreſs's favours: which was the faſhion of that time. So, in the play called *Campaſpe*: "Thy men turned to women, thy ſoldiers to *lovers*, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, inſtead of plumes in graven helmets." Warburton.

It was anciently the cuſtom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three diſtinct occaſions, viz. as the favour of a miſtreſs, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boaſts that he *will pluck a glove from the commoneſt creature*, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca ſays to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*: "—Thou ſhalt wear her *glove* in thy worſhipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch:" and Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"——he that firſt preſents me with his head,
"Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the dead."

Portia, in her aſſumed character, aſks Baſſanio for his *gloves*, which ſhe ſays ſhe will *wear for his ſake*: and King Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occaſions his quarrel with the Engliſh ſoldier. Steevens.

one, that ſlept in the contriving of luſt, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: Falſe of heart, light of ear,[2] bloody of hand; Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs,[3] dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets,[4] thy pen from lenders' books,[5] and defy

[2] ——*light of ear,*] *Credulous of evil,* ready to receive malicious reports. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*Hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs,* &c.] The Jeſuits pretended to caſt the ſeven deadly ſins out of Mainy in the ſhape of thoſe animals that repreſented them; and before each was caſt out, Mainy by geſtures acted that particular ſin; curling his hair to ſhow *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and ſnoring for *ſloth*, &c.—Harſnet's book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*thy hand out of* plackets,] It appeareth from the following paſſage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a ſilly comedy, that *placket* doth not ſignify the petticoat in general, but only the aperture therein: "—between which is diſcovered the *open part* which is now called the *placket*." Bayley in his *Dictionary*, giveth the ſame account of the word.

Yet peradventure, our poet hath ſome deeper meaning in *The Winter's Tale*, where Autolycus ſaith—"You might have pinched a *placket*, it was ſenſeleſs:"—and, now I bethink me, ſir Thomas Urquart, knight, in his tranſlation of that wicked varlet *Rabelais*, ſtyleth the inſtrument wherewith Garagantua played at carnal tennis, his "*placket*-racket." See that work, Vol. I. p. 184, edit. 1750.

Impartiality nevertheleſs compelleth me to obſerve, that Maſter Coles in his Dictionary hath rendered *placket* by *finus muliebris:* and a pleaſant commentator who ſigneth himſelf T. C. hath alſo produced inſtances in favour of that ſignification; for, ſaith he, —but hear we his own words: "Peradventure a placket ſignified neither a petticoat nor any part of one; but a *ſtomacher*." See the word *Torace* in Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598. "The breſt or bulke of a man.—Alſo a *placket* or *ſtomacher*."—The word ſeems to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Wandering Whores*, &c. a comedy, 1663: "If I meet a cull in Moreſields, I can give him leave to dive in my *placket*."

the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, ſeſſa; let him trot by.[6]

[*Storm ſtill continues.*

So that, after all, this matter is enwrapped in much and painful uncertainty. Amner.

[5] ——*thy pen from lenders' books,*] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

"If I but *write my name in mercers' books*,

"I am as ſure to have at ſix months end

"A raſcal at my elbow with his mace," &c. Steevens.

[6] *Says ſuum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, ſeſſa; let him trot by.*] The quartos read—the cold wind; hay, no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, *ceaſe*, let him trot by. The folio—the cold wind: ſayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my boy, boy *Seſſey*, let him trot by. The text is formed from the two copies. I have printed *Seſſa*, inſtead of *Seſſey*, becauſe the ſame cant word occurs in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*: "Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world ſlide: *Seſſa*." Malone.

Hey no nonny is the burthen of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, (ſaid to be written by Shakſpeare, in conjunction with Fletcher,) and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of Ophelia's ſongs:

"*Dolphin, my boy, my boy,*

"*Ceaſe, let him trot by*;

"It ſeemeth not that ſuch a foe

"From me or you would fly."

This is a ſtanza from a very old ballad written on ſome battle fought in France, during which the King, unwilling to put the ſuſpected valour of his ſon the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin*, (ſo called and ſpelt at thoſe times,) to the trial, is repreſented as deſirous to reſtrain him from any attempt to eſtabliſh an opinion of his courage on an adverſary who wears the leaſt appearance of ſtrength; and at laſt aſſiſts in propping up a dead body againſt a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore, as different champions are ſuppoſed to croſs the field, the King always diſcovers ſome objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats theſe two lines as every freſh perſonage is introduced:

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The ſong I have never ſeen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died

Lear. Why, thou were better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the ſkies.—Is man no more than this? Conſider him well: Thou oweſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated!—Thou art the thing itſelf: unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.[7]— [*Tearing off his Clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to ſwim in.[8]—Now a little fire in a

before I could have ſuppoſed the diſcovery would have been of the leaſt importance to me.—As for the words, *fays ſaum, mun*, they are only to be found in the firſt folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compoſitors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not underſtand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonſenſe. Steevens.

Cokes cries out, in *Bartholomew Fair*:

"God's my life!—He ſhall be *Dauphin my boy!*"

Farmer.

It is obſervable that the two ſongs to which Mr. Steevens refers for the burden of *Hey no nonny*, are both ſung by girls diſtracted from diſappointed love. The meaning of the burden may be inferred from what follows—Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593, 4to:

"Who ever heard thy pipe and pleaſing vaine,
"And doth but heare this ſcurrill minſtralcy,
"Theſe *noninos* of filthie ribauldry,
"That doth not muſe."

Again, in White's *Wit of a Woman*: "—theſe dauncers ſometimes do teach them trickes above trenchmore, yea and ſometimes ſuch lavoltas, that they mount ſo high, that you may ſee their *hey nony, nony, nony, no.*" Henley.

[7] ——*Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads—*Come on, be true.* Steevens.

[8] ——*a naughty night to ſwim in.*] So, Tuſſer, chap. xlii. fol. 93:

"Ground gratuellie, ſandie, and mixed with chalke,
"Is *naughtie* for hops anie manner of waie."

wild field were like an old lecher's heart;[9] a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:[1] he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt cock;[2] he

Naughty ſignifies *bad, unfit, improper.* This epithet which, as it ſtands here, excites a ſmile, in the age of Shakſpeare was employed on ſerious occaſions. The merriment of the Fool, therefore, depended on his general image, and not on the quaintneſs of its auxiliary. Steevens.

[9] ——*an old lecher's heart;*] This image appears to have been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Humorous Lieutenant:*

"——an *old man's* looſe deſire
"Is like the glow-worm's light the apes ſo wonder'd at;
"Which when they gather'd ſticks, and laid upon't,
"And blew and blew, turn'd tail, and went out preſently." Steevens.

[1] ——*Flibbertigibbet:*] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer, in his *Sermons*, mentions him; and Heywood, among his ſixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibet:*

"Thou *Flebergibet, Flebergibet,* thou wretch!
"Wotteſt thou whereto laſt part of that word doth ſtretch?
"Leave that word, or I'le baſte thee with a libet:
"Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet."
Steevens.

"Frateretto, *Fliberdigibet,* Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice.....Theſe four had forty aſſiſtants under them, as themſelves doe confeſſe." *Harſnet,* p. 49. Percy.

[2] ——*he begins at* curfew, *and walks till the firſt cock;*] It is an old tradition that ſpirits were relieved from the confinement in which they were held during the day, at the time of curfew, that is, at the cloſe of day, and were permitted to wander at large till the firſt cock-crowing. Hence, in *The Tempeſt,* they are ſaid to "rejoice to hear the ſolemn curfew." See *Hamlet,* Act I. ſc. i:

"——and at his [the cock's] warning,
"Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
"The extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
"To his confine."

gives the web and the pin,[3] ſquints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee![4]

Again, ſc. v:

"I am thy father's ſpirit,
"Doom'd for a certain time *to walk the night,*
"And *for the day confin'd* to faſt in fires,—."

MALONE.

See Vol. IV. p. 39, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*web and the pin,*] Diſeaſes of the eye. JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609. One of the characters is giving a ludicrous deſcription of a lady's face, and when he comes to her eyes he ſays, "a *pin and web* argent, in hair du roy." STEEVENS.

[4] *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!] We ſhould read it thus:

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right.

i. e. Saint Withold traverſing the *wold* or *downs*, met the night-mare; who having told her name, he obliged her to *alight* from thoſe perſons whom ſhe rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more miſchief. This is taken from a ſtory of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron ſaint againſt that diſtemper. And theſe verſes were no other than a popular charm, or *night-ſpell* againſt the Epialtes. The laſt line is the formal execration or apoſtrophe of the ſpeaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, i. e. depart forthwith. *Bedlams*, gipſies, and ſuch like vagabonds, uſed to ſell theſe kinds of ſpells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various diſorders,

Kent. How fares your grace?

and addreſſed to various ſaints. We have another of them in the *Monſieur Thomas* of Fletcher, which he expreſsly calls a *night-ſpell*, and is in theſe words:

" Saint George, Saint George, our lady's knight,
" He walks by day, ſo he does by night;
" And when he had her found,
" He her beat and her bound;
" Until *to him her troth ſhe plight*,
" She would not ſtir from him that night."

WARBURTON.

This is likewiſe one of the " magical cures" for the *incubus*, quoted, with little variation, by Reginald Scott in his *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. STEEVENS.

In the old quarto the corruption is ſuch as may deſerve to be noted. " Swithalde footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Her *nine fold* ſeems to be put (for the ſake of the rhyme) inſtead of her *nine foals*. I cannot find this adventure in the common legends of St. Vitalis, who, I ſuppoſe, is here called St. Withold. TYRWHITT.

Shakſpeare might have met with St. Withold in the old ſpurious play of *King John*, where this ſaint is invoked by a Franciſcan friar. The *auld* I ſuppoſe to be the true reading. So, in *The Coventry Collection of Myſteries*, Muſ. Brit. Veſp. D. viii. p. 23, Herod ſays to one of his officers:

" Seyward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,
" And wyſely behold all abowte," &c.

Dr. Hill's reading, the *cold*, (mentioned in the next note,) is the reading of Mr Tate in his alteration of this play in 1681.

Leſt the reader ſhould ſuppoſe the compound—night-*mare*, has any reference to *horſe*-fleſh, it may be obſerved that mara, Saxon, ſignifies an *incubus*. See Keyſler, Antiquitat. ſcl. Septentrion. p. 497. edit. 1720. STEEVENS.

It is pleaſant to ſee the various readings of this paſſage. In a book called the *Actor*, which has been aſcribed to Dr. Hill, it is quoted " *Swithin* footed thrice the *cold*." Mr. Colman has it in his alteration of *Lear*—

" *Swithin* footed thrice the *world*."

The ancient reading is *the olds*: which is pompouſly corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Biſhop, to the *wolds*: in fact it is the ſame word. Spelman writes,

Enter GLOSTER, *with a Torch.*

LEAR. What's he?

KENT. Who's there? What is't you ſeek?

GLO. What are you there? Your names?

EDG. Poor Tom; that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water;[5] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul

Burton upon olds: the *provincial* pronunciation is ſtill the *oles:* and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

St. Withold footed thrice the *oles*,
He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles*, &c.

FARMER.

I was ſurpriſed to ſee in the *Appendix* to the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, [i. e. that of 1773] that my reading of this paſſage was "Swithin footed thrice the *world*." I have ever been averſe to capricious variations of the old text; and, in the preſent inſtance, the rhyme, as well as the ſenſe, would have induced me to abide by it. *World* was merely an error of the preſs. *Wold* is a word ſtill in uſe in the North of England; ſignifying a kind of down near the ſea. A large tract of country in the Eaſt-Riding of Yorkſhire is called the *Woulds*. COLMAN.

Both the quartos and the folio have *old*, not *olds*. *Old* was merely the word *wold* miſspelled, from following the ſound. There are a hundred inſtances of the ſame kind in the old copies of theſe plays.

For what purpoſe the Incubus is enjoined to *plight her troth*, will appear from a paſſage in Scott's *Diſcovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, which Shakſpeare appears to have had in view: "— howbeit, there are magical cures for it, [the *night-mare* or *incubus*,] as for example:

"S. George, S. George, our ladies knight,
"He walk'd by daie, ſo did he by night,
"Until ſuch time as he hir found:
"He hir beat and he hir bound,
"*Until hir troth ſhe to him plight*
"She would not come to hir [r. *him*] that night."

Her *nine fold* are her *nine familiars*. *Aroint thee!* [*Dii te averruncent!*] has been already explained in Vol. X. p. 29, n. 1. MALONE.

[5] —— *the wall-newt, and the* water;] i. e. the water-*newt*

fiend rages, eats cow-dung for fallets; fwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipped from tything to tything,[6] and ſtocked, puniſhed, and impriſoned; [7] who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.[8]

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace,[9] thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

This was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. "He was a wiſe man and a merry," was the common language. So Falſtaff ſays to Shallow, "he is your ſerving-*man*, and your *huſband*," i. e. huſband-*man*. Malone.

[6] ——*whipped from* tything *to* tything,] A *tything* is a diviſion of a place, a diſtrict; the ſame in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes to the acts of Queen Elizabeth and James I. againſt rogues, vagabonds, &c. In the Stat. 39 Eliz. ch. 4, it is enacted, that every vagabond, &c. ſhall be publickly *whipped and ſent* from parith to parith. Steevens.

[7] ——*and ſtocked, puniſhed, and impriſoned;*] So the folio. The quartos read, perhaps rightly—*and ſtock-puniſhed*, and impriſoned. Malone.

[8] *But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer,*
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.] This diſtich is part of a deſcription given in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis*, of the hardſhips ſuffered by *Bevis*, when confined for ſeven years in a dungeon:

"Ratles and myce and ſuch ſmal dere
"Was his meate that ſeven yere." Sig. F. iij. Percy.

[9] ——*Peace*, Smoll in; *peace*,] "The names of other punie ſpirits caſt out of Trayford were theſe: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio," &c. *Harſnet*, p. 49. Percy.

Edg. The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman;[1]
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.[2]

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile,
That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer[3]
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this philoſopher:—
What is the cauſe of thunder?

[1] *The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman*;] This is ſpoken in reſentment of what Gloſter had juſt ſaid—"Has your grace no *better* company?" Steevens.

[2] *The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman*;
Modo *he's call'd, and* Mahu.] So, in Harſnet's *Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had poſſeſſion of Sarah Williams; but another of the poſſeſſed, named Richard Mainy, was moleſted by a ſtill more conſiderable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 208, where the ſaid Richard Mainy depoſes: "Furthermore it is pretended, . . . that there remaineth ſtill in mee the prince of all other devils, whoſe name ſhould be *Modu*." He is elſewhere called, "the prince *Modu*." So, p. 269: "When the ſaid prieſts had diſpatched their buſineſs at [illegible]y (where they had been exorciſing Sarah Williams) the[y] then returned towards mee, upp[on] pretence to call the great prince *Modu* . . . out mee." Steevens.

In *The Goblins*, by Sir John Suckling, a catch is introduced which concludes with theſe two lines:

"The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman:
"Mahu, Mahu is his name."

I am inclined to think this catch not to be the production of Suckling, but the original referred to by Edgar's ſpeech. Reed.

[3] —— *cannot ſuffer*—] i. e. My duty will not ſuffer *me*, &c. M. Mason.

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the houſe.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned Theban:[4]—
What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and tokill vermin.

Lear. Let me aſk you one word in private.

Kent. Impórtune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unſettle.[5]

Glo. Can'ſt thou blame him?
His daughters ſeek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—
He ſaid it would be thus:—Poor baniſh'd man!—
Thou ſay'ſt, the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almoſt mad myſelf: I had a ſon,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he ſought my life,

[4] —— *learn'd Theban:*] Ben Jonſon in his *Maſque of Pan's Anniverſary*, has introduced a *Tinker* whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this paſſage. Steevens.

[5] *His wits begin to unſettle.*] On this occaſion, I cannot prevail on myſelf to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, [now Lord Orford] inſerted in the poſtſcript to his *Myſterious Mother*. He obſerves, that when "*Belvidera* talks of

"*Lutes, laurels, ſeas of milk*, and *ſhips of Amber*,—
ſhe is not mad, but light-headed. When madneſs has taken poſſeſſion of a perſon, ſuch character ceaſes to be fit for the ſtage, or at leaſt ſhould appear there but for a ſhort time; it being the buſineſs of the theatre to exhibit paſſions, not diſtempers. The fineſt picture ever drawn, of a head diſcompoſed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every ſentence that falls from his wildneſs excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely ſeized him, our compaſſion would abate: we ſhould conclude that he no longer felt unhappineſs. Shakſpeare wrote as a philoſopher, Otway as a poet." Sillvens.

But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
[*Storm continues.*
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beſeech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,
Noble philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.

Kent. Good my lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words: Huſh.

Edg. *Child Rowland to the dark tower came,*[6]
His word was ſtill,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man.
[Exeunt.

[6] *Child* Rowland *to the dark tower came,*] The word *child* (however it came to have this ſenſe) is often applied to *Knights*, &c. in old hiſtorical ſongs and romances; of this, innumerable inſtances occur in *The Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. b. iv. v. 97, where, in a deſcription of a battle between two knights, we find theſe lines:

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

CORN. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

" The Eldridge knighte, he prick'd his ſteed;
" Syr Cawline bold abode:
" Then either ſhook his truſty ſpear,
" And the timber theſe two *children* bare
" So ſoon in ſunder ſtode."

See in the ſame volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle, child waters, child Maurice,* (Vol. III. f. xx.) &c. The ſame idiom occurs in *Spenſer's Fairy Queen,* where the famous knight ſir Triſtram is frequently called *Child Triſtram.* See B. V. c. ii. ſt. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. ſt. 36. *ibid.* c. viii. ſt. 15.

PERCY.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Woman's Prize,* refer alſo to this:

" —— a mere hobby-horſe
" She made the *Child Rowland.*"

In *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up,* 1598, part of theſe lines repeated by Edgar is quoted: " —— a pedant, who will find matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the firſt invention of

" Fy, fa, fum,
" I ſmell the blood of an Engliſhman."

Both the quartos read:

—— to the dark *town come.* STEVENS.

Child is a common term in our old metrical romances and ballads; and is generally, if not always, applied to the hero or principal perſonage, who is ſometimes a *knight,* and ſometimes a *thief. Syr Tryamoure* is repeatedly ſo called both before and after his knighthood. I think, however, that this line is part of a tranſlation of ſome Spaniſh, or perhaps, French ballad. But the two following lines evidently belong to a different ſubject: I find them in the Second part of *Jack and the Giants,* which, if

Edm. How, my lord, I may be cenſured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death; but a provoking merit,[7] ſet a-work by a reproveable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt! This is the letter he ſpoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treaſon were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the ducheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True, or falſe, it hath made thee earl of Gloſter. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

not as old as Shakſpeare's time, may have been compiled from ſomething that was ſo: They are uttered by a giant:

" *Fee, faw, fum,*
" *I ſmell the blood of an Engliſhman;*
" Be he alive, or be he dead,
" I'll grind his bones to make me bread."

Engliſh is here judiciouſly changed to *Britiſh*, becauſe the characters are *Britons*, and the ſcene is laid long before the Engliſh had any thing to do with this country. Our author is not ſo attentive to propriety on every occaſion. Ritson.

[7] —— *but a* provoking *merit,*] *Provoking*, here means *ſtimulating*; a merit he felt in himſelf, which irritated him againſt a father that had none. M. Mason.

Cornwall, I ſuppoſe, means the merit of Edmund, which, being noticed by Gloſter, provoked or inſtigated Edgar to ſeek his father's death. Dr. Warburton conceived that the merit ſpoken of was that of Edgar. But how is this conſiſtent with the reſt of the ſentence? Malone.

EDM. [*Aſide.*] If I find him comforting[8] the king, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully.—I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

CORN. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Chamber in a Farm-Houſe, adjoining the Caſtle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, *and* EDGAR.

GLO. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindneſs! [*Exit* GLOSTER.

EDG. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler[9] in the lake of darkneſs. Pray, innocent,[1] and beware the foul fiend.

[8] ——*comforting*—] He uſes the word in the juridical ſenſe for *ſupporting, helping*, according to its derivation; *ſalvia* confortat *nervos.—Schol. Sal.* JOHNSON.

Johnſon refines too much on this paſſage; *comforting* means merely giving *comfort* or *aſſiſtance*. So Gloſter ſays, in the beginning of the next ſcene: "—I will piece out the *comfort* with what addition I can." M. MASON.

[9] Frateretto *calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler* &c.] See p. 471, n. 1.

Mr. Upton obſerves that Rabelais, B. II. c. xxx. ſays that Nero was a fidler in hell, and Trajan an angler.

Nero is introduced in the preſent play above 800 years before he was born. MALONE.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me,[2] whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool.[3] No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon them:—

Edg.[4] The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that truſts in the tameneſs of a

The *Hiſtory of Gargantua* had appeared in Engliſh before 1575, being mentioned in Langham's *Letter*, printed in that year. Ritson.

[1] —— *Pray*, innocent,] Perhaps he is here addreſſing the *Fool*. *Fools* were anciently called *Innocents*. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "—the Sheriff's *Fool*—a dumb *innocent*, that could not ſay him nay." See Vol. VIII. p. 357, n. 6.

Again, in *The Whipper of the Satyre his Pennance in a white Sheete*, &c. 1601:

"A gentleman that had a wayward *foole*,
"To paſſe the time, would needs at puſh-pin play;
"And playing falſe, doth ſtirre the way'ring ſtoole:
"The *innocent* had ſpi'd him, and cri'd ſtay," &c.

Steevens.

[2] Fool. *Pr'ythee*, nuncle, *tell me*,] And before, in the ſame Act, ſc. iii:—"Cry to it, *nuncle*." Why does the Fool call the old King, *nuncle*? But we have the ſame appellation in *The Pilgrim*, by Fletcher:

"Farewell, *nuncle*,—" Act IV. ſc. i.

And in the next ſcene, alluding to Shakſpeare:

"What mops and mowes it makes." Whalley.

See Mr. Vaillant's very deciſive remark on this appellation, p. 358, n. 6. Steevens.

[3] *Fool.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[4] *Edg.*] This and the next thirteen ſpeeches (which Dr. Johnſon had enclоſed in crotchets) are only in the quartos. Steevens.

wolf, a horſe's health,[5] a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign them ſtraight:—
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;[6]——
[*To* Edgar.
Thou, ſapient ſir, ſit here. [*To the* Fool.]—Now, you ſhe foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he ſtands and glares!—
Wanteſt thou eyes[7] at trial, madam?[8]

[5] ——*a horſe's* health,] Without doubt we ſhould read—*heels*, i. e. to ſtand behind him. Warburton.

Shakſpeare is here ſpeaking not of things maliciouſly treacherous, but of things uncertain and not durable. A horſe is above all other animals ſubject to diſeaſes. Johnson.

Heels is certainly right. "*Truſt not a horſe's heel*, nor a dog's tooth," is a proverb in Ray's *Collection*; as ancient at leaſt as the time of our Edward II:

Et ideo Babio *in comœdiis inſinuat, dicens*;
"*In fide, dente, pede, mulieris, equi, canis, eſt fraus.*
"*Hoc ſic vulgariter eſt dici:*"
"Till horſis fote thou never traiſt,
"Till hondis toth, no woman's faith."
Fordun Scotichronicon, L. XIV. c. xxxii.

That in the text is probably from the *Italian*. Ritson.

[6] ——*moſt learned* juſticer;] The old copies read—*juſtice*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[7] *Wanteſt* &c.] I am not confident that I underſtand the meaning of this deſultory ſpeech. When Edgar ſays, *Look where he ſtands and glares!* he ſeems to be ſpeaking in the character of a mad man, who thinks he ſees the fiend. *Wanteſt thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a queſtion which appears to be addreſſed to the viſionary Goneril, or ſome other abandon'd female, and may ſignify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you ſtand at the bar of juſtice?* Mr. Seward propoſes to read, *wanton'ſt* inſtead of *wanteſt*. Steevens.

[8] ——*at trial, madam?*] It may be obſerved that Edgar, being ſuppoſed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no

Come o'er the bourn, Beſſy, to me:[9]—

Fool. *Her boat hath a leak,*
And ſhe muſt not ſpeak
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

knowledge of the reſt, connects not his ideas with thoſe of Lear, but purſues his own train of delirious or fantaſtick thought. To theſe words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear ſhould be put. The proceſs of the dialogue will ſupport this conjecture. JOHNSON.

[9] *Come o'er the* bourn, *Beſſy, to me:*] Both the quartos and the folio have—o'er the *broome*. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

As there is no relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read:

Come o'er the brook, *Beſſy, to me.* JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very mery and pythie Commedie, called, The longer thou liveſt, the more Foole thou art*, &c. Imprinted at London by Wyllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entreth *Moros*, counterfaiting a vain geſture and fooliſh countenance, ſynging the foote of many ſongs, as fooles were wont;" and among them is this paſſage, which Dr. Johnſon has very juſtly ſuſpected of corruption:

"Com over the *boorne* Beſſé,
"My little pretie Beſſé,
"Com over the *boorne*, Beſſé, to me."

This ſong was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1564.

A *bourn* in the north ſignifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as Mil*burn*, Sher*burn*, &c. The former quotation, together with the following inſtances, at once confirm the juſtneſs of Dr. Johnſon's remark, and ſupport the reading.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1:

"The *bourns*, the brooks, the becks, the rills, the rivulets."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. vi:

"My little boat can ſafely paſſe this perilous *bourne*."

Shakſpeare himſelf, in *The Tempeſt*, appears to have diſcriminated *bourn* from *bound of land* in general:

"*Bourn*, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none."

Again, in *The Viſion of Pierce Plowman*, line 8.

"Under a brode banke by *bourne* ſyde."

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale.[1] *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly[2] for two white herring.[3] Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

To this I may add, that *bourn*, a boundary, is from the French *borne*. *Bourne*, or (as it ought to be ſpelt) *burn*, a rivulet, is from the German *burn*, or *born*, a well. Steevens.

There is a peculiar propriety in this addreſs, that has not, I believe, been hitherto obſerved. *Beſſy* and poor *Tom*, it ſeems, uſually travelled together. The author of *The Court of Conſcience, or Dick Whippers Seſſions*, 1607, deſcribing *beggars, idle rogues*, and *counterfeit madmen*, thus ſpeaks of theſe aſſociates:

" Another ſort there is among you; they
" Do rage with furie as if they were ſo frantique
" They knew not what they did, but every day
" Make ſport with ſtick and flowers like an antique;
" Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme;
" One calls herſelf poor *Beſſe*, the other *Tom*."

The old ſong of which Mr. Steevens has given a part, conſiſted of nine lines, but they are not worth inſertion. Malone.

[1] ——*in the voice of a nightingale.*] Another deponent in Harſnet's book, (p. 225,) ſays, that the miſtreſs of the houſe kept *a nightingale* in a cage, which being one night called, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in ſpite. Perhaps this paſſage ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the circumſtance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale*. Percy.

[2] ——*Hopdance cries in Tom's belly*——] In Harſnet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacks) depoſeth, " —that if at any time ſhe did belch, as often times ſhe did by reaſon that ſhee was troubled with a wind in her ſtomacke, the prieſts would ſay at ſuch times, that then the ſpirit began to riſe in her .... and that the wind was the devil." And, " as ſhe ſaith, if they heard any *croaking in her belly* .... then they would make a wonderful matter of that." *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. Steevens.

" One time ſhee remembereth, that ſhee having the ſaid *croaking in her belly*, they ſaid it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that ſpake *with the voice of a toad*." *Ibidem*. Malone.

[3] ——*white herring.*] *White herrings* are *pickled herrings*. See *The Northumberland Houſehold Book*, p. 8. Steevens.

Kent. How do you, ſir? Stand you not ſo amaz'd:
Will you lie down and reſt upon the cuſhions?

Lear. I'll ſee their trial firſt:—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;—
[*To* Edgar.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Fool.
Bench by his ſide:—You are of the commiſſion,
Sit you too. [*To* Kent.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.

Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd?[4]
Thy ſheep be in the corn;
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.

Pur![5] the cat is grey.

[4] *Sleepeſt, or wakeſt* &c.] This ſeems to be a ſtanza of ſome paſtoral ſong. A ſhepherd is deſired to pipe, and the requeſt is enforced by a promiſe, that though his ſheep be in the corn, i. e. committing a treſpaſs by his negligence, implied in the queſtion, *Sleepeſt thou or wakeſt?* yet a ſingle tune upon his pipe ſhall ſecure them from the pound. Johnson.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* ſays, "What *mynikin* carnal concupiſcence!" Barrett, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Diſſionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-faſhioned, *minikin*, handſome."

In *The Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Raſtell, 1519, *Ignorance* ſings a ſong compoſed of the ſcraps of ſeveral others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakſpeare may have deſigned a parody:

"Sleepyſt thou, wakyſt thou, Geffery Coke."

Steevens.

[5] *Pur!*] This may be only an imitation of the noiſe made by a cat. *Purre* is, however, one of the devils mentioned in Harſnet's book, p. 50. Malone.

Lear. Arraign her firſt; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, miſtreſs; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool.[6]

Lear. And here's another, whoſe warp'd looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, ſword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

Edg. Bleſs thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, ſee, they bark at me.[7]

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,[8]
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;

[6] *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint ſtool.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion which occurs likewiſe in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly. Steevens.

[7] ——*ſee, they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumſtance might have been taken from the pretended madneſs of one of the brothers in the tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

"Here's an old maſtiff bitch ſtands barking at me." &c.

Steevens.

Maſtiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or ſpaniel, brach, or lym;[9]

[8] *Be thy mouth or* black *or* white,] To have *the roof of the mouth black* is in ſome dogs a proof that their breed is genuine. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*brach or lym*; &c.] 'Names of particular ſorts of dogs. POPE.

In Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, Quarlous ſays,—" all the *lime*-hounds of the city ſhould have drawn after you by the ſcent."—A *limmer* or *leamer*, a dog of the chace, was ſo called from the *leam* or leaſh in which he was held till he was let ſlip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.—So, in the book of *Antient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, " canes domini regis *leſos*," are tranſlated " Leaſh hounds, ſuch as draw after a hurt deer in a *leaſh*, or *liam*."

Again, in *The Muſes Elyſium*, by Drayton:

" My dog-hook at my belt, to which my *lyam's* ty'd."

Again:

" My *hound* then in my *lyam*," &c.

Among the preſents ſent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were, " A cupple of *lyme-houndes* of ſingular qualities."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Baſhful Lover*:

" ——ſmell out
" Her ſooting like a *lime-hound*."

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to *The Return from Parnaſſus*, p. 237, ſays, that a *rache* is a dog that hunts by ſcent wild beaſts, birds, and even fiſhes, and that the female of it is called a *brache*: and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton, printed by Raſtell, no date, is the following line:

" Here is a leyſhe of *ratches* to renne an hare."

STEEVENS.

What is here ſaid of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins, from Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Scotland*, p. 14, where the fleuthound means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches*; and Uſtius upon Gratius obſerves, " *Racha* Saxonibus canem ſignificabat unde Scoti hodie *Rache* pro cane fœmina habent, quod Anglis eſt *Bracke*."

TOLLET.

——*brach, or lym*; &c.] The old copies have—bruche or *hym*. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. A *bracha* ſignified a particular kind of hound, and alſo a bitch. A *lym* or *lyme*, was a blood-hound. See Minſheu's *Dict.* in v. MALONE.

Or bobtail tike,[1] or trundle-tail;[2]
Tom will make them[3] weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sefſa. Come,[4] march to wakes and

[1] —— *bobtail* tike,] Tijk is the Runick word for a little, or worthleſs dog:

" Are Mr. Robinſon's dogs turn'd *tikes*, with a wanion?"
Witches of Lancaſter, 1634. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *trundle-tail*,] This ſort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindneſs*, 1617:

" —— your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs."

Again, in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date:

" —— dunghill dogs, *trindle-tails*." &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Tom will make* them—] Thus the quartos. Folio—will make *him*. MALONE.

[4] *Do de, de de.* Sefſa. *Come*, &c.] The quartos read—*loudla, doudla*, come, &c. The folio as in the text, except that the word *Sefſa* is ſpelt *feſſe*. See p 469, n. 6. MALONE.

Here is *feſſey* again, which I take to be the French word *ceſſez* pronounced *ceſſey*, which was, I ſuppoſe, like ſome others in common uſe among us. It is an interjection enforcing ceſſation of any action, like, *be quiet, have done*. It ſeems to have been gradually corrupted into, *ſo, ſo*. JOHNSON.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *feſe*. It is difficult in this place to ſay what is meant by it. It ſhould be remembered, that juſt before, Edgar had been calling on *Buſhy* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Siſſy* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*. Nor is it impoſſible but that this may be a part of ſome old ſong, and originally ſtood thus:

Siſſy, come march to wakes,
And fairs, and market towns.——

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

" To make *Siſſe* in love withal."

Again.

" My heart's deare blood, ſweet *Siſſe* is my carouſe."

fairs, and market towns:—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.[5]

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, ſee what breeds about her heart: Is there any cauſe in nature, that makes theſe hard hearts?—You, ſir, I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments: you will

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have ſeen in an old ballad, viz.

"Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind."

Steevens.

Dr. Johnſon is ſurely right, in ſuppoſing that *ſeſſy* is a corruption of *ceſſez*, be quiet, ſtop, hold, let alone. It is ſo uſed by Chriſtofero Sly, the drunken Tinker, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and by Edgar himſelf, in a preceding ſcene—"Dolphin, my boy, *Seſſy*; let him trot by." But it does not ſeem equally clear that it has been corrupted into *ſo, ſo*. Ritson.

[5] ——*thy horn is dry*] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy uſed formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the ſtreets. Johnson.

So, in Decker's *O per ſe O*, 4to. 1612. He is ſpeaking of beggars. "The ſecond beginnes:—what will you give *poor Tom* now? one pound of your theepes feathers to make *Poore Tom* a *blanket*, or one cutting of your Sow ſide &c. to make *poore Tom* a *ſharing horne* &c—give *poore Tom* an old ſheete to keepe him from the cold" &c. Sig. M 3.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the uſe of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, however, appears to be a proverbial expreſſion, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has ſaid all he had to ſay. *Such a one's pipe's out*, is a phraſe current in Ireland on the ſame occaſion.

I ſuppoſe Edgar to ſpeak theſe words *aſide*. Being quite weary of his Tom o Bedlam's part, and finding himſelf unable to ſupport it any longer, he ſays privately, "—I can no more: all my materials for ſuſtaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhauſted; *my horn is dry*: i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his diſſembled madneſs till he meets his father in the next Act, when he reſumes it for a ſpeech or two, but not without expreſſing the ſame diſlike of it that he expreſſes here, "—I cannot daub it further." Steevens.

ſay, they are Perſian attire;[6] but let them be changed. [*To* EDGAR.

KENT. Now, good my lord, lie here,[7] and reſt awhile.

LEAR. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe; draw the curtains: So, ſo, ſo: We'll go to ſupper i' the morning: So, ſo, ſo.

FOOL. And I'll go to bed at noon.[8]

Re-enter GLOSTER.

GLO. Come hither, friend: Where is the king my maſter?

KENT. Here, ſir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

GLO. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms;

I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter:
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs: Take up, take up;[9]

[6] ——*you will ſay, they are Perſian attire;*] Alluding, perhaps, to Clytus refuſing the Perſian robes offered him by Alexander. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*lie* here,] i. e. on the cuſhions to which he points. He had before ſaid—

"Will you lie down, and reſt upon the cuſhions?"
MALONE.

[8] *And I'll go to bed at noon.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*Take up, take up;*] One of the quartos reads—Take up *the king*, &c. the other—Take up *to keep*, &c. STEEVENS.

And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppreſs'd nature ſleeps:[1]—
This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,[2]
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To the* Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt* Kent, Gloster, *and the* Fool, *bearing off the King.*

[1] *Oppreſs'd nature ſleeps:*] Theſe two concluding ſpeeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have reſtored from the old quarto. The ſoliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the ſentiments of it are drawn equally from nature and the ſubject. Beſides, with regard to the ſtage, it is abſolutely neceſſary: for as Edgar is not deſigned, in the conſtitution of the play, to attend the King to Dover, how abſurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the ſcene without one word ſaid, or the leaſt intimation what we are to expect from him? Theobald.

The lines inſerted from the quarto are in crotchets. The omiſſion of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakſpeare's laſt reviſion, careleſsly and haſtily performed, with more thought of ſhortening the ſcenes, than of continuing the action. Johnson.

[2] ——*thy broken* ſenſes,] The quarto, from whence this ſpeech is taken, reads,—thy broken *ſinews*. *Senſes* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald. Steevens.

A paſſage in *Macbeth* adds ſupport to Theobald's emendation:

" —— the innocent *ſleep*,
" *Balm* of hurt minds,—."

[The following is from Mr. Malone's *Appendix*.]

I had great doubts concerning the propriety of admitting Theobald's emendation into the text, though it is extremely plauſible, and was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. The following paſſage in *Twelfth Night* ſufficiently ſupports the reading of the old copy: " Nay, patience, or we *break* the *ſinews* of our plot." Malone.

I cannot reconcile myſelf to the old reading, as I do not underſtand how *ſinews*, if *broken*, could be *balmed*, in any obvious ſenſe of that word. *Broken* (i. e. interrupted) *ſenſes*, like *broken* ſlumbers, would admit of a ſoothing cure. Steevens.

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' the mind;
Leaving free things,[3] and happy ſhows, behind:
But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.[4]
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noiſes;[5] and thyſelf bewray,[6]

[3] ——*free things,*] States clear from diſtreſs. Johnson.

[4] *But then the mind much ſufferance doth o'erſkip,*
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Or, if four *woe* delights in fellowſhip—."

"Solamen miſeris ſocios habuiſſe doloris."—*Incert. Auct.* Malone.

[5] *Mark the high noiſes;*] Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyſelf known when that *falſe opinion* now prevailing againſt thee ſhall, in conſequence of *juſt proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous ſentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation. Johnson.

By the *high noiſes,* I believe, are meant the loud tumults of the approaching war.

Thus Claudian, in his *Epiſt. ad Serenam:*

"*Prælinque altiſoni* referens Phlegræa mariti."

Stevens.

The *high noiſes* are perhaps the calamities and quarrels of thoſe in a higher ſtation than Edgar, of which he has been juſt ſpeaking. The words, however, may allude to the proclamation which had been made for bringing in Edgar:

"I heard myſelf proclaim'd,
"And by the happy hollow of a tree,
"Eſcap'd the hunt." Malone.

[6] ——*and thyſelf* bewray,] *Bewray,* which at preſent has only a dirty meaning, anciently ſignified to *betray,* to *diſcover.* In this ſenſe it is uſed by Spenſer; and in *Promos and Caſſandra,* 1578:

When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,[7]
In thy juſt proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, ſafe ſcape the king!
Lurk, lurk.] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, *and Servants.*

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my lord your huſband; ſhow him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the villain Gloſter.

[*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure.—Edmund, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation;[8] we

"Well, to the king Anchugio now will hye,
"Hap lyfe, hap death, his ſafetie to *bewray*."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"With ink *bewray* what blood began in me."

Again, in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591:

"——left my head break, and ſo I *bewray* my brains."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,*] The quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found, read—whoſe wrong *thoughts defile* thee. The rhyme ſhows that the correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald, is right. MALONE.

[8] ——*a moſt feſtinate preparation;*] Here we have the ſame

are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us.[9] Farewell, dear ſiſter; —farewell, my lord of Gloſter.[1]

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloſter hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or ſix and thirty of his knights,
Hot queſtriſts after him,[2] met him at gate;
Who, with ſome other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewell, ſweet lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt* Goneril *and* Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, ſeek the traitor Gloſter,

error in the firſt folio, which has happened in many other places; the *u* employed inſtead of an *n*. It reads—*feſtinate*. The quartos *feſtuant*. See *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. iii.—and Vol. V. p. 191, n. 3. Malone.

[9] ——*and* intelligent *betwixt us.*] So, in a former ſcene:

" ——ſpies and ſpeculations
" *Intelligent* of our ſtate." Steevens.

[1] Thus the folio. The quartos read—ſwift *and intelligence* betwixt us: the poet might have written—twixt *in* intelligence—. Malone.

[1] ——*my lord of Gloſter.*] Meaning Edmund, newly inveſted with his father's titles. The Steward, ſpeaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the ſame title. Johnson.

[2] *Hot* queſtriſts *after him.*] A *queſtriſt* is one who goes in ſearch or *queſt* of another. Mr. Pope and Sir T. Hanmer read —*queſters*. Steevens.

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
[*Exeunt other Servants.*
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our power
Shall do a courteſy to our wrath,[3] which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* GLOSTER.

REG. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.
CORN. Bind faſt his corky arms.[4]

[3] *Though well we may not* paſs *upon his life*
——— *yet our power*
Shall do a courteſy *to our wrath,*] *To do a courteſy* is to gratify, to comply with. *To paſs,* is to paſs a judicial ſentence. JOHNSON.

I believe, "do a *courteſy* to our wrath," ſimply means—*bend* to our wrath, as a *courteſy* is made by *bending* the body.

The original of the expreſſion, *to paſs on any one,* may be traced from *Magna Charta*: "—nec *ſuper eum ibimus,* niſi per legale judicium parium ſuorum."

It is common to moſt of our early writers. So, in *Acolaſtus,* a comedy, 1540: "I do not nowe conſider the miſchievous pageants he hath played; I do not now *paſſe upon* them." Again, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it,* 1612: "A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply ſworn to *paſſe on* all villains in hell." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*corky arms.*] Dry, withered, huſky arms. JOHNSON.

As Shakſpeare appears from other paſſages of this play to have had in his eye *Biſhop Harſnet's Declaration of egregious Popiſh Impoſtures,* &c. 1603, 4to. it is probable, that this very expreſſive, but peculiar epithet, *corky,* was ſuggeſted to him by a paſſage in that very curious pamphlet: "It would poſe all the cunning exorciſts, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morice gamboles, as Martha Brellier (one of the poſſeſſed mentioned in the pamphlet) did." PERCY.

Glo. What mean your graces?——Good my friends, conſider
You are my gueſts: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [Servants *bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.[5]

Corn. To this chair bind him:—Villain, thou ſhalt find— [Regan *plucks his Beard.*

Glo. By the kind gods,[6] 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken,[7] and accuſe thee: I am your hoſt;
With robbers' hands, my hoſpitable favours[8]
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?

[5] ——*I am none.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—I am *true.* Malone.

[6] *By the kind gods,*] We are not to underſtand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular ſpecies of them called by the ancients *dii hoſpitales*, *kind gods.* So, Plautus, in *Pœnulo*:

"*Deum hoſpitalem* ac tefferam mecum fero."

Warburton.

Shakſpeare hardly received any aſſiſtance from mythology to furniſh out a proper oath for Gloſter. People always invoke their deities as they would have them ſhow themſelves at particular times in their favour; and he accordingly calls thoſe *kind gods* whom he would with to find ſo on this occaſion. He does ſo yet a ſecond time in this ſcene. Our own liturgy will ſufficiently evince the truth of my ſuppoſition. Steevens.

Cordelia alſo uſes the ſame invocation in the 4th Act:

"O, you *kind* gods,
"Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature!"

M. Mason.

[7] *Will quicken,*] i. e. quicken into life. M. Mason.

[8] ——*my hoſpitalle* favours—] *Favours* means the ſame

Corn. Come, ſir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be ſimple-anſwer'd,[9] for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whoſe hands have you ſent the lunatick king?
Speak.

Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore
To Dover? Waſt thou not charg'd at thy peril[1]—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him firſt anſwer that.

Glo. I am tied to the ſtake,[2] and I muſt ſtand the courſe.[3]

as *features*, i. e. the different parts of which a face is compoſed. So, in Drayton's epiſtle from *Matilda to King John*:

"Within the compaſs of man's face we ſee,
"How many ſorts of ſeveral *favours* be."

Again, in *David and Bethſabe*, 1599:

"To daunt the *favours* of his lovely face." Steevens.

[9] *Be ſimple anſwer'd,*] The old quarto reads, *Be ſimple anſwerer.*—Either is good ſenſe: *ſimple* means *plain*. Steevens.

[1] ——thy *peril*—] I have inſerted the pronoun—*thy*, for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

[2] *I am tied to the ſtake,*] So, in *Macbeth*:

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh fangs.[4]
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.[5]
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time,[6]

" They have *chain'd me to a ſtake*; I cannot fly,
" But, bear-like, I muſt fight the *courſe*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the courſe.*] The running of the dogs upon me. JOHNSON.

[4] ——ſtick *boariſh fangs.*] The quartos read—*raſh* boarith fangs. This verb occurs in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

" And ſhields did thare, and mailes did *raſh*, and helmes did hew."

Again, B. V. c. iii:

" *Raſhing* off helmes, and ryving plates aſunder."

To *raſh* is the old hunting term for the ſtroke made by a wild boar with his fangs.

So, in Chapman's verſion of the eleventh *Iliad*:

" ——— As when two chafed boars
" Turn head gainſt kennels of bold hounds, and *race* way through their gores." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*to* rain.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—to *rage*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*that* ſtern *time*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read—that *dearn* time. *Dearn* is a north-country word, ſignifying *lonely*, ſolitary, ſecret, obſcure, melancholy, uncomfortable, far from neighbours. So, in *The Valiant Scot*:

" Of all thy joys the *dearne* and dilinal end."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. II. c. i:

" They heard a ruetul voice that *dearnly* cride."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" By many a *dearne* and painful pearch."

The reading in the text, however, is countenanced by the following paſſage in Chapman's verſion of the 24th *Iliad*:

" ——in this ſo *ſtorne* a time
" Of night and danger,—." STEEVENS.

Thou ſhould'ſt have ſaid, *Good porter, turn the key*;
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd: [7]—But I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.

Corn. See it ſhalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—
Upon theſe eyes [8] of thine I'll ſet my foot.

[Gloster *is held down in his Chair, while* Cornwall *plucks out one of his Eyes, and ſets his Foot on it.*

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me ſome help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One ſide will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [9] [*Draws, and runs at him.*

[7] ——*ſubſcrib'd:*] Yielded, ſubmitted to the neceſſity of the occaſion. Johnson.

[8] *Upon theſe eyes* &c.] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, one of the ſons of *Bajazet pulls out the eyes* of an Aga on the ſtage, and ſays—

"Yes, thou ſhalt live, but never ſee that day,
"Wanting the tapers that ſhould give thee light.
[" *Pulls out his eyes.*"

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this paſſage to ſhow that Shakſpeare's drama was not more ſanguinary than that of his contemporaries. Stevens.

In Marſton's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, Piero's tongue is torn out on the ſtage. Malone.

[9] *My villain!*] Villain is here perhaps uſed in its original ſenſe of one in ſervitude. Stevens.

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight.* Cornwall *is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy ſword.—[*To another* Serv.] A peaſant ſtand up thus!

[*Snatches a Sword, comes behind, and ſtabs him.*

Serv. O, I am ſlain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him:—O! [*Dies.*

Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy luſtre now?

[*Tears out* Gloster's *other Eye, and throws it on the Ground.*

Glo. All dark and comfortleſs.—Where's my ſon Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons[1] to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and proſper him!

Reg. Go, thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

[1] ——*the* overture *of thy treaſons*—] *Overture* is here uſed for an opening or diſcovery. It was he who firſt laid thy treaſons *open* to us. Coles in his *Dict.* 1679, renders *Overture*, by *apertior apertura*. An *overt* act of treaſon, is the technical phraſe. Malone.

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeleſs villain;—throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit* Cornwall, *led by* Regan;—*Servants unbind* Gloster, *and lead him out.*

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,[2]
If this man comes to good.

2 *Serv.* If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,[3]
Women will all turn monſters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguiſh madneſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch ſome flax,[4] and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,] This ſhort dialogue I have inſerted from the old quarto, becauſe I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly ſee ſuch a barbarity committed on their maſter, without pity; and the vengeance that they preſume muſt overtake the actors of it, is a ſentiment and doctrine well worthy of the ſtage. Theobald.

It is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe them the ſervants of Gloſter; for Cornwall was oppoſed to extremity by his own ſervant.
Johnson.

[3] ——*meet the old courſe of death,*] That is, *die a natural death.* Malone.

[4] ——*ſome flax,* &c.] This paſſage is ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is alter'd,* 1609: "——go, get *a white of an egg, and a little flax,* and cloſe the breaches of the head, it is the moſt conducible thing that can be." Steevens.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,[5]

The Caſe is alter'd was written before the end of the year 1509; but Ben Jonſon might have inſerted this ſneer at our author, between the time of *King Lear's* appearance, and the publication of his own play in 1609. MALONE.

[5] *Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,*] The meaning is, *'Tis better* to be *thus contemned, and* known *to yourſelf* to be contemned. Or perhaps there is an error, which may be rectified thus:

Yet better thus unknown *to be contemn'd.*

When a man diveſts himſelf of his real character he feels no pain from contempt, becauſe he ſuppoſes it incurred only by a voluntary diſguiſe which he can throw off at pleaſure. I do not think any correction neceſſary. JOHNSON.

The ſentiment is this:—It is better to be thus contemn'd and know it, than to be flattered by thoſe who ſecretly contemn us. HENLEY.

I cannot help thinking that this paſſage ſhould be written thus:

Yet better thus unknown *to be contemn'd,*
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd to be worſe.
The loweſt, &c.

The quarto edition has no ſtop after *flatter'd.* The firſt folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expreſſion in this ſpeech—*owes nothing to thy blaſts*—(in a more learned writer) might ſeem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 51:

"*Nos juvenem exanimum*, et nil jam cœlo ſublimis ullis
"Debentem, *vano maſti comitamur honore.*" TYRWHITT.

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that Dr. Johnſon's conjecture is well founded, and that the poet wrote—*unknown.* MALONE.

Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worſt,
The loweſt, and moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, lives not in fear:[6]
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,[7]
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, *led by an old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,[8]
Life would not yield to age.

The meaning of Edgar's ſpeech ſeems to be this. Yet it is better to be thus, in this fixed and acknowledged contemptible ſtate, than, living in affluence, to be flattered and deſpiſed at the ſame time. He who is placed in the loweſt and loweſt ſtate, has this advantage; he lives in hope, and not in fear, of a reverſe of fortune. The lamentable change is from affluence to beggary. He laughs at the idea of changing for the worſe, who is already as low as poſſible. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

[6] ——*lives not in fear:*] So, in Milton's *Paradiſe Regained*, B. III:

"For where no hope is left, is left no fear." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*World, world, O world!*

But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,] The ſenſe of this obſcure paſſage is, O world! ſo much are human minds captivated with thy pleaſures, that were it not for thoſe ſucceſſive miſeries, each worſe than the other, which overload the ſcenes of life, we ſhould never be willing to ſubmit to death, though the infirmities of old age would teach us to chooſe it as a proper aſylum. Beſides, by uninterrupted proſperity, which leaves the mind at eaſe, the body would generally preſerve ſuch a ſtate of vigour as to beat up long againſt the decays of time. Theſe are the two reaſons, I ſuppoſe, why he ſaid—

Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, you cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I ſtumbled when I ſaw: Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us;[9] and our mere defects

And how much the pleaſures of the body pervert the mind's judgment, and the perturbations of the mind diſorder the body's frame, is known to all. Warburton.

O world! if reverſes of fortune and changes ſuch as I now ſee and feel, from eaſe and affluence to poverty and miſery, did not ſhow us the little value of life, we ſhould never ſubmit with any kind of reſignation to the weight of years, and its neceſſary conſequence, infirmity and death. Malone.

[9] *Our* mean *ſecures us*;] *Mean* is here a ſubſtantive, and ſignifies *a middle ſtate*, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So, again, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "It is no mean happineſs therefore to be ſeated in the *mean*." See more inſtances in Dr. Johnſon's *Dictionary*. Stevens.

Both the quartos and the folio read—our *means ſecure* us. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. In Shakſpeare's age writers often thought it neceſſary to uſe a plural, when the ſubject ſpoken of related to more perſons than one. So, in the laſt Act of this play—"O, our *lives* ſweetneſs!" not, "O, our *life's* ſweetneſs." Again:

"———O, you mighty gods,

"This world I do renounce, and, in your *ſights*," &c.

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"To worry lambs, and lap their gentle *bloods*,"

Means, therefore, might have been here uſed as the plural of *mean*, or *moderate condition*. Gloſter's meaning is, that in a moderate condition or middle ſtate of life, we are ſecure from thoſe temptations to which the more proſperous and affluent are expoſed; and our very wants prove in this reſpect an advantage. Malone.

I believe, means is only a typographical error. Stevens.

Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear ſon Edgar,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath!
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch,[1]
I'd ſay, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aſide.*] O gods! Who is't can ſay, *I am at the worſt?*
I am worſe than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aſide.*] And worſe I may be yet: The worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, *This is the worſt.*[2]

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I' the laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him: I have heard more ſince:
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;

[1] ——*to ſee thee in my touch,*] So, in another ſcene, I *ſee* it *feelingly.* Steevens.

[2] ——*Who is't can ſay, I am at the worſt?*
——*The worſt is not,*
So long as we can ſay, This is the worſt.] i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a ſenſe of feeling, ſomething worſe than the preſent may ſtill happen. What occaſioned this reflection was his raſhly ſaying, in the beginning of this ſcene—

"——To be worſt,
"The loweſt, and moſt dejected thing of fortune, &c.
"The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt," &c

Warburton.

They kill us for their ſport.[3]

Edg. How ſhould this be?—
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring itſelf and others. [*Aſide.*]—Bleſs thee, maſter!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, ſir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it[4] further. [*Aſide.*

[3] *'As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;*
They kill us for their ſport.]
" Dii nos quaſi pilas homines habent."—*Plaut. Captiv. Prol.* l. 22.
Thus, alſo, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. II:
" —— wretched human kinde,
" *Balles* to the ſtarres," &c. Steevens.

The quartos read—They *hit* us for their ſport. Malone.

[4] ——*I cannot* daub *it*—] i. e. Diſguiſe. Warburton.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aſide.*] And yet I muſt.—Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way, and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been ſcared out of his good wits: Bleſs the good man from the foul fiend![5] [Five fiends[6] have been in poor Tom at once; of luſt, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbneſs; *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing;[7] who ſince poſ-

So, in *King Richard III:*

"So ſmooth he *daub'd* his vice with ſhow of virtue."

Again, in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. III. p. 173: "—and faith to her, there is good craft in *dawbing*."

The quartos read, I cannot *dance* it further. Steevens.

[5] *Bleſs* the *good man from the foul fiend!*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

Bleſs thee, *good man's* ſon, *from the foul fiend!*

Malone.

Bleſs the *good man from the foul fiend!*] This is ſenſe, but I think we ſhould read—bleſs *thee*, good man &c. M. Mason.

[6] *Five* fiends &c.] The reſt of this ſpeech is omitted in the folio. In *Harſnet's* Book, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account publiſhed by the exorciſts themſelves, viz. "By commaundement of the exorciſt . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confeſſed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had beſides himſelf *ſeaven other ſpirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame." "Then Edmundes (the exorciſt) began againe with great earneſtneſs, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . ſo as both that wicked prince *Modu and his company*, might be caſt out." This paſſage will account *for five fiends having been in poor Tom at once.* Percy.

[7] *Flibbertigibbet, of* mopping and mowing;] "If ſhe have a little helpe of the mother, epilepſie, or cramp, to teach her role her eyes, wrie her mouth, gnath her teeth, ſtarte with her body, hold her armes and hands ſtiffe, make antike faces, grinne, *mow and mop* like an ape,—then no doubt—the *young girle* is owle-blaſted and *poſſeſſed*." Harſnet's *Declaration*, p. 136.

Malone.

ſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.[8] So, bleſs thee, maſter!]

Glo. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous,[9] and luſt-dieted man,

[8] ——*poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.*] Shakſpeare has made Edgar, in his feigned diſtraction, frequently allude to a vile impoſture of ſome Engliſh jeſuits, at that time much the ſubject of converſation; the hiſtory of it having been juſt then compoſed with great art and vigour of ſtyle and compoſition by Dr. S. Harſnet, afterwards archbiſhop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work intitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popiſh Impoſtures to with-draw her Majeſty's Subjects from their Allegiance*, &c. *practiſed by Edmunds, alias Weſton, a Jeſuit, and divers Romiſh Prieſts his wicked Aſſociates:* printed 1603. The impoſture was in ſubſtance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armada againſt England, the jeſuits were here buſy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to diſpoſſeſs pretended demoniacks, by which artifice they made ſeveral hundred converts amongſt the common people. The principal ſcene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-catholick, where Marwood, a ſervant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treaſon) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friſwood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chambermaids* in that family, came into the prieſt's hands for cure. But the diſcipline of the patients was ſo long and ſevere, and the prieſts ſo elate and careleſs with their ſucceſs, that the plot was diſcovered on the confeſſion of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deſervedly puniſhed. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of thoſe who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*; and they were generally ſo ridiculouſly nick-named, that Harſnet has one chapter *on the ſtrange names of their devils; leſt*, ſays he, *meeting them otherwiſe by chance, you miſtake them for the names of tapſters or jugglers.* Warburton.

The paſſage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, becauſe I ſuppoſe as the ſtory was forgotten, the jeſt was loſt. Johnson.

[9] *Let the ſuperfluous,*] Lear has before uttered the ſame ſen-

That ſlaves your ordinance,[1] that will not ſee
Becauſe he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough.—Doſt thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:[2]

timent, which indeed cannot be too ſtrongly impreſſed, though it may be too often repeated. Johnson.

Superfluous is here uſed for one living in abundance. Warburton.

[1] *That ſlaves your ordinance*, &c.] The language of Shakſpeare is very licentious, and his words have often meanings remote from the proper and original uſe. To *ſlave* or *beſlave* another is to *treat* him *with terms of indignity*: in a kindred ſenſe, to *ſlave the ordinance*, may be, to *ſlight* or *ridicule* it. Johnson.

To ſlave an ordinance, is to treat it as a *ſlave*, to make it ſubject to us, inſtead of acting in obedience to it.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"——none
"Could *ſlave* him like the Lydian Omphale."

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Maſſinger:

"——that *ſlaves* me to his will." Steevens.

Heywood, in his *Pleaſant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, uſes this verb in the ſame ſenſe:

"What ſhall I do? my love I will not *ſlave*
"To an old king, though he my love ſhould crave."

Again, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604:

"O powerful blood, how doſt thou *ſlave* their ſoul!"

That *ſlaves* your ordinance, is the reading of the folio. Both the quartos have—That *ſtands* your ordinance; perhaps for *withſtands*. *Stands*, however, may be right:—*that abides* your ordinance. The poet might have intended to mark the criminality of the *ill-directed man* only in the ſubſequent words, *that will not ſee, becauſe he doth not feel*. Malone.

[2] *Looks fearfully in the confined deep:*] So the folio. The quartos read—Looks *firmly*. Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent

Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou doſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril *and* Edmund; Steward *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild huſband [3]
Not met us on the way:—Now, where's your maſter?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He ſmil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His anſwer was, *The worſe:* of Gloſter's treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:—

editors for *in* read *on*. I ſee no need of change. Shakſpeare conſidered the ſea as a *mirror*. To look *in* a glaſs, is yet our colloquial phraſeology. Malone.

In for *into*. We ſtill ſay that a window *looks into* the garden or the ſtable-yard. Steevens.

[3] ——*our mild huſband*—] It muſt be remembered that Albany, the huſband of Goneril, diſliked, in the end of the firſt Act, the ſcheme of oppreſſion and ingratitude. Johnson.

What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further. [*To* Edmund.
It is the cowiſh terror of his ſpirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an anſwer: Our wiſhes, on the way,
May prove effects.[4] Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers:
I muſt change arms[5] at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my huſband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,

[4] ——*Our wiſhes*, on the way,
May prove effects.] I believe the meaning of the paſſage to be this: "What we wiſh, before our march is at an end, may be brought to happen, i. e. the murder or diſpatch of her huſband. *On the way*, however, may be equivalent to the expreſſion we now uſe, viz. *By the way*, or *By the by*, i. e. *en paſſant*. Steevens.

The wiſhes we have formed and communicated to each other, on our journey, may be carried into effect. M. Mason.

She means, I think, The wiſhes, which we expreſſed to each other on our way hither, may be completed, and prove effectual to the deſtruction of my huſband. On her entrance ſhe ſaid—

"——I marvel our mild huſband
"Not met us *on the way*."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Richard III*:

"Thou know'ſt our *reaſons, urg'd upon the way*."

See alſo Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: "*Umbella*. A kind of round thing like a round ſkreene, that gentlemen uſe in Italie in time of ſummer,—to keep the ſunne from them, when they are riding *by the way*." Malone.

[5] *I muſt change* arms—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—change *names*. Steevens.

A miſtreſſes command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech;
[*Giving a Favour.*
Decline your head: this kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air;[6]—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My moſt dear Gloſter!
[*Exit* Edmund.
O, the difference of man, and man![7] To thee
A woman's ſervices are due; my fool
Uſurps my bed.[8]

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit* Steward.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.[9]

[6] *Decline your head: this kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,*
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air;] She bids him decline his head, that ſhe might give him a kiſs (the Steward being preſent) and that it might appear only to him as a whiſper. Steevens.

[7] *O, the difference of man, and man!*] Omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

Some epithet to *difference* was probably omitted in the folio. Malone.

According to the preſent regulation of this paſſage, the meaſure is complete. Steevens.

[8] ——*my fool*
Uſurps my bed.] One of the quartos read:
My *foot* uſurps my *head*; the other,
My foot uſurps my *body*. Steevens.

The quarto of which the firſt ſignature is A, reads—My *foot* uſurps my *head*. Some of the copies of quarto B, have—My *foot* uſurps my *body*; others—*A fool* uſurps my *bed*. The folio reads—*My fool* uſurps my *body*. Malone.

[9] *I have been worth the whiſtle.*] This expreſſion is a re-

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your diſpoſition: [1]
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itſelf; [2]
She that herſelf will ſliver and disbranch [3]
From her material ſap, [4] perforce muſt wither,

proach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you diſregard me thus*, I have been worth the whiſtle, *I have found one that thinks me worth calling.* Johnson.

This expreſſion is a proverbial one. Heywood in one of his dialogues, conſiſting entirely of proverbs, ſays:

"It is a poor dog that is not *worth the whiſtling.*"

Goneril's meaning ſeems to be—*There was a time when you would have thought me worth the calling to you*; reproaching him for not having ſummoned her to conſult with on the preſent critical occaſion. Steevens.

I think Mr. Steevens's interpretation the true one. Malone.

[1] ——*I fear your diſpoſition:*] Theſe words, and the lines that follow to *monſters of the deep*, are found in the quartos, but are improperly omitted in the folio. They are neceſſary, as Mr. Pope has obſerved, "to explain the reaſons of the deteſtation which Albany here expreſſes to his wife." Malone.

[2] *That nature, which contemns its origin,*
Cannot be border'd certain *in itſelf*;] The ſenſe is, That nature which is arrived to ſuch a pitch of unnatural degeneracy, as to contemn its origin, cannot from thenceforth be *reſtrained within any certain bounds*, but is prepared to break out into the moſt monſtrous exceſſes every way, as occaſion or temptation may offer. Heath.

[3] *She that herſelf will* ſliver *and diſbranch*—] To *ſliver* ſignifies to tear off or diſbranch. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——ſlips of yew
"*Sliver'd* in the moon's eclipſe." Warburton.

[4] *She that herſelf will ſliver and diſbranch*
From her material *ſap*,] She who breaks the bonds of filial duty, and becomes wholly alienated from her father, muſt wither and periſh, like a branch ſeparated from that *ſap* which ſupplies it with nouriſhment, and gives life to the *matter* of which it is compoſed. So, in *A Brief Chronycle concernynge*

And come to deadly uſe.[5]

Gon. No more; the text is fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile:
Filths ſavour but themſelves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whoſe reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,[6]
Moſt barbarous, moſt degenerate! have you madded.

the Examinacyon and Death of Syr Johan Oldcaſtle, 1544: "Then ſayd the lorde Cobham, and ſpredde his armes abrode: This is a very croſſe, yea and ſo moche better than your croſſe of *wode*, in that yt was created as God: yet will I not ſeeke to have yt worſhipped. Than ſayd the byſhop of London, Syr, ye wote wele that he dyed on a *materyall* croſſe."

Mr. Theobald reads *maternal*, and Dr. Johnſon thinks that the true reading. Syr John Froiſſart's *Chronicle* (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) in the title-page of the Engliſh tranſlation printed in 1525, is ſaid to be *tranſlated out of French to our* material *Engliſh Tongue by John Bourchier*. And I have found *material* (from *mater*) uſed in ſome other old books for *maternal*, but neglected to note the inſtances. I think, however, that the word is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe. *Maternal* ſap (or any ſynonymous words,) would introduce a mixed and confuſed metaphor. *Material* ſap is ſtrictly correct. From the word *herſelf* to the end, the *branch* was the figurative object of the poet's thought. Malone.

Throughout the plays of our author I do not recollect a ſingle inſtance of the adjective—*maternal*. Stevens.

[5] *And come to deadly* uſe.] Alluding to the *uſe* that witches and inchanters are ſaid to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine inſinuation in the ſpeaker, that ſhe was ready for the moſt unnatural miſchief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the baſtard againſt her huſband's life.
Warburton.

Dr. Warburton might have ſupported his interpretation by the paſſage in *Macbeth*, quoted in the preceding page, n. 3.
Malone.

[6] ——*would lick*,] This line, which had been omitted by all my predeceſſors, I have reſtored from the quartos. Stevens.

Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him ſo benefited?
If that the heavens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame theſe vile offences,[7]
'Twill come,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.[8]

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour from thy ſuffering; that not know'ſt,[9]
Fools do thoſe villains pity,[1] who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?
France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land;
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins threats;

[7] ——theſe *vile offences,*] In ſome of the impreſſions of quarto B, we find—*this* vile offences; in others, and in quarto A,—*the* vile. *This* was certainly a miſprint for *theſe*. MALONE.

[8] ——*like monſters of the deep.*] Fiſhes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own ſpecies. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*that not know'ſt,* &c.] The reſt of this ſpeech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[1] *Fools do thoſe villains pity,* &c.] She means, that *none but* fools would pity thoſe villains, who are prevented from executing their malicious deſigns, and puniſhed for their evil intention. It is not clear whether this fiend means her father, or the King of France. If theſe words were intended to have a retroſpect to Albany's ſpeech, which the word *pity* might lead us to ſuppoſe, Lear muſt be in her contemplation; if they are conſidered as connected with what follows—*If here's thy drum?* &c. the other interpretation muſt be adopted. The latter appears to me the true one; and perhaps the punctuation of the quarto, in which there is only a comma after the word *miſchief,* ought to have been preferred. MALONE.

I do not perceive to what the word—*fiend,* in the fourth line of the foregoing note, refers. STEEVENS.

Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
Alack! why does he ſo?

Alb. See thyſelf, devil!
Proper deformity [2] ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and ſelf-cover'd thing,[3] for ſhame,
Be-monſter not thy feature.[4] Were it my fitneſs

[2] *Proper deformity*—] i. e. Diabolick qualities appear not ſo horrid in the devil, to whom they belong, as in woman, who unnaturally aſſumes them. Warburton.

[3] *Thou changed and* ſelf-cover'd *thing,*] Of theſe lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have publiſhed this line thus:

Thou chang'd, and ſelf-converted *thing,*

But I cannot but think that by *ſelf-cover'd* the author meant, thou that haſt *diſguiſed* nature by wickedneſs; thou that haſt *hid* the woman under the fiend. Johnson.

This, and the next ſpeech, are wanting in the folio. Steevens.

The following words, *be-monſter not thy nature*, ſeem rather to ſupport the reading of the former editors, which was *ſelf-converted*; and a thought ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in Fletcher's play of *The Captain*, where the father ſays to Lelia—

" ——— Oh, good God!
" To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,
" Haſt thou begot thyſelf again!"—— M. Mason.

By thou *ſelf-cover'd* thing, the poet, I think, means, thou who haſt put a *covering on thyſelf*, which nature did not give thee. The covering which Albany means, is, the ſemblance and appearance of a fiend. Malone.

Self-cover'd, perhaps, was ſaid in alluſion to the envelope which the maggots of ſome inſects furniſh to themſelves. Or the poet might have referred to the operation of the ſilk-worm, that—

" ——labours till it *clouds itſelf all o'er.*" Steevens.

[4] *Be-monſter not thy* feature.] *Feature*, in Shakſpeare's age, meant the general caſt of countenance, and often beauty. Bul-

To let theſe hands obey my blood,[5]
They are apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Meſſenger.

Alb. What news?

Meſs. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloſter.

Alb. Gloſter's eyes!

Meſs. A ſervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maſter; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead:[6]
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhows you are above,
You juſticers,[7] that theſe our nether crimes

lokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, explains it by the words, "handſomeneſs, comelineſs, beautie." Malone.

[5] *To let theſe hands obey my blood,*] As this line wants a foot, perhaps our author wrote—

To let theſe hands of mine *obey my blood,*—.

So, in *King John*:

"——— This hand *of mine*
"Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand." Steevens.

[6] ——*and amongſt them* fell'd *him dead*:] i. e. *they* (Cornwall and his other ſervants) amongſt them fell'd him dead. Malone.

[7] *You* juſticers,] Moſt of the old copies have *juſtices*; but it was certainly a miſprint. The word *juſticer* is uſed in two

So ſpeedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloſter!
Loſt he his other eye!

Meſs. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer;
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. [*Aſide.*] One way I like this well;[8]
But being widow, and my Gloſter with her,
May all the building in my fancy[9] pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not ſo tart.—I'll read, and anſwer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Meſs. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Meſs. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſs. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd againſt him;
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

other places in this play; and though printed rightly in the folio, is corrupted in the quarto in the ſame manner as here. Some copies of quarto B read, rightly—*juſticers*, in the line before us. Malone.

[8] *One way I like this well;*] Goneril's plan was to poiſon her ſiſter—to marry Edmund—to murder Albany—and to get poſſeſſion of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the laſt part of her ſcheme, ſhe was pleaſed at it; but diſliked it, as it put it in the power of her ſiſter to marry Edmund. M. Mason.

[9] ——*all the building in my fancy*—] So, in *Coriolanus*, Act. II. ſc. i: "—the buildings in my fancy." Steevens.

Alb. Gloſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhowd'ſt the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III.[1]

The French *Camp, near* Dover.

Enter Kent, *and a* Gentleman.[2]

Kent. Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly gone back[3] know you the reaſon?

[1] [*Scene III.*] This ſcene, left out in all the common books, is reſtored from the old edition; it being manifeſtly of Shakſpeare's writing, and neceſſary to continue the ſtory of Cordelia, whoſe behaviour is here moſt beautifully painted. Pope.

The ſcene ſeems to have been left out only to ſhorten the play, and is neceſſary to continue the action. It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the firſt folio. I have therefore put it between crotchets. Johnson.

[2] ——*a Gentleman.*] The gentleman whom he ſent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia. Johnson.

[3] *Why the king of France is ſo ſuddenly gone back* &c.] The king of France being no longer a neceſſary perſonage, it was fit that ſome pretext for getting rid of him ſhould be formed before the play was too near advanced towards a concluſion. Decency required that a Monarch ſhould not be ſilently ſhuffled into the pack of inſignificant characters; and therefore his diſmiſſion (which could be effected only by a ſudden recall to his own dominions) was to be accounted for before the audience. For this purpoſe, among others, the preſent ſcene was introduced. It is difficult indeed to ſay what uſe could have been made of the King, had he appeared at the head of his own armament, and ſurvived the murder of his queen. His conjugal concern on the occaſion, might have weakened the effect of Lear's parental ſorrow; and, being an object of reſpect as well as pity, he would naturally have divided the ſpectator's attention, and thereby diminiſhed

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his perſonal return was moſt requir'd,
And neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareſchal of France, Monſieur le Fer.[4]

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. Ay, ſir;[5] ſhe took them, read them in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion; who, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and ſorrow ſtrove[6]
Who ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt. You have ſeen
Sunſhine and rain at once: her ſmiles and tears

the conſequence of Albany, Edgar, and Kent, whoſe exemplary virtues deſerved to be ultimately placed in the moſt conſpicuous point of view. Steevens.

[4] *The Mareſchal of France*, Monſieur le Fer.] Shakſpeare ſeems to have been poor in the names of Frenchmen, or he would ſcarce have given us here a *Monſieur le Fer* as Mareſchal of France, after he had appropriated the ſame appellation to a common ſoldier, who was *fir'd, ferreted*, and *fit'd*, by Piſtol in *King Henry V.* Steevens.

[5] *Ay, ſir;*] The quartos read—*I ſay*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[6] ——*patience and ſorrow* ſtrove—] The quartos for *ſtrove* have *ſtreme*. Mr. Pope made the correction. Malone.

Were like a better day: [7] Thoſe happy ſmiles,[8]

[7] ——*her ſmiles and tears*
Were like a better day:] It is plain, we ſhould read—*a wetter May*, i. e. A ſpring ſeaſon wetter than ordinary. WARBURTON.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in ſunſhine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occaſion is apparently copied from *Philoclea's*. The ſame book, in another place, ſays,——"that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The ſame compariſon alſo occurs in a very ſcarce book, entitled *A courtlie Controverſie of Cupid's Cautels*: &c. *Tranſlated from the French*, &c. *by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4°. 1578. p. 289. "Who hath *viewed* in the ſpring time, *raine and ſunne-ſhine in one moment*, might beholde the troubled countenance of the gentlewoman, after ſhe had read and over-read the letters of her Floradin with an eye now ſmilyng, then bathed in teares." The quartos read,—*a better* way, which may be an accidental inverſion of the M.

A *better* day, however, is the *beſt* day, and the *beſt day* is a day moſt favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and ſunſhine.

It muſt be obſerved that the *comparative* is uſed by Milton and others, inſtead of the *poſitive* and *ſuperlative*, as well as by Shakſpeare himſelf, in the play before us:

"The *faſter* ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
"Its maſter thus."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again:

"——Go not my horſe the *better*."

Mr. Pope makes no ſcruple to ſay of Achilles, that—

"The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand
"Shot trembling rays," &c.

i. e. his *left* hand, his *light*. STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration infer that Cordelia's ſorrow was ſuperior to her patience? But it ſeem'd that ſhe was a queen over her paſſion; and the ſmiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. "Her ſmiles and tears were like *a better day*," or "like a *better May*," may ſignify that they were like ſuch a ſeaſon where ſunſhine prevailed over rain. So, in *All's well that ends well*, Act. V. ſc. iii. we ſee in the king "*ſunſhine and hail at once*, but to the brighteſt beam diſtracted clouds give way: the time is fair again, and he is like a *day* of ſeaſon," i. e. a better day. TOLLET.

That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes; which parted thence,

Both the quartos read—a *better way*; which being perfectly unintelligible, I have adopted part of the emendation introduced by Dr. Warburton. The late editions have given—a better *day*, a reading which firſt appeared in a note of Mr. Theobald's. A *better day*, however it be underſtood, is, in my opinion, inconſiſtent with the context. If a *better* day means either a *good* day, or the *beſt* day, it cannot repreſent Cordelia's ſmiles and tears; for neither the one or the other neceſſarily implies *rain*, without which, there is nothing to correſpond with her *tears*; nor can a *rainy day*, occaſionally brightened by ſunſhine, with any propriety be called a *good* or the *beſt* day. We are compelled therefore to make ſome other change

A *better May*, on the other hand, whether we underſtand by it, a good May, or a May better than ordinary, correſponds exactly with the preceding image; for in every May rain may be expected, and in a good, or a better May than ordinary, the ſunſhine, like Cordelia's ſmiles, will predominate. With reſpect to the corrupt reading, I have no great faith in the inverſion of the *w* at the preſs, and rather think the error aroſe in ſome other way.

Mr. Steevens has quoted a paſſage from Sidney's *Arcadia*, which Shakſpeare may have had in view. Perhaps the following paſſage, in the ſame book, p. 103, edit. 1593, bears a ſtill nearer reſemblance to that before us: "And with that ſhe prettily *ſmiled*, which mingled with her *tears*, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleaſure, or a delightful ſorrow; but like when a few *April* drops are ſcattered by a gentle zephyrus among fine-coloured flowers." MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—a better *May*. As objections may be ſtarted againſt either reading, I declare my inability to decide between them. I have therefore left that word in the text which I found in poſſeſſion of it.

We might read—

Were like an April *day*;

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "—he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April*."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The *April*'s in her eyes: it is love's ſpring,
"And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſmiles*,] The quartos read—*ſmilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakſpeare's coinage. STEEVENS.

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.[9]—In brief, ſorrow
Would be a rarity moſt belov'd, if all
Could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?[1]

Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice,[2] ſhe heav'd the name of *father*

[9] *As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.* &c.] In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have the ſame image:

"A ſea of melting *pearl*, which ſome call *tears*."

MALONE.

The harſhneſs of the foregoing line, in the ſpeech of the *Gentleman*, induces me to believe that our author might have written:

Like pearls from diamonds dropping.

This idea might have been taken from the ornaments of the ancient carcanet or necklace, which frequently conſiſted of table *diamonds* with *pearls* appended to them, or, in the jewellers' phraſe, *dropping* from them. Pendants for the ear are ſtill called—*drops*.

A ſimilar thought to this of Shakſpeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Cheſs*, no date:

"——the holy dew lies like a pearl
"Dropt from the *opening eye-lids of the morn*
"Upon the baſhful roſe."

Milton has tranſplanted this image into his *Lycidas*:

"Under the *opening eye-lids of the morn*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Made ſhe no* verbal queſtion?] Means only, Did ſhe enter into no converſation with you? In this ſenſe our poet frequently uſes the word *queſtion*, and not ſimply as the act of *interrogation*. Did ſhe give you to underſtand her meaning *by words* as well as by the foregoing external teſtimonies of ſorrow?

So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"——ſhe told me
"In a ſweet *verbal* brief," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] 'Faith, *once, or twice*,] Thus the quartos. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*Yes*, once, &c. Regan, in a ſubſequent ſcene, in like manner, uſes the rejected word, however inelegant it may now appear:

"*Faith*, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter."

MALONE.

Pantingly forth, as if it preſs'd her heart;
Cried, *Siſters! ſiſters!—Shame of ladies! ſiſters!*
Kent! father! ſiſters! What? i' the ſtorm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed![3]—There ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moiſten'd:[4] then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions;[5]
Elſe one ſelf mate and mate[6] could not beget
Such different iſſues. You ſpoke not with her ſince?

[3] *Let pity not be believed!*] i. e. Let not ſuch a thing as pity be ſuppoſed to exiſt! Thus the old copies; but the modern editors have hitherto read—

Let pity not believe it;——. Steevens.

[4] *And clamour moiſten'd:*] It is not impoſſible but Shakſpeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joſeph; who, being no longer able to reſtrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his preſence; and then *wept aloud*, and diſcovered himſelf to his brethren. Theobald.

——*clamour moiſten'd:*] That is, *her outcries were accompanied with tears.* Johnson.

The old copies read—And clamour moiſten'd *her.* I have no doubt that the word *her* was inſerted by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the middle of the preceding line, where that word occurs; and therefore have omitted it. It may be obſerved that the metre is complete without this word. A ſimilar error has happened in *The Winter's Tale.* See Vol. IX. p. 392, n. 9. She *moiſtened clamour*, or the exclamations ſhe had uttered, with tears. This is perfectly intelligible; but *clamour moiſten'd her*, is certainly nonſenſe. Malone.

[5] ——*govern our conditions;*] i. e. regulate our diſpoſitions. See Vol. XII. p. 521, n. 7. Malone.

[6] ——*one ſelf mate and mate*——] The ſame huſband and the ſame wife. Johnson.

Self is uſed here, as in many other places in theſe plays, for *ſelf-ſame.* Malone.

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, ſir; The poor diſtreſs'd Lear is i'the town:
Who ſometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good ſir?

Kent. A ſovereign ſhame ſo elbows him: his own unkindneſs,
That ſtripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—theſe things ſting
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame[7]
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo; they are afoot.[8]

Kent. Well, ſir, I'll bring you to our maſter Lear,
And leave you to attend him: ſome dear cauſe[9]

[7] ——*theſe things ſting*
His mind ſo venomouſly, that burning ſhame—] The metaphor is here preſerved with great knowledge of nature. The *venom* of poiſonous animals being a high cauſtick ſalt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part. WARBURTON.

[8] *'Tis ſo; they are afoot.*] Dr. Warburton thinks it neceſſary to read, *'tis ſaid*; but the ſenſe is plain, *So it is* that *they are on foot.* JOHNSON.

'Tis ſo, means, I think, I have heard of them; they do not exiſt in report only; they are actually on foot. MALONE.

[9] ——*ſome* dear *cauſe*—] Some *important* buſineſs. See *Timon of Athens,* Act V. ſc. ii. MALONE.

Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Tent.

Enter CORDELIA, Phyſician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd ſea: ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter,[1] and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock,[2] nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel,[3] and all the idle weeds that grow

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——a ring, that I muſt uſe
" In *dear* employment." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*fumiter,*] i. e. *fumitory:* by the old herbaliſts written *fumittery.* HARRIS.

[2] *With* harlocks, *hemlock,* &c.] The quartos read—With *hordocks*; the folio—With *hardokes.* MALONE.

I do not remember any ſuch plant as a *hardock,* but one of the moſt common weeds is a *burdock,* which I believe ſhould be read here; and ſo Hanmer reads. JOHNSON.

Hardocks ſhould be *harlocks.* Thus Drayton, in one of his *Eclogues:*

" The honey-ſuckle, the *harlocke,*
" The lilly, and the lady-ſmocke," &c. FARMER.

One of the readings offered by the quartos (though miſſpelt) is perhaps the true one. The *hoar-dock,* is the dock with whitiſh woolly leaves. STEEVENS.

Harlocks, muſt be a typographical error for *charlock,* the common name of *ſinapis arvenſis,* wild muſtard. HARRIS.

[3] *Darnel,*] According to Gerard, is *the moſt hurtful of weeds* among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancaſhire,* 1634:

In our ſuſtaining corn.—A century ſend forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an* Officer.]—
What can man's wiſdom do,[3]
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foſter-nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many ſimples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cor. All bleſs'd ſecrets,
All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's diſtreſs!—Seek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.[4]

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſs. Madam, news;
The Britiſh powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about;
Therefore great France

[1]

" That cockle, *darnel*, poppy wild,
" May choak his grain," &c.
See Vol. XIII. p. 99, n. 4. Steevens.

[3] —— *What* can *man's wiſdom* do,] *Do* ſhould be omitted, as needleſs to the ſenſe of the paſſage, and injurious to its metre. Thus, in *Hamlet*:

" Try what repentance *can*: What *can* it not?"

Do, in either place, is underſtood, though ſuppreſſed. Steevens.

[4] —— *the means to lead it.*] The reaſon which ſhould guide it. Johnson.

My mourning, and important[5] tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition[6] doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter REGAN *and* Steward.

REG. But are my brother's powers ſet forth?
STEW. Ay, madam.
REG. Himſelf
In perſon there?
STEW. Madam, with much ado:
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
REG. Lord Edmund ſpake not with your lord[7] at home?

[5] ——*important*—] In other places of this author, for *importunate.* JOHNSON.

See *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. ſc. i. The folio reads, *importuned.* STEEVENS.

[6] *No* blown *ambition*—] No inflated, no ſwelling pride: Beza on the Spaniſh Armada:

" Quam bene te ambitio merſit vaniſſima, ventus,
" Et tumidos tumida vos ſuperaſtis aquæ."

JOHNSON.

In the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the ſame epithet is given to ambition.

Again, in *The Little French Lawyer*:

" I come with no *blown* ſpirit to abuſe you." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*your* lord—] The folio reads, *your lord*; and rightly. Goneril not only converſes with Lord Edmund, in the Steward's

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloſter's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to deſpatch
His nighted life;[8] moreover, to deſcry
The ſtrength o'the enemy.

Stew. I muſt needs after him, madam, with my letter.[9]

Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow; ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.

preſence, but prevents him from ſpeaking to, or even ſeeing her huſband. Ritson.

The quartos read—with your *lady* In the manuſcripts from which they were printed an L only was probably ſet down, according to the mode of that time. It could be of no conſequence to Regan, whether Edmund ſpoke with Goneril *at home*, as they had travelled together from the Earl of Gloſter's caſtle to the Duke of Albany's palace, and had on the road ſufficient opportunities for laying thoſe plans of which Regan was apprehenſive. On the other hand, Edmund's abrupt departure without even ſpeaking to the Duke, to whom he was ſent on a commiſſion, could not but appear myſterious, and excite her jealouſy. Malone.

[8] *His* nighted *life*;] i. e. His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes. Steevens.

[9] ——*with my* letter.] So the folio. The quartos read—*letters*. The meaning is the ſame. Malone.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to Edmund? Might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unſeal the letter.[1]

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her huſband;
I am ſure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange œiliads,[2] and moſt ſpeaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are of her boſom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding; you are, I know it:[3]
Therefore, I do adviſe you, take this note:[4]
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,

[1] *Let me unſeal* &c.] I know not well why Shakſpeare gives the Steward, who is a mere factor of wickedneſs, ſo much fidelity. He now refuſes the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be ſafely delivered. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*She gave ſtrange* œiliads,] *Oeillade*, Fr. a caſt, or ſignificant glance of the eye.

Greene, in his *Diſputation between a He and She Conny-catcher*, 1592, ſpeaks of "amorous glances, ſmirking *ocilliades*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *I ſpeak in underſtanding*; you are, I know it.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—in underſtanding, *for I know't*. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*I do adviſe you, take this* note:] *Note* means in this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. Therefore *obſerve* what I am ſaying. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"——*takes note* of what is done." STEEVENS

Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.[5]
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;[6]
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wiſdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would ſhow
What party[7] I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.[8]

The Country near Dover.

Enter Gloster, *and* Edgar, *dreſſed like a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall we come to the top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

[5] ——*You may* gather *more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"Thou art my heir; the reſt I wiſh thee *gather.*"

Stevens.

[6] ——*give him* this;] I ſuppoſe Regan here delivers a ring or ſome other favour to the Steward, to be conveyed to Edmund. Malone.

[7] *What party*—] Quarto, *What lady.* Johnson.

[8] *Scene VI.*] This ſcene, and the ſtratagem by which Gloſter is cured of his deſperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II. Johnson.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep:
Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glo. No, truly.[9]

Edg. Why, then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd;[1] and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter, than thou didſt.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, ſir; here's the place:—ſtand ſtill.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low![2]

[9] *No, truly.*] Somewhat, neceſſary to complete the meaſure, is omitted in this or the foregoing hemiſtich. Sir Thomas Hanmer ſupplies the defect, though perhaps but awkwardly, by reading—

No truly, *not.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*thy voice is alter'd*; &c.] Edgar alters his voice in order to paſs afterwards for a malignant ſpirit. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*How fearful*
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!] This deſcription has been much admired ſince the time of Addiſon, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleaſantry, that "he who can read it without being giddy, has a very good head, or a very bad one." The deſcription is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmoſt excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himſelf aſſailed by one great and dreadful image of irreſiſtible deſtruction. But this overwhelming idea is diſſipated and enfeebled from the inſtant that the mind can reſtore itſelf to the obſervation of particulars, and diffuſe its attention to diſtinct objects. The enumeration of the

The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade![3]
Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head:
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock;[4] her cock, a buoy

choughs and crows, the ſamphire-man, and the fiſhers, counteracts the great effect of the proſpect, as it peoples the deſert of intermediate vacuity, and ſtops the mind in the rapidity of its deſcent through emptineſs and horror. JOHNSON.

It is to be conſidered that Edgar is deſcribing an imaginary precipice, and is not therefore ſuppoſed to be ſo ſtrongly impreſſed with the dreadful proſpect of inevitable deſtruction, as a perſon would be who really found himſelf on the brink of one. M. MASON.

[3] ——— *Half way down*
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!] "*Samphire* grows in great plenty on moſt of the ſea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to ſee how people gather it, hanging by a rope ſeveral fathom from the top of the impending rocks as it were in the air." Smith's *Hiſtory of Waterford*, p. 315, edit. 1774. TOLLET.

This perſonage is not a mere creature of Shakſpeare's imagination, for the gathering of ſamphire was literally a *trade* or common occupation in his time, it being carried and cried about the ſtreets, and much uſed as a pickle. So, in a ſong in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, in which the cries of London are enumerated under the title of the cries of Rome:

"I ha' rock-*ſamphier*, rock-ſamphier;
"Thus go the cries in Rome's faire towne;
"Firſt they go up ſtreet, and then they go downe:
"Buy a map, a mill-mat," &c.

Again, in Venner's *Via recta*, &c. 4to. 1622: "*Samphire* is, in like manner preſerved in pickle, and eaten with meates. It is a very pleaſant and familiar ſauce, and agreeing with man's body." MALONE.

[4] ——*her cock*;] Her cock-boat. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637: "—I cauſed my lord to leap into the *cock*, &c.—at laſt our *cock* and we were caſt aſhore."

Almoſt too ſmall for ſight: The murmuring ſurge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high:—I'll look no more;
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.[5]

Glo. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.[6]

Again, in the ancient bl. l. comedy called *Common Conditions*:

"*B.* Lanche out the *cocke, boies,* and ſet the maiſter aſhoare.
"*M.* The *cocke* is lanſhed, eche man to his oare.—
"*M.* Boie, come up, and grounde the *cocke* on the ſande."

Again, in Barclay's *Ship of Fools*:

"——our ſhip can hold no more,
"Hauſe in the *cocke.*"——

Hence the term *cockſwain*, a petty officer in a ſhip. STEEVENS.

[5] Topple *down headlong.*] To *topple* is to *tumble.* The word has been already uſed in *Macbeth.* So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599: "—fifty people *toppled* up their heels there."—Again: "—he had thought to have *toppled* his burning car, &c. into the ſea." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*for all beneath the moon*
Would I not leap upright.] But what danger is in leaping *upwards* or *downwards?* He who leaps thus muſt needs fall again on his feet upon the place from whence he roſe. We ſhould read:
Would I not leap outright.
i. e. forward: and then being on the verge of a precipice, he muſt needs fall headlong. WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the word—*outright*, was even in uſe at the time when this play was written.

Upright, with the ſtrict definition—"*perpendicularly erect*," is abſurd; for ſuch a leap is *phyſically* impoſſible. *Upright* is barely expletive: "*upwards*,"—"*from the ground.*" FARMER.

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purſe; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good ſir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his deſpair,
Is done to cure it.[7]

Glo. O you mighty gods!

One of the ſenſes of the word *upright*, in Shakſpeare's time, was that in which it is now uſed. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— time goes *upright* with his carriage."

Again, in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſays*, 1603: " I have ſeene a man take his full carier: ſtanding boult *upright* on both his feete in the ſaddle."

And with this ſignification, I have no doubt, it was uſed here. Every man who leaps, in his firſt effort to raiſe himſelf from the ground, *ſprings upright*. Far from thinking of leaping *forward*, for which, being certain deſtruction, nothing could compenſate, Edgar ſays, he would not for all beneath the moon run the riſk of even leaping *upwards*.

Dr. Warburton idly objects, that he who leaps upwards, muſt needs fall again on his feet upon the ſame place from whence he roſe. If the commentator had tried ſuch a leap *within a foot* of the edge of a precipice, before he undertook the reviſion of theſe plays, the world would, I fear, have been deprived of his labours.

Upright, in our author's time, meant alſo *ſupinus*. See Minſheu's *Dictionary*, 1617: "*Upright*, or on the back, with the face upward. G. renverſé, ventre en haut. L. ſupinus, reſupinus:" but this ſenſe is here inadmiſſible. Malone.

[7] *Why I do trifle thus with his deſpair,*
Is done to cure it.] Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton, who read, with one of the quartos—*'Tis* done, place an interrogation point at the end of the firſt of theſe lines; but, in my opinion, improperly. Steevens.

Is *done*—] Thus the quarto A, and the folio. The other quarto reads—*'Tis* done. Malone.

This world I do renounce; and, in your ſights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
My ſnuff, and loathed part of nature, ſhould
Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O, bleſs him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg. Gone, ſir? farewell.[8]—
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life itſelf
Yields to the theft:[9] Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been paſt.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you ſir! friend!—Hear you, ſir?—ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed:[1]—Yet he revives:
What are you, ſir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Had'ſt thou been aught but goſſomer, feathers, air,[2]

[8] *Gone, ſir? farewell.*] Thus the quartos and folio. The modern editors have been content to read—*Good ſir*, &c. Steevens.

They followed the arbitrary alteration of the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Perhaps, a mere typographical error. Steevens.

[9] ——*when life itſelf*
Yields to the theft:] When life is willing to be deſtroyed. Johnson.

[1] *Thus might he* paſs *indeed:*] Thus might he *die* in reality. We ſtill uſe the word *paſſing* bell. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"Diſturb him not, let him *paſs* peaceably." Steevens.

[2] *Had'ſt thou been aught but* goſſomer, *feathers, air,*] *Goſſomore*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot ſunny weather. Skinner ſays, in a book called *The French Gardiner*, it ſignifies the down of the ſow-thiſtle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou had'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe;
Haſt heavy ſubſtance; bleed'ſt not; ſpeak'ſt; art ſound.
Ten maſts at each make not the altitude,[3]
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn:[4]

"As ſure ſome wonder on the cauſe of thunder,
"On ebb and flood, on *goſſomer* and miſt,
"And on all things, till that the cauſe is wiſt." Grey.

The ſubſtance called Goſſamer is formed of the collected webs of flying ſpiders, and during calm weather in Autumn ſometimes falls in amazing quantities. Holt White.

See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. vi. Malone.

[3] *Ten maſts* at each *make not the altitude*,] So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and ſeeing it corrupt, judiciouſly corrected it to *attacht*. But Mr. Theobald *reſtores* again the old nonſenſe, *at each*. Warburton.

Mr. Pope's conjecture may ſtand if the word which he uſes were known in our author's time, but I think it is of later introduction. We may ſay:

Ten maſts *on end*—— Johnson.

Perhaps we ſhould read—at *reach*, i. e. extent.
In Mr. Rowe's edition it is, *Ten maſts at* leaſt. Steevens.

Ten maſts at each *maſt not the altitude*,] i. e. each, at, or near, the other. Such I ſuppoſe the meaning, if the text be right; but it is probably corrupt. The word *attach'd* certainly exiſted in Shakſpeare's time, but was not uſed in the ſenſe required here. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, to *attach* is interpreted, "To take, lay hold on." It was *verbum juris*. Malone.

[4] ——*chalky* bourn:] *Bourn* ſeems here to ſignify a *hill*. Its common ſignification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uſes *boſky bourn*, in the ſame ſenſe perhaps with Shakſpeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*. Johnson.

Look up a-height;—the ſhrill-gorg'd lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end itſelf by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You ſtand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o'the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I ſtood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
Horns whelk'd,[5] and wav'd like the enridged ſea;[6]

Here it certainly means "this chalky boundary of England, towards France." STEEVENS.

[5] *Horns* whelk'd,] *Whelk'd*, I believe, ſignifies *varied with protuberances*. So, in *King Henry V.* Fluellen ſpeaking of Bardolph: "—his face is all bubukles, and *whelks*," &c.
STEEVENS.

Twiſted, convolved. A welk or whilk is a ſmall ſhell-fiſh. Drayton in his *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596, ſeems to uſe this participle in the ſenſe of *rolling* or *curled*:

"The ſunny paltreys have their traces broke,
"And ſetting fire upon the *welked* ſhrouds
"Now through the heaven flie gadding from the yoke."
MALONE.

[6] ——enridged *ſea*;] Thus the 4to. The folio *enraged*.
STEEVENS.

Enridged was certainly our author's word; for he has the ſame expreſſion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Till the wild *waves* will have him ſeen no more,
"Whoſe *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend."
MALONE.

It was ſome fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the cleareſt gods[7], who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilities,[8] have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and, *die.* That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.[9]—But who comes here?

Enter Lear, *fantaſtically dreſſed up with Flowers.*

The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.[1]

[7] ——*the* cleareſt *gods,*] The pureſt; the moſt free from evil. Johnson.

So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"Roots! you *clear* gods!"

See Vol. XIX. p. 134, n. 3. Malone.

[8] ——*who make them honours*

Of men's impoſſibilities,] Who are graciouſly pleaſed to preſerve men in ſituations in which they think it impoſſible to eſcape: Or, perhaps, who derive honour from being able to do what man can not do. Malone.

By *men's impoſſibilities* perhaps is meant, what men call impoſſibilities, what appear as ſuch to mere mortal beings.

Steevens.

[9] *Bear* free *and patient* thoughts.] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloſter to *free thoughts,* to an emancipation of his ſoul from grief and deſpair. Johnson.

[1] *The* ſafer *ſenſe will ne'er accommodate*
His maſter thus.] I read:
The ſaner *ſenſe will ne'er accommodate*
His maſter thus.

"Here is Lear, but he muſt be mad: his ſound or *ſane* ſenſe would never ſuffer him to be thus diſguiſed." Johnson.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;[2] I am the king himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect.—There's your preſs-money.[3] That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:[4] draw me a clothier's

I have no doubt but that *ſafer* was the poet's word. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"Nor do I think the man of *ſafe* diſcretion
"That does affect it." Steevens.

[2] ——*for* coining;] So the quartos. Folio—for *crying.* Malone.

[3] *There's your* preſs-money.] It is evident from the whole of this ſpeech, that Lear fancies himſelf in a battle: but, *There's your preſs-money* has not been properly explained. It means the money which was paid to ſoldiers when they were retained in the King's ſervice; and it appears from ſome antient ſtatutes, and particularly 7 Henry VII. c. 1. and 3 Henry VIII. c. 5. that it was felony in any ſoldier to withdraw himſelf from the King's ſervice after receipt of this money, without ſpecial leave. On the contrary, he was obliged at all times to hold himſelf *in readineſs.* The term is from the French "preſt," *ready.* It is written *preſt* in ſeveral places in *King Henry VIIth's* Book of houſhold expences ſtill preſerved in the Exchequer. This may ſerve alſo to explain the following paſſage in Act V. ſc. ii: "And turn our *impreſt* lances in our eyes;" and to correct Mr. Whalley's note in *Hamlet,* Act I. ſc. i: "Why ſuch *impreſs* of ſhipwrights?" Douce.

[4] *That fellow handles his bow like a* crow-keeper:] Mr. Pope, in his laſt edition, reads *cow-keeper.* It is certain we muſt read *crow-keeper.* In ſeveral counties, to this day, they call a ſtuffed figure, repreſented a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, ſet up to fright the crows from the fruit and corn, a *crow-keeper,* as well as a *ſcare-crow.* Theobald.

This *crow-keeper* was ſo common in the author's time, that it is one of the few peculiarities mentioned by Ortelius, in his account of our iſland. Johnson.

So, in the 48th *Idea* of Drayton:

"Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
"To ſome baſe ruſtick do thyſelf prefer;
"And when corn's ſown, or grown into the ear,
"Practiſe thy quiver and turn *crow-keeper.*"

yard.[5]—Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.[6]—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout,[7] i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.[8]

Mr. Tollet informs me, that Markham, in his *Farewell to Husbandry*, ſays, that ſuch ſervants are called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers*. STEEVENS.

So, in *Bonduca*, by Fletcher:

" ——Can theſe fight? They look
" Like empty ſcabbards all; no mettle in them;
" Like *men of clouts*, ſet to *keep crows* from orchards."

See alſo *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. iv. MALONE.

The following curious paſſage in Latimer's *Fruitful Sermons*, 1584, fol. 69, will ſhow how indiſpenſable was practice to enable an archer to *handle his bow* ſkilfully: " In my time (ſays the good biſhop) my poor father was diligent to teach me to ſhoote, as to learne me any other thing, and ſo I thinke other men did their children. He taught me how to draw, howe to lay my body in my bow, and not to drawe with ſtrength of armes as other nations doe, but with ſtrength of the bodye. I had my bowes bought me according to my age and ſtrength: as I encreaſed in them, ſo my bowes were made bigger and bigger: for men ſhall neuer ſhoote well, except they be brought up in it." HOLT WHITE.

[5] ——*draw me a* clothier's yard.] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a ſtanza of the old ballad of *Chevy-Chace*:

" An arrow of a *cloth-yard* long,
" Up to the head drew he," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the* brown bills.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe, affixed to a long ſtaff:

" Which is the conſtable's houſe?—
" At the ſign of the *brown bill*."

Blurt Mr. Conſtable, 1602.

Again, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1622:

" Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
" *Brown bills*, and targetiers," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 96, n. 1. MALONE.

[7] *O, well flown*, bird!—i' the clout, &c.] Lear is here raving of *archery*, and ſhooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i' the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they ſet up and aim at: hence the phraſe, to *hit the white*. WARBURTON.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard![9]—They flatter'd me like a dog;[1] and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.[2] To ſay *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I ſaid!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me[3] once, and the wind to make

So, in *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609: "Change your mark, ſhoot at a white; come ſtick me in the *clout*, ſir."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

"For kings are *clouts* that every man ſhoots at."

Again, in *How to chooſe a good Wife from a bad one*, 1602:

"——who could miſs the *clout*,

"Having ſuch ſteady aim?"——

Mr. Heath thinks there can be no impropriety in calling an arrow a *bird*, from the ſwiftneſs of its flight, eſpecially when immediately preceded by the words *well-flown*: but it appears that *well-flown bird*, was the falconer's expreſſion when the hawk was ſucceſsful in her flight; and is ſo uſed in *A Woman killed with Kindneſs*. Steevens.

The quartos read—O, well flown bird *in the ayre*, hugh, give the word. Malone.

[8] ——*Give the word.*] Lear ſuppoſes himſelf in a garriſon, and before he lets Edgar paſs, requires the watch-word. Johnson.

[9] *Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!*] So reads the folio, properly; the quarto, whom the latter editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, ha! Regan! they flattered me*, &c. which is not ſo forcible. Johnson.

[1] *They flatter'd me like a dog;*] They played the ſpaniel to me. Johnson.

[2] ——*and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.*] They told me that I had the wiſdom of age, before I had attained to manhood. Malone.

[3] *When the rain came to wet me* &c.] This ſeems to be an alluſion to King Canute's behaviour when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the ſea. Steevens.

me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I ſmelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice[4] I do well remember: Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.[5]
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cauſe?—]
Adultery.—
Thou ſhalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly
Does lecher in my ſight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloſter's baſtard ſon
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful ſheets.
To't, luxury,[6] pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers.—
Behold yon' ſimpering dame,
Whoſe face between her forks[7] preſageth ſnow;

[4] *The* trick *of that voice*—] *Trick* (ſays Sir Thomas Hanmer) is a word frequently uſed for the *air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or geſture, which diſtinguiſhes it from others.* We ſtill ſay, "He has a *trick* of winking with his eyes, of ſpeaking loud," &c. Steevens.

See Vol. X. p. 350, n. 2. Malone.

[5] *Ay, every inch a* king:
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Who, like a *king* perplexed in his throne,
"By their ſuggeſtion gives a deadly groan,
"Whereat each tributary *ſubject quakes.*" Malone.

[6] *To't*, luxury, &c.] *Luxury* was the ancient appropriate term for *incontinence*. See Mr. Collins's note on *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. ii. Steevens.

[7] *Whoſe face between her* forks—] The conſtruction is not

That minces virtue,[8] and does ſhake the head
To hear of pleaſure's name;
The fitchew,[9] nor the ſoiled horſe,[1] goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waiſt they are centaurs,[2]
Though women all above:
But to the girdle[3] do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';[4] there's hell, there's darkneſs,

"whoſe face between her *forks*," &c. but "whoſe face preſageth ſnow between her *forks*." So, in *Timon*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

"Whoſe bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow
"That lies on Dian's lap." EDWARDS.

To preſerve the modeſty of Mr. Edwards's happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

[8] *That* minces *virtue*.] Whoſe virtue conſiſts in appearance only; in an affected delicacy and prudery: who is as nice and ſqueamiſh in talking of virtue and of the frailer part of her ſex, as a lady who walks *mincingly* along:

"——and turn two *mincing* ſteps
"Into a manly ſtride." *Merchant of Venice*. MALONE.

This is a paſſage which I ſhall not venture to explain further than by recommending a conſideration of the paſſage, quoted by Mr. Malone, from *The Merchant of Venice*. STEEVENS.

[9] *The fitchew*,] A polecat. POPE.

[1] ——*nor the* ſoiled horſe.] *Soiled horſe* is a term uſed for a horſe that has been fed with hay and corn in the ſtable during the winter, and is turned out in the ſpring to take the firſt ſtalh of graſs, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanſes the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

[2] *Down from the* waiſt *they are centaurs*,] In *The Malcontent*, is a thought as ſingular as this:

"'Tis now about the immodeſt *waiſt* of night."
STEEVENS.

[3] But *to the girdle* &c.] To *inherit* in Shakſpeare is, to poſſeſs. See Vol. IV. p. 203, n. 4. *But* is here uſed for *only*. MALONE.

[4] *Beneath is all the fiends'*;] According to Grecian ſuperſtition, every limb of us was configned to the charge of ſome

there is the ſulphurous pit,[5] burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption;—Fye, fye, fye! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt; it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall ſo wear out to nought.—Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Doſt thou ſquiny at me?[6] No, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

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particular deity. Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis,* enlarges much on it, and concludes by ſaying:

" And Venus through the letcherie
" For whiche thei hir deifie,
" *She kept all doune the remenant*
" *To thilke office appertainant.*" Collins.

In the old copies the preceding as well as the latter part of Lear's ſpeech is printed as proſe. I doubt much whether any part of it was intended for metre. Malone.

[5] ——*there is the ſulphurous pit,* &c.] Perhaps theſe lines ſhould be regulated as follows:

There is the ſulphurous pit, ſtench, burning, ſcalding,
Conſumption: fye, fye, fye! pah! pah! pah!
Give me an ounce of civet, &c. Steevens.

[6] *Doſt thou* ſquiny *at me?*] To *ſquiny* is to look aſquint The word is uſed by our poet's fellow-comedian, Robert Armin, in *A Neſt of Ninnies,* &c. 4to, 1609: " The world—*ſquinies* at this, and looks as one ſcorning." Malone.

Glo. What, with the caſe of eyes?[7]

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light: Yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yon' juſtice rails upon yon' ſimple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy,[8] which is the juſtice, which is the thief?—Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

[7] *What, with* the *caſe of eyes?*] Mr. Rowe changed *the* into *this*, but without neceſſity. I have reſtored the old reading. The *caſe of eyes* is the *ſocket* of either eye. Statius in his firſt *Thebaid*, has a ſimilar expreſſion. Speaking of Oedipus he ſays:

" Tunc *vacuos orbes* crudum ac miſerabile vitæ
" Supplicium, oſtentat cœlo, manibuſque cruentis
" Pulſat *inane ſolum*.
" *Inane ſolum*, i. e. *vacui oculorum loci*."

Shakſpeare has the expreſſion again in *The Winter's Tale*:

" —they ſeemed almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear *the caſes* of their eyes." Steevens.

In *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, we have the ſame expreſſion:

" ——her *eyes* as jewel-like,
" And *caſ'd* as richly."

Again, *ibidem*:

" Her *eye-lids*, *caſes* to thoſe heavenly jewels
" Which Pericles hath loſt,
" Begin to part their fringes of bright gold."

This could not have been the author's word; for " this *caſe* of eyes" in the language of his time ſignified—*this pair of eyes*, a ſenſe directly oppoſite to that intended to be conveyed.

Malone.

[8] *Change places*; and, handy-dandy,] The words *change places, and*, are not in the quartos. *Handy-dandy* is, I believe, a play among children, in which ſomething is ſhaken between two hands, and then a gueſs is made in which hand it is retained. See Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: " *Buzzi-*

Glo. Ay, ſir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—
Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whipp'ſt her. The uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes ſmall vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.[9] Plate ſin[1] with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em:[2]

chiare. To ſhake between two hands; to play *handy-dandy.*" Coles in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders "to play handy-dandy," by *digitis micare*; and he is followed by Ainſworth; but they appear to have been miſtaken; as is Dr. Johnſon in his definition in his *Dictionary*, which ſeems to have been formed on the paſſage before us, miſunderſtood. He ſays, Handy-dandy is "a play in which children *change* hands and *places.*" Malone.

[9] *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Hiding baſe ſin in pleats of majeſty." Malone.

From *hide all* to *accuſer's lips*, the whole paſſage is wanting in the firſt edition, being added, I ſuppoſe, at his reviſal. Johnson.

[1] *Plate ſin*—] The old copies read—*Place* ſin. Mr. Pope made the correction. Malone.

So, in *King Richard II:*

"Thus *plated* in habiliments of war." Steevens.

[2] ——*I'll able 'em:*] An old phraſe ſignifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, ſays:

"Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,
"And *alle me* to mercie or thou deme." Warburton.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To ſeal the accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes;
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou doſt not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; ſo.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloſter:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawl, and cry:[3]—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools;——This a good block?[4]—

So Chapman, in his comedy of *The Widow's Tears*, 1612:
"Admitted! ay, into her heart, and I'll *able* it."
Again, in his verſion of the 23d *Iliad*:
"————I'll *able* this
"For five revolved years;"—. Steevens.

[3] *Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,*
We wawl, and cry]
"Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum eſt
"Cui tantum in vitâ reſtat tranſire malorum." *Lucretius.*
Thus alſo, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, lib. II:
"The child feeles that, the man that feeling knowes,
"Which *cries firſt borne*, the preſage of his life," &c.
Steevens.

[4] ——*This a good block?*] Perhaps, we ſhould read—
'Tis *a good block*. Ritson.

It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt:[5] I'll put it in proof;

Upon the king's ſaying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet ſeems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of thoſe times, (whom I have ſeen ſo repreſented in ancient prints,) till the idea of *felt*, which the good *hat* or *block* was made of, raiſes the ſtratagem in his brain of ſhoeing a troop of horſe with a ſubſtance ſoft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him ſtart from his preachment.—*Block* anciently ſignified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and ſometimes the hat itſelf.—See *Much Ado about Nothing*: "He wears his faith but as the faſhion of his *hat*; it changes with the next *block*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at ſeveral Weapons*:

"I am ſo haunted with this broad-brim'd *hat*
"Of the laſt progreſs *block*, with the young hatband."

Again, in *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: "——my haberdaſher has a new *block*, and will find me and all my generation in *beavers*," &c.

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—that cannot obſerve the time of his hatband, nor know what faſhioned *block* is moſt kin to his head; for in my opinion, the braine that cannot chuſe his *felt* well," &c.

Again, in *The Seven deadly Sinnes of London*, by Decker, 1606: "—The *blocke* for his head alters fatter than the *felt*-maker can fitte him."

Again, in *Run and a great Caſt*, an ancient collection of Epigrams, 4to. without date, *Epigram* 46. *In Sextinum*:

"A pretty *blocke* Sextinus names his *hat*;
"So much the fitter for his head by that." STEEVENS.

[5] *It were a delicate ſtratagem, to ſhoe*
A troop of horſe with felt:] i. e. with flocks kneaded to a maſs, a practice I believe ſometimes uſed in former ages, for it is mentioned in *Arioſto*:

"——fece nel cadar ſtrepito quanto
"Aveſſe avuto ſotto i piedi il *feltro*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare however might have adopted the ſtratagem of ſhoeing a troop of horſe with *felt*, from the following paſſage in Fenton's *Tragicall Diſcourſes*, 4to. bl. l. 1567: "——he attyreth himſelfe for the purpoſe in a night-gowne girt to hym, with a paire of *ſhoes of felte*, leaſte the noyſe of his feete ſhoulde diſcover his goinge." P. 58.

And when I have ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.[6]

Enter a Gentleman, *with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter——

Lear. No reſcue? What, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.[7]—Uſe me well;
You ſhall have ranſome. Let me have a ſurgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Again, in *Hay any Worke for a Cooper*, an ancient pamphlet, no date: "Their adverſaries are very eager: the ſaints in heaven have *felt* o' their tongues." Steevens.

This "delicate ſtratagem" had actually been put in practice about fifty years before Shakſpeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's *Life of Henry the Eighth*, p 41. "And now," ſays that hiſtorian, "having feaſted the ladies royally for divers dayes, he [Henry] departed from Tournay to Liſle, [Oct. 13, 1513,] whither he was invited by the lady Margaret, who cauſed there a juſte to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raiſed high from the ground by many ſteps, and paved with black ſquare ſtones like marble; while *the horſes*, to prevent ſliding, *were ſhod with felt* or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro ſive tomento*): after which the ladies danced all night."

Malone.

[6] *Then* kill, kill, &c.] This was formerly the word given in the Engliſh army, when an onſet was made on the enemy. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Gives falſe alarms, ſuggeſteth mutiny,
"And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill.*"

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1610, p. 315:

"For while the Frenchmen freſh aſſaulted ſtill,
"Our Engliſhmen came boldly forth at night,
"Crying St. George, Saliſbury, *kill, kill,*
"And offered freſhly with their foes to fight."

Malone.

[7] *The natural fool of* fortune.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, I am *fortune's fool!*" Steevens.

Lear. No ſeconds? All myſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt,[8]
To uſe his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and for laying autumn's duſt.[9]

Gent. Good ſir,[1]—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom: What?
I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,
My maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it.[2] Nay, an you get it, you ſhall get it by running. Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa.
[*Exit, running*; *Attendants follow.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch;
Paſt ſpeaking of in a king!—Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

[8] —— *a man of* ſalt,] *A man of ſalt* is *a man of tears.* In *All's Well that ends Well,* we meet with—"your *ſalt tears'* head;" and in *Troilus and Creſſida,* "the *ſalt* of broken *tears.*" Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up
"For certain drops of *ſalt,* your city Rome." Malone.

[9] *Ay, and* for *laying autumn's duſt*] Theſe words are not in the folio. Malone.

For the ſake of metre, I have here repeated the prepoſition—*for,* which appears to have been accidentally omitted in the old copies. Steevens.

[1] Gent. *Good ſir,*] Theſe words I have reſtored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads:
—— *a ſmug* bridegroom—— Steevens.

[2] *Then there's life in it.*] The caſe is not yet deſperate. Johnson.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"There's ſap in't yet." Steevens.

Edg. Hail, gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, ſir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot; the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.[3]

Edg. I thank you, ſir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, ſir. [*Exit* Gent.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit[4] tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good ſir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame by fortune's blows;[5]

[3] ——*the main deſcry,*
Stands on the hourly thought.] The *main* body is *expected* to be *deſcry'd* every hour. The expreſſion is harſh. Johnson.

[4] ——*my worſer ſpirit*——] By this expreſſion may be meant—*my evil genius.* Stevens.

[5] —— *made* tame by *fortune's blows.*] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*
"*Taming* my wild heart *to* thy gentle hand."
The quartos read:
"—— made *lame by* fortune's blows." Stevens.

Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,[6]
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember:[7]—The ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to it. [Edgar *oppoſes.*

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? Hence;

The folio has—made *tame to* fortune's blows. I believe the original is here, as in many other places, the true reading. So, in our poet's 37th Sonnet:

"So I, *made lame by fortune's* dearеſt ſpight,—."

Malone.

[6] *Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,*] i. e. Sorrows paſt and preſent. Warburton.

"Haud ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco."

I doubt whether *feeling* is not uſed, with our poet's uſual licence, for *felt*. Sorrows known, not by relation, but by experience. Malone.

[7] *Briefly thyſelf remember:*] i. e. Quickly recollect the paſt offences of thy life, and recommend thyſelf to heaven.

Warburton.

So Othello ſays to Deſdemona:

"If you bethink yourſelf of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight." Malone.

Leſt that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait,[8] and let poor volk paſs. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye,[9] or iſe try whether your coſtard[1] or my bat[2] be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

[8] ——*go your gait,*] *Gang your gait* is a common expreſſion in the North. In the laſt rebellion, when the Scotch ſoldiers had finiſhed their exerciſe, inſtead of our term of diſmiſſion, their phraſe was, *gang your gaits*. Stevens.

[9] ——*che vor'ye,*] *I warn you.* Edgar counterfeits the weſtern dialect. Johnson.

When our ancient writers have occaſion to introduce a ruſtick, they commonly allot him this Somerſetſhire dialect. Mercury, in the ſecond Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, aſſumes the appearance of a clown, and our tranſlator Golding has made him ſpeak with the provinciality of Shakſpeare's Edgar. Stevens.

[1] ——*your* coſtard—] *Coſtard*, i. e. head. So, in *King Richard III:* "Take him over the *coſtard* with the hilt of thy ſword." Stevens.

[2] ——*my* bat—] i. e. club. So, in Spenſer:

"——a handſome *bat* he held,
"On which he leaned, as one far in eld."

Again, in *Mucedorus*, 1598:

"With this my *bat* I will beat out thy brains."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"——let every thing be ready,
"And each of you a good *bat* on his neck."

Stevens

Rather, in this place, a *ſtaff*. In Suſſex a walking-ſtick is called a *bat*. *Bats* and *clubs* are diſtinguiſhed in *Coriolanus*, Act I. ſc. i: "Where go you with *bats* and *clubs*."

Holt White.

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.[3]

[*They fight*; *and* Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me:—Villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloſter;[4] ſeek him out
Upon the Britiſh party:——O, untimely death!
[*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well: A ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; reſt you.—

[3] ——*no matter vor your* foins.] To *foin*, is to make what we call a *thruſt* in fencing. Shakſpeare often uſes the word. Steevens.

[4] *To Edmund earl of Gloſter*;] Mr. Smith has endeavoured, without any ſucceſs, to prove, in a long note, that we ought to read—*letter* both here and below, becauſe the Steward had only one letter in his pocket, namely, that written by Goneril. But there is no need of change, for *letters* formerly was uſed like *epiſtolæ* in Latin, when one only was intended. So, in Act I. ſc. v. Lear ſays to Kent, "Go, you, before to Gloſter, with *theſe letters*;" and Kent replies, "I will not ſleep, my lord, till I have delivered your *letter*." Again, in Act IV. ſc. v. the Steward ſays to Regan, "I muſt needs after him, madam, with my *letters*," meaning only Goneril's letter, which Edgar preſently reads. Such, as I obſerved on that paſſage, is the reading of the original quarto copies, which in the folio is changed to *letter*. Whether the Steward had alſo a letter from Regan, it is not here neceſſary to inquire. The words which he uſes do not, for the reaſon I have aſſigned, neceſſarily imply two letters; and as Edgar finds no letter from Regan, we may infer that when ſhe ſaid to the Steward, in a former ſcene, *take thou this*, ſhe gave him a ring or ſome other token of regard for Edmund, and not a letter. Malone.

Let's ſee his pockets: theſe letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead; I am only ſorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us ſee:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.[5]

[Reads.] *Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.*

Your wife, (ſo I would ſay,) and your affectionate ſervant,[6]

GONERIL.

[5] *To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;*
Their papers, is more lawful.] This is darkly expreſſed: the meaning is, Our enemies are put upon the rack, and torn in pieces to extort confeſſion of their ſecrets; to tear open their letters is more lawful. WARBURTON.

——*we'd rip*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*we rip*. The editor of the ſecond folio, imagining that *papers* was the nominative caſe, for *is* ſubſtituted *are*: Their papers *are* more lawful. But the conſtruction is,—*to rip* their papers, is more lawful. His alteration, however, has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

[6] ——*affectionate* ſervant,] After *ſervant*, one of the quartos has this ſtrange continuation: "——and for you her owne for *venter*, Gonerill." STEEVENS.

In this place I have followed the quarto of which the firſt ſignature is A. The other reads—"Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) *your* affectionate ſervant; and adds the words mentioned by Mr. Steevens. The folio, reads—"Your (wife ſo I would ſay) affectionate ſervant, Gonerill." MALONE.

O undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will![7]—
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the ſands,
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified[8]
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd duke:[9] For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

[*Exit* EDGAR, *dragging out the Body.*

Glo. The king is mad: How ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling[1]
Of my huge ſorrows! Better I were diſtract:
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd[2] from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

[7] *O undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—of woman's *wit!* The meaning (ſays Dr. Warburton in Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition,) is, "The variations in a woman's will are ſo ſudden, and their liking and loathing follow ſo quick upon each other, that there is no diſtinguiſhable ſpace between them." MALONE.

I believe, the plain meaning is—*O undiſtinguiſhing licentiouſneſs of a woman's inclinations!* STEEVENS.

[8] *Thee I'll* rake *up, the poſt* unſanctified *&c.*] I'll *cover* thee. In Staffordſhire, to *rake* the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

The epithet, *unſanctified*, refers to his want of burial in *conſecrated* ground. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the death-practis'd duke:*] The duke of Albany, whoſe death is machinated by *practice* or treaſon. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*and have* ingenious feeling—] *Ingenious feeling* ſignifies a feeling from an underſtanding not diſturbed or diſordered, but which, repreſenting things as they are, makes the ſenſe of pain the more exquiſite. WARBURTON.

[2] ——*ſever'd*—] The quartos read *ſenced.* STEEVENS.

Re-enter EDGAR.

EDG. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French *Camp.* LEAR *on a Bed, aſleep*; Phyſician, Gentleman,[3] *and Others, attending: Enter* CORDELIA *and* KENT.

COR. O thou good Kent, how ſhall I live, and work,
To match thy goodneſs? My life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure fail me.[4]

KENT. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.

[3] ——*Phyſician, Gentleman,* &c.] In the quartos the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Doctor*," omitting by negligence the *Gentleman*, who yet in thoſe copies is a ſpeaker in the courſe of the ſcene, and remains with KENT, when the reſt go out. In the folio, the direction is, "Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and *Gentleman*;" to the latter of whom all the ſpeeches are given, which in the original copies are divided between the *phyſician* and the *gentleman*. I ſuppoſe, from a penury of actors, it was found convenient to unite the two characters, which, we ſee, were originally diſtinct. Cordelia's words, however, might have taught the editor of the folio to have given the *gentleman* whom he retained the appellation of *Doctor*:

"Be govern'd by *your knowledge*, and proceed
"I' the ſway of your own will." MALONE.

[4] ——*every meaſure fail me.*] All good which I ſhall allot thee, or *meaſure out* to thee, will be ſcanty. JOHNSON.

All my reports go with the modeſt truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited:[5]
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours;[6]
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent:[7]
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it ſo, my good lord.—How does the king? [*To the* Phyſician.

Phys. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature!
The untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father![8]

[5] *Be better ſuited:*] i. e. Be better dreſſed, put on a better ſuit of clothes. Steevens.

[6] *Theſe weeds are* memories *of thoſe worſer hours;*] *Memories*, i. e. Memorials, remembrancers. Shakſpeare uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe, *As you like it*, Act II. ſc. iii:

"O, my ſweet maſter! O you *memory*
"Of old Sir Rowland!"—— Steevens.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618:—"A printed *memorie* hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church-door." Malone.

[7] ——*my* made intent:] There is a diſſonancy of terms in *made intent*; one implying the idea of a thing done, the other, undone. I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare wrote—laid *intent*, i. e. projected. Warburton.

An intent *made*, is an intent *formed*. So we ſay in common language, to *make a deſign*, and to *make a reſolution*. Johnson.

[8] *Of this child-changed father?*] i. e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs; or perhaps, reduced to this condition by his children. Steevens.

Phys. So pleaſe your majeſty,
That we may wake the king? he hath ſlept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the ſway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam;[9] in the heavineſs of his ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.[1]

Lear is become infane, and this is the change referred to. Infanity is not the property of ſecond childhood, but dotage. Conſonant to this explanation is what Cordelia almoſt immediately adds:

"O my dear father! reſtoration hang
"Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
"Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
"Have in thy reverence made!" Henley.

Of this child-changed *father!*] That is, *changed* by *his children*; a father, whoſe jarring ſenſes have been untuned by the monſtrous ingratitude of his daughters. So, *care-crazed*, crazed *by* care; *wave-worn*, worn *by* the waves; *woe-wearied*, harraſſed *by* woe; &c. Malone.

[9] *Ay, madam*; &c.] The folio gives theſe four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the ſame year, and for the ſame printer) gives the two firſt to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two firſt to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two firſt, which beſt belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Phyſician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more ſuitable to his profeſſion. Steevens.

In the folio the *Gentleman* and (as he is here called) the *Phyſician*, is one and the ſame perſon. Ritson.

[1] *Very well.*] This and the following line I have reſtored from the quartos. Steevens.

Phys. Pleaſe you, draw near.—Louder the muſick there.[2]

Cor. O my dear father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips;[3] and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princeſs!

Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
[To ſtand[4] againſt the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick, croſs lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?[5]] Mine enemy's dog,[6]

[2] ——*Louder the muſick there.*] I have already obſerved, in a note on *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Vol. XII. p. 197, n. 2, that Shakſpeare conſidered *ſoft muſick* as favourable to ſleep. Lear, we may ſuppoſe, had been thus compoſed to reſt; and now the Phyſician deſires *louder* muſick to be played, for the purpoſe of waking him. So again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609, Cerimon, to recover Thaiſa, who had been thrown into the ſea, ſays—

"The *rough* and woeful muſick that we have,
"Cauſe it to ſound, 'beſeech you."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"*Muſick, awake her*; ſtrike!" Malone.

[3] ——Reſtoration, *hang*
Thy medicine on my lips;] This is fine. She invokes the goddeſs of health, Hygeia, under the name of *Reſtoration*, to make her the miniſter of her rites, in this holy office of recovering her father's loſt ſenſes. Warburton.

Reſtoration is no more than *recovery* perſonified. Steevens.

[4] [*To ſtand* &c.] The lines within crotchets are omitted in the folio. Johnson.

[5] ——*to watch* (*poor* perdu!)
With this thin helm?] The alluſion is to the forlorn-hope in an army, which are put upon deſperate adventures, and called

Though he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire; And waſt thou fain, poor father,

In French *enfans perdus*. Theſe *enfans perdus* being always ſlightly and badly armed, is the reaſon that ſhe adds, With this thin helm? i. e. bare-headed. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation of the word *perdu* is juſt, though the latter part of his aſſertion has not the leaſt foundation. Paulus Jovius, ſpeaking of the body of men who were anciently ſent on this deſperate adventure, ſays: "Hos ab immoderatâ fortitudine *perditos* vocant, et in ſummo honore atque admiratione habent." It is not likely that thoſe who deſerved ſo well of their country for expoſing themſelves to certain danger, ſhould be ſent out, *ſummâ admiratione*, and yet ſlightly and badly armed.

The ſame alluſion occurs in Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

"————I have endur'd
"Another night would tire a *perdu*,
"More than a wet furrow and a great froſt."

Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary*:

"————as for *perdues*,
"Some choice ſous'd fiſh, brought couchant in a diſh
"Among ſome fennel or ſome other graſs,
"Shows how they lye i' th' field." STEEVENS.

In Polemon's *Collection of Battels*, 4to. bl. l. printed by Byrneman, p. 98, an account of the battle of Marignano is tranſlated from Jovius, in which is the following paſſage:—"They were very choſen fellowes taken out of all the Cantons, men in the prime of youth, and of ſingular forwardeneſſe: who by a very auntient order of that country, that by dooyng ſome deede of paſſyng proweſſe they may obtaine rare honour of warreſare before they be growen in yeares, doe of themſelves requeſt all perillous and harde pieces of ſervice, and often uſe with deadlye praiſe to runne unto propoſed death. Theſe men do they call, of their immoderate fortitude and ſtoutneſſe, the deſperate forlorne hopen, and the Frenchmen *enfans perdus*: and it is lawfull for them, by the prerogative of their proweſſe, to beare an enſigne, to have conduéte and double wages all their life long. Neyther are the forlorne knowen from the reſt by anye other marke and cogniſance than the plumes of white feathers, the which, after the manner of captaines, they doe turn behinde, waveryng over theyr ſhoulder with a brave kynde of riot."

To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.[7]—He wakes; ſpeak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fitteſt.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majeſty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o'the grave:—
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide!

Again, in Bacon's *Apology*, touching the late Earl of Eſſex, 12mo. 1651, p. 105: "—you have put me like one of thoſe that the Frenchmen call *Enfans perdus* that ſerve on foot before horſemen." Reed.

Amongſt other deſperate ſervices in which the forlorn hope or *enfans perdus*, were engaged, the night-watches ſeem to have been a common one. So, Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I am ſet here like a *perdu*,
"To *watch* a fellow that has wrong'd my miſtreſs."

Little French Lawyer, Act II. ſc. ii. Whalley.

With this thin helm [6] With this thin covering of hair. Malone.

[6] ——*Mine enemy's dog.*] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, Mine *injurious* dog. Poſſibly the poet wrote—Mine *injur'd*'s dog. Steevens.

[7] *Had not concluded* all.] *It is wonder that thy wits and life had not* all *ended.* Johnson.

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, c. viii:

"Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked *all.*"

Again, in *Timon*:

"And diſpoſſeſs her *all.*" Steevens.

Phys. He's ſcarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd.[8]—I ſhould even die with pity,
To ſee another thus.—I know not what to ſay.—
I will not ſwear, theſe are my hands:—let's ſee;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, ſir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, ſir, you muſt not kneel.[9]

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:[1]
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward;[2] and, to deal plainly,

[8] *I am mightily abus'd.*] I am ſtrangely impoſed on by appearances; I am in a ſtrange miſt of uncertainty. Johnson.

[9] *No, ſir, you muſt not kneel.*] This circumſtance I find in the old play on the ſame ſubject, apparently written by another hand, and publiſhed before any edition of Shakſpeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to ſay whether ſuch accidental reſemblances proceed from imitation, or a ſimilarity of thinking on the ſame occaſion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whoſe determination I leave the queſtion. Steevens

The words, *No, ſir,* are not in the folio. Malone.

[1] *Pray, do not mock me:*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act V:
"——Let no man mock me,
"For I will kiſs her." Steevens.

[2] *Fourſcore and upward;*] Here the folio (and the folio only) adds—*not an hour more or leſs.* The authenticity of this paſſage Sir Joſhua Reynolds juſtly ſuſpects. It was probably the interpolation of ſome player, and is better omitted, both in regard to ſenſe and verſification. Steevens.

The words *not an hour more or leſs*, are judiciouſly reprobated by Mr. Steevens as the interpolation of ſome fooliſh player. We ſhould therefore read:

Fourſcore, and upward; and, to deal plainly with you.
Ritson.

I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.[3]
Methinks, I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have
Remembers not theſe garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And ſo I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have ſome cauſe, they have not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, ſir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd[4] in him: [and yet[5] it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has loſt.[6]]

[3] *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads: *I fear, I am not perfect in my mind.* Johnson.

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the preſent text. Steevens.

[4] ——*is cur'd*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads: ——*is* kill'd. Steevens.

[5] ——[*and yet* &c.] This is not in the folio. Johnson.

[6] *To make him even o'er the time he has loſt.*] i. e. To reconcile it to his apprehenſion. Warburton.

The uncommon verb—to *even*, occurs again in *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iv.

Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me:
Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old, and fooliſh.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Cordelia, Phyſician, *and Attendants.*

[*Gent.* Holds it true, ſir,[7]
That the duke of Cornwall was ſo ſlain?

Kent. Moſt certain, ſir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis ſaid,
The baſtard ſon of Gloſter.

" There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll *even*
" All that good time will give us."

The meaning there ſeems to be, we will fully employ all the time we have. So here the Phyſician ſays, that it is dangerous to draw from Lear a full relation of all that he felt or ſuffered while his reaſon was diſturbed; to make him employ as much time in the recital of what has befallen him as paſſed during his ſtate of infanity. Malone.

I believe, Dr. Warburton's explanation is juſt. The poor old king had nothing to tell, though he had much to hear. The ſpeaker's meaning therefore I conceive to be—it is dangerous to render all that paſſed during the interval of his infanity, *even* (i. e. plain or level,) to his underſtanding, while it continues in its preſent ſtate of uncertainty. Stevens.

[7] *Holds it true, ſir,*] What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at leaſt proper if not neceſſary; and was omitted by the author, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to ſhorten the repreſentation. Johnson.

It is much more probable, that it was omitted by the players, after the author's departure from the ſtage, without conſulting him. His plays have been long exhibited with ſimilar omiſſions, which render them often perfectly unintelligible. The loſs however is little felt by the greater part of the audience, who are intent upon other matters. Malone.

Gent. They ſay, Edgar,
His baniſh'd ſon, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o'the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.
Fare you well, ſir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Camp of the Britiſh Forces, near Dover.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Edmund, Regan, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or, whether ſince he is advis'd by aught
To change the courſe: He's full of alteration,[8]
And ſelf-reproving:—bring his conſtant pleaſure.[9]
[*To an Officer, who goes out.*

[8] ——*of* alteration,] One of the quartos reads—
——*of abdication.* Steevens.

[9] ——*his* conſtant *pleaſure.*] His ſettled reſolution.
Johnson.
So, before:
"We have this hour a *conſtant* will" &c.
See p. 308, n. 4. Steevens.

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Edm. In honour'd love.

[*Reg.* But have you never[1] found my brother's way
To the foreſended place?[2]

Edm. That thought abuſes you.[3]

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And boſom'd with her,[4] as far as we call hers.

[1] *But have you never &c.*] The *firſt* and *laſt* of theſe ſpeeches, printed within crotchets, are inſerted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Mr. Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, I have reſtored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or becauſe the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but ſure a material injury is done to the character of the Baſtard by the omiſſion; for he is made to deny that flatly at firſt, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return ſlight anſwers to, till he is urged ſo far as to be obliged to ſhelter himſelf under an immediate falſehood. Query, however, whether Shakſpeare meant us to believe that Edmund had actually found his way *to the foreſended place*? Steevens.

[2] ——foreſended *place*?] *Foreſended* means *prohibited, forbidden.* So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"Now, heaven *foreſend!* the holy maid with child?"

Steevens.

[3] *That thought abuſes you.*] That thought impoſes on you: you are deceived. This ſpeech and the next are found in both the quartos, but omitted in the folio. Malone.

[4] ——boſom'd *with her,*] *Boſom'd* is uſed in this ſenſe by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt,* 1631.

"We'll crown our hopes and wiſhes with more pomp
"And ſumptuous coſt, than Priam did his ſon
"That night he *boſom'd* Helen."

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never ſhall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her huſband,——

Enter Albany, Goneril, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I had rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter
Should looſen him and me. [*Aſide.*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not[5] be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant:[6] for this buſineſs,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king;[7] with others, whom, I fear,

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

"With fair Alcmena, ſhe that never *boſom'd*
"Mortal, ſave thee." Steevens.

[5] ——[*Where I could not*—] What is within the crotchets is omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[6] ——*Where I could not be honeſt*
I never yet was valiant:] This ſentiment has already appeared in *Cymbeline*:

"Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe,
"But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward."

Again, in an ancient Mſ. play, entituled, *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

"That worke is never undertooke with corage,
"That makes his maſter bluſh." Steevens.

[7] *Not* bolds *the king*;] The quartos read *holds*, and this may be the true reading. *This buſineſs* (ſays Albany) *touches us as France invades our land, not* as it *holds the king*, &c. i. e. *emboldens* him to aſſert his former title. Thus in the ancient interlude of *Hycke Scorner*:

"Alas, that I had not one to *hold* me!"

Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe.[8]

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.[9]]

Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils[1]

Again, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the 4th *Iliad*, 4to. 1581:

"And Pallas *holds* the Grecks, and blames whom ſear doth there diſmay." Steevens.

[8] *Sir, this I hear,*—[as far as to]—*make oppoſe.*] The meaning is, the king and others whom we have oppoſed are come to Cordelia. I could never be valiant but in a juſt quarrel. We muſt diſtinguiſh; it is juſt in one ſenſe and unjuſt in another. As France invades our land I am concerned to repel him; but as he *holds*, entertains, and ſupports the king, and *others whom I fear* many *juſt and heavy cauſes make*, or compel, as it were, to *oppoſe* us, I eſteem it unjuſt to engage againſt them. This ſpeech, thus interpreted according to the common reading, is likewiſe very neceſſary: for otherwiſe Albany, who is characteriſed as a man of honour and obſerver of juſtice, gives no reaſon for going to war with thoſe, whom he owns had been much injured under the countenance of his power. Warburton.

The quartos read—*For* this I hear, &c. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*Fore* this, I hear, the king, &c. *Sir* is the reading of the folio. Dr. Warburton has explained this paſſage, as if the copies read—Not *holds* the king, i. e. not *as he* holds the king; but both the quartos, in which alone the latter part of this ſpeech is found, read—*holds*. However, Dr. Warburton's interpretation is preſerved, as *holds* may certainly have been a miſprint for *holds*, in copies in which we find *mov'd*, for *noble*, (Act V. ſc. iii.) *O father*, for *O fault*, (ibid.) the *miſtreſs* of Hecate, for the *myſteries* of Hecate, (Act I. ſc. i.) *bloſſoms* for *boſoms*, Act V. ſc. iii. a miſtreſſes *coward*, for a miſtreſſes *command*, Act IV. ſc. ii. &c. &c. Malone.

[9] *Sir, you ſpeak nobly.*] This reply muſt be underſtood ironically. Malone.

[1] *For theſe domeſtick and particular broils*—] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have it—

For theſe domeſtick doore particulars. Steevens.

Are not to queſtion here.[2]

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm.[3] I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.

Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aſide.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar, *diſguiſed.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt* Edmund, Regan, Goneril, *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,

Doore, or *dore*, as quarto B has it, was probably a miſprint for *dear*; i. e. important. Malone.

Door particulars, ſignify, I believe, *particulars at our very doors*, cloſe to us, and conſequently fitter to be ſettled at home. Steevens.

[2] *Are not* to *queſtion here.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—

Are not the *queſtion here.* Steevens.

[3] *Edm.*] This ſpeech is wanting in the folio. Steevens.

And machination ceaſes.[4] Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here is the gueſs[5] of their true ſtrength and forces
By diligent diſcovery;—but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.[6] [*Exit.*

Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung

[4] *And* machination *ceaſes.*] i. e. All deſigns againſt your life will have an end. Steevens.

Theſe words are not in the quartos. In the latter part of this line, for *love*, the reading of the original copies, the folio has *loves*. Malone.

[5] Here *is the gueſs* &c.] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the gueſs. So the quartos. But had the diſcovery been diligent, the gueſs could not have proved ſo difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio. Steevens.

The original reading is, I think, ſufficiently clear. The moſt diligent inquiry does not enable me to form a conjecture concerning the true ſtrength of the enemy. Whether we read *hard* or *here*, the adverſative particle *but* in the ſubſequent line ſeems employed with propriety. According to the preſent reading, it may mean, *but* you are now ſo preſſed in point of time, that you have little leiſure for ſuch ſpeculations. The quartos read—their *great* ſtrength. Malone.

[6] *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occaſion. Johnson.

Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter Goneril;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,[7]

[7] —— *carry out my ſide,*] Bring my purpoſe to a ſucceſsful iſſue, to completion. *Side* ſeems here to have the ſenſe of the French word *partie*, in *prendre partie, to take his reſolution.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *The Honeſt Man's Fortune*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— and *carry out*
" A world of evils with thy title."

Again, in one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. IV. p. 155: " Heydon's ſon hath *borne out the ſide* ſtoutly here" &c. STEEVENS.

The Baſtard means, " I ſhall ſcarcely be able to make out my game." The alluſion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid that he ſhall not be able to make his ſide ſucceſsful.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Cointaure ſays of Epicene—

" She and Mavis will *ſet up a ſide.*"

That is, will be partners. And in Maſſinger's *Unnatural Combat*, Belgard ſays:

" ——And if now
" At this downright game, I may but hold your cards,
" I'll not pull down *the ſide.*"

In *The Maid's Tragedy*, the ſame expreſſion occurs:

" *Dula.* I'll hold your cards againſt any two I know.
" *Evad.* Aſpaſia take her part.
" *Dula.* I will refuſe it;
" She will pluck down *a ſide*, ſhe does not uſe it."

The phraſe is ſtill more clearly explained in Maſſinger's *Duke of Florence*, where Cozimo ſays to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a ſecond bowl of wine:

" Pray you, pauſe a little;
" If I hold your cards, I ſhall pull down *the ſide*;
" I am not good at the game." M. MASON.

The ſame phraſe has forced its way into Chapman's verſion of the fifth *Iliad*:

" —————— thy body's powers are poor,
" And therefore are thy troops ſo weak: the ſoldier evermore
" Follows the temper of his chief; and thou *pull'ſt down a ſide.*" STEEVENS.

Her huſband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.[8] [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, *and their Forces; and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLOSTER.[9]

Edg. Here, father, take the ſhadow of this tree

Edmund, I think, means, hardly ſhall I be able *to make my party good*; to maintain my cauſe. We ſhould now ſay—to *bear* out, which Coles, in his *Dictionary*, 1679, interprets, *to make good, to ſave harmleſs.*

Side, for *party*, was the common language of the time. So, in a Letter from William Earl of Pembroke to Robert Earl of Leiceſter, Michaelmas Day, 1625—*Sydney Papers*, Vol. II. p. 301: "The queenes *ſide*, and ſo herſelf, labour much to ly at Saliſbury." MALONE.

[8] ——for *my ſtate*

Stands on me &c.] I do not think that *for* ſtands, in this place, as a word of inference or cauſality. The meaning is, rather—*Such is my determination concerning Lear*; *as* for my ſtate *it requires now, not* deliberation, *but* defence *and ſupport.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Enter Edgar* &c.] Thoſe who are curious to know how far Shakſpeare was here indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter from it entitled,—"The pitifull State and Storie of the

For your good hoſt; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, ſir!
[*Exit* Edgar.

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, ſir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all:[1] Come on.

Glo. And that's true too.[2]
[*Exeunt.*

Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; ſuſt related by the Sonne, then by the blind Father." P. 141, edit. 1590, quarto, annexed to the concluſion of this play. Stevens.

[1] *Ripeneſs is all:*] i. e. To be *ready, prepared,* is all. The ſame ſentiment occurs in *Hamlet,* ſcene the laſt: "—if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readineſs is all.*" Stevens.

[2] *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto. Stevens.

SCENE III.

The Britiſh Camp near Dover.

Enter, in Conqueſt, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *as Priſoners; Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

EDM. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known
That are to cenſure them.[3]

COR. We are not the firſt,
Who, with beſt meaning, have incurr'd the worſt.[4]
For thee, oppreſſed king, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.—
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

LEAR. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to priſon:
We two alone will ſing like birds i' the cage:
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: So we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—

[3] —— *to* cenſure *them.*] i. e. to paſs ſentence or judgment on them. So, in *Othello:*

"——To you, lord governor,
"Remains the *cenſure* of this helliſh villain."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Who, with beſt meaning, have incurr'd* the worſt.] i. e. the worſt that fortune can inflict. MALONE.

And take upon us the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies: [5] And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects [6] of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe. [7] Have I caught thee? [8]
He, that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. [9] Wipe thine eyes;

[5] *And take upon us the myſtery of things,*
As if we were God's ſpies:] As if we were angels commiſſioned to ſurvey and report the lives of men, and were conſequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the myſteries of conduct. Johnson.

[6] ——*packs and ſects*—] Packs is uſed for *combinations* or *collections*, as is a *pack of cards*. For *ſects*, I think *ſets* might be more commodiouſly read. So we ſay, *affairs are now managed by a new* ſet. *Sects*, however, may well ſtand. Johnson.

[7] *Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,*
The gods themſelves throw incenſe.] The thought is extremely noble, and expreſſed in a ſublime of imagery that Seneca fell ſhort of on the like occaſion. "Ecce ſpectaculum dignum ad quod reſpiciat intentus operi ſuo deus: ecce par deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortuna compoſitus." Warburton.

[8] ——*Have I caught thee?*] *Have I caught my heavenly jewel*, is a line of one of Sir Philip Sidney's ſongs, which Shakſpeare has put into Falſtaff's mouth in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. Malone.

See Vol. V. p. 127, n. 3. Steevens.

[9] *And fire us hence, like foxes.*] I have been informed that it is uſual to *ſmoke foxes* out of their holes.

So, in Harrington's tranſlation of *Arioſto*, B. XXVII. ſtan. 17:

"Ev'n as a *foxe* whom *ſmoke and fire* doth fright,
"So as he dare not in the ground remaine,
"Bolts out, and through the *ſmoke and fire* he flieth
"Into the tarrier's mouth, and there he dieth."

Again, *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"——my walk and all,
"You *ſmoke* me from, as if I were a *fox*."

The goujeers ſhall devour them,[1] fleſh and fell,[2]

The ſame alluſion occurs in our author's 44th Sonnet:

" Till my bad angel *fire* my good one out." STEEVENS.

So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:

" Advance your ſtandard, Edward, in the field,
" And march to *fire* them from their ſtarting *holes*."

Mr. Upton, however, is of opinion that " the alluſion is to the ſcriptural account of Sampſon's tying foxes, two and two together by the tail, and faſtening a fire-*brand* to the cord; then letting them looſe among the ſtanding corn of the Philiſtines." *Judges* xv. 4.

The words—ſhall bring a *brand from heaven*, ſeem to favour Mr. Upton's conjecture. If it be right, the conſtruction muſt be they ſhall bring a brand from heaven, and, *like foxes, fire us hence*: referring *foxes*, not to Lear and Cordelia, but to thoſe who ſhould ſeparate them. MALONE.

The *brands* employed by Sampſon were not brought *from heaven*. I therefore prefer the common and more obvious explanation of the paſſage before us. STEEVENS.

[1] *The* goujeers *ſhall devour them,*] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus. Gouge*, Fr. ſignifies one of the common women attending a camp; and as that diſeaſe was firſt diſperſed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the firſt name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the diſeaſe of the *gouges*. HANMER.

The reſolute John Florio has ſadly miſtaken theſe *goujeers*. He writes " With a *good yeare* to thee!" and gives it in Italian, " Il *mal' anno* che dio ti dia." FARMER.

Golding, in his verſion of the 3d book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, has fallen into the ſame error, or rather, the ſame mis-ſpelling.—Juno is the ſpeaker:

" Perfeci quid enim toties per jurgia? dixit."

which is thus anglicized, p. 35:

" And what a *good-yeare* have I wonne by ſcolding erſt?
ſhe ſed." STEEVENS.

The old copies have *good yeares*, the common corruption in Shakſpeare's time of the other word. Sir T. Hanmer made the correction. MALONE.

[2] ——*fleſh and fell,*] Fleſh and ſkin. JOHNSON.

——*fleſh and fell,*] So, Skelton's works, p. 257.

" Nakyd aſyde,
" Neither *fleſh* nor *fell*."

Ere they ſhall make us weep: we'll ſee them ſtarve firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*
EDM. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note;[3] [*Giving a Paper.*] go, follow them to priſon:
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a ſword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear queſtion;[4] either ſay, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Chaucer uſes *fell* and *bones* for *ſkin* and *bones*:

"And ſaid that he and all his kinne at ones,
"Were worthy to be brent with *fell* and *bones*."
Troilus and Creſſeide. GREY.

In *The Dyar's Play*, among the Cheſter *Collection of Myſteries*, in the Muſeum, *Antichriſt* ſays:

"I made thee, man, of *fleſh* and *fell*."

Again, in *The Contention betweyxte Churchyeard and Camell* &c. 1560:

"This leſſon heether to I kept, and ſhall here after kepe,
"Tylle I to earthe retorne again where *fleſhe and fell* muſt ſleepe." STEEVENS.

[3] *Take thou* this note;] This was a warrant, ſigned by the Baſtard and Goneril, for the execution of Lear and Cordelia. In a ſubſequent ſcene Edmund ſays—

"——quickly ſend,—
"Be brief in't,—to the caſtle: for my *writ*
"Is on the life of Lear, and of Cordelia:—
"He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
"To hang Cordelia in the priſon." MALONE.

[4] ——Thy *great employment*
Will not bear queſtion;] By *great employment* was meant the *commiſſion* given him for the murder; and this, the Baſtard tells us afterwards, was ſigned by Goneril and himſelf. Which was ſufficient to make this captain *unaccountable* for the execution. WARBURTON.

Off. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou haſt done.
Mark,—I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo,
As I have ſet it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart,[5] nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit* Officer.

Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhown to-day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you;[6] ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable king
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;[7]
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,

The important buſineſs which is now entruſted to your management, does not admit of *delate*: you muſt inſtantly reſolve to do it, or not. *Queſtion*, here, as in many other places, ſignifies *diſcourſe, converſation*. Malone.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"You may as well uſe *queſtion* with the wolf."
Steevens.

[5] *I cannot draw* &c.] Theſe two lines I have reſtored from the old quarto. Steevens.

[6] *We do require* them *of you*;] So the folio. The quartos read: "We do require *then* of you ſo to uſe them." Malone.

[7] ——*and appointed guard*;] Theſe words are omitted in the quarto of which the firſt ſignature is B, and in the folio. Malone.

To pluck the common boſom on his ſide,
And turn our impreſs'd lances in our eyes[8]
Which do command them. With him I ſent the queen;
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, to appear
Where you ſhall hold your ſeſſion. [At this time,[9]
We ſweat, and bleed: the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs:—
The queſtion of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.[1]]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our powers;
Bore the commiſſion of[2] my place and perſon;

[8] *And turn our* impreſs'd *lances in our eyes*—] i. e. Turn the *launcemen* whom we have hired by giving them *preſs*-money (See p. 541, n. 3.) againſt us.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. vii:

"——people
"Ingroſs'd by ſwift *impreſs*."

Impreſs, however, in this place, may poſſibly have its common ſignification. Steevens.

[9] ——[*At this time*, &c.] This paſſage, well worthy of reſtoration, is omitted in the folio. Johnson.

[1] *Requires a fitter place.*] i. e. The determination of the queſtion what ſhall be done with Cordelia and her father, ſhould be reſerved for greater privacy. Steevens.

[2] *Bore the* commiſſion *of*—] *Commiſſion*, for authority. Warburton.

The which immediacy[3] may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace[4] he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.[5]

Reg. In my rights,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.

Gon. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you.[6]

Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.[7]

[3] *The which* immediacy—] *Immediacy* is *ſupremacy* in oppoſition to *ſubordination*, which has *quiddam medium* between itſelf and power. JOHNSON.

Immediacy here implies proximity without intervention; in rank, or ſuch a plenary delegation of authority, as to conſtitute the perſon on whom it is conferred, *another* SELF: *alter et idem*. HENLEY.

Immediacy is, I think, cloſe and immediate connexion with me, and direct authority from me, without, to uſe Dr. Johnſon's words, *quiddam medium*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"——let the world take note,
"You are the moſt *immediate* to our throne."

MALONE.

[4] *In his own* grace—] *Grace* here means *accompliſhments*, or *honours*. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"With all good *grace* to grace a gentleman."

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*in your* advancement.] So the quartos. Folio—your *addition*. MALONE.

[6] Gon. *That were* the moſt, *if he ſhould huſband you.*] If he were married to you, you could not ſay more than this, nor could he enjoy greater power.—Thus the quartos. In the folio this line is given to *Albany*. MALONE.

[7] *That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but* a-ſquint.] Alluding to the proverb: "Love being jealous makes a good eye look *aſquint*." See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach.—General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony;
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:[8]
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.[9]

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.[1] [*To* Edmund.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon:—Edmund, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,[2]

So Milton:

"And gladly baniſh *ſquint ſuſpicion*." Comus.
Holt White.

[8] ——*the walls are thine:*] A metaphorical phraſe taken from the camp, and ſignifying, *to ſurrender at diſcretion.*
Warburton.

A ſimilar alluſion occurs in *Cymbeline:*

"The heavens hold firm *the walls* of thy dear honour."
Steevens.

[9] *The let-alone liesnot in your good will.*] Whether he ſhall not or ſhall, depends not on your choice. Johnson.

Albany means to tell his wife, that, however ſhe might want the power, ſhe evidently did not want the inclination to prevent the match. Ritson.

To *obſtruct* their union lies not in your good pleaſure: your *veto* will avail nothing. Malone.

[1] *Reg. Let the drum ſtrike,* &c.] So the folio. This line is given to the *Baſtard* in the quartos, and they read—

Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title good.

Perhaps it appears from this ſpeech, did not know that Albany had diſcharged her forces. Malone.

[2] ——*thy arreſt,*] The quartos read—*thine attaint.*
Steevens.

This gilded ſerpent: [*Pointing to* GON.]—for your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her huſband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is beſpoke.

GON. An interlude![3]

ALB. Thou art arm'd, Gloſter:—Let the trumpet ſound:[4]
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon,[5]
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge; [*Throwing down a Glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

REG. Sick, O, ſick!

GON. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon.[6] [*Aſide.*

EDM. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a Glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

ALB. A herald, ho!

[3] *An interlude!*] This ſhort exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I ſuppoſe, only to break the ſpeech of Albany, that the exhibition on the ſtage might be more diſtinct and intelligible. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*Let the trumpet ſound:*] Theſe words are not in the quartos. MALONE.

[5] ——*thy* perſon,] The quartos read—thy *head.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——*poiſon.*] The folio reads—*medicine.* STEEVENS.

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald![7]

Alb. Truſt to thy ſingle virtue;[8] for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* Regan, *led.*
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet ſound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.[9] [*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality, or degree, within the liſts of the army,[1] *will maintain upon* Edmund, *ſuppoſed earl of* Gloſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear at the third ſound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound.[2] [1 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again. [2 *Trumpet.*

Her. Again. [3 *Trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers within.*

[7] *A herald,* &c.] This ſpeech I have reſtored from the quartos. Steevens.

[8] ——*thy ſingle* virtue;] i. e. valour; a Roman ſenſe of the word. Thus Raleigh: "The conqueſt of Paleſtine with ſingular *virtue* they performed." Steevens.

[9] *Sound, trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos. Steevens.

[1] ——*within the* liſts *of the army,*] The quartos read:—within the *hoſt* of the army,——. Steevens.

[2] Edm. *Sound.*] Omitted in the folio. Malone.

Enter EDGAR, *armed, preceded by a Trumpet.*

ALB. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o'the trumpet.

HER. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

EDG. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble,[3] as the adverſary
I come to cope withal.

ALB. Which is that adverſary?

EDG. What's he, that ſpeaks for Edmund earl of Gloſter?

EDM. Himſelf;—What ſay'ſt thou to him?

EDG. Draw thy ſword;
That, if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice: here is mine.[4]
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,

[3] *Yet am I noble,* &c.] One of the quartos reads:
——*yet* are I mou't,
Where is the adverſarie I come to cope withal?
—*are I mou't,* is, I ſuppoſe, a corruption of—*ere I move it.*
STEEVENS.

The other quarto alſo reads—*Where is* the adverſary, &c. omitting the words—*Yet am I noble,* which are only found in the folio. The word *withal* is wanting in that copy.
MALONE.

[4] ——*here is mine.* &c.] Here I draw my ſword. Behold, it is the privilege or right of my profeſſion *to draw* it againſt a traitor. I proteſt therefore, &c.

It is not the *charge itſelf* (as Dr. Warburton has erroneouſly ſtated,) but *the right of bringing* the charge and maintaining it with his ſword, which Edgar calls the privilege of his profeſſion.
MALONE.

My oath, and my profeſſion: [5] I proteſt,—
Maugre[6] thy ſtrength, youth, place, and eminence,
Deſpite thy victor ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—thou art a traitor:
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt [7] this high illuſtrious prince;
And, from the extremeſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt beneath thy feet,[8]
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.

[5] *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*
My oath, and my profeſſion:] The charge he is going to bring againſt the Baſtard, he calls *the privilege*, &c. To underſtand which phraſeology, we muſt conſider that the old rights of knighthood are here alluded to; whoſe oath and profeſſion required him to diſcover all treaſons, and whoſe privilege it was to have his challenge accepted, or otherwiſe to have his charge taken *pro confeſſo*. For if one who was no knight accuſed another who was, that other was under no obligation to accept the challenge. On this account it was neceſſary, as Edgar came diſguiſed, to tell the Baſtard he was a knight. WARBURTON.

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath adminiſtered in the regular initiation of a knight profeſſed. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—it is the privilege of *my tongue*. STEEVENS.

The folio reads:
Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine honours,
My oath and my profeſſion. MALONE.

[6] *Maugre*—] i. e. notwithſtanding. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "I love thee ſo, that *maugre* all thy pride—." STEEVENS.

[7] Conſpirant *'gainſt*—] The quartos read:
Conſpicuate 'gainſt.—— STEEVENS.

[8] ——beneath *thy* feet,] So the quartos. Folio: *below* thy *foot*. MALONE.

Edm. In wiſdom, I ſhould aſk thy name;[9]
But, ſince thy outſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay of breeding breathes,[1]
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay[2]
By rule of knighthood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe,)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,

[9] *In wiſdom, I ſhould aſk thy name;*] Becauſe, if his adverſary was not of equal rank, Edmund might have declined the combat. Hence the herald proclaimed—"If any man of *quality*, or *degree*," &c. So Goneril afterwards ſays—

"By the law of arms, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
"An *unknown* oppoſite." Malone.

[1] *And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay of breeding breathes,*] *'Say*, for *eſſay*, ſome ſhow or probability. Pope.

Say is ſample, a taſte. So, in Sidney:

"So good a *ſay* invites the eye
"A little downward to eſpy—."

Again, in the Preface to Maurice Kyffin's tranſlation of the *Andria of Terence*, 1588: "Some other like places I could recite, but theſe ſhall ſuffice for a *ſay*."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"———But pray do not
"Take the firſt *ſay* of her yourſelves—."

Again, in *The Unnatural Combat*, by Maſſinger:

"———or to take
"A *ſay* of veniſon, or ſtale fowl."—

Again, in *Holinſhed*, p. 847: "He (C. Wolſey) made dukes and erles to ſerve him of wine, with a *ſay* taken," &c. To take the *aſſaie* was the technical term. Stevens.

[2] *What ſafe and nicely* &c.] The phraſeology is here very licentious. I ſuppoſe the meaning is, That delay which by the law of knighthood I might make, I ſcorn to make. *Nicely* is, punctiliouſly; if I ſtood on minute forms. This line is not in the quartos; and furniſhes one more proof of what readers are ſo ſlow to admit, that a whole line is ſometimes omitted at the preſs. The ſubſequent line without this is nonſenſe. See Vol. XIV. p. 351, n. 8; and Vol. VI. p. 188, n. 3. Malone

Where they ſhall reſt for ever.[3]—Trumpets, ſpeak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*

ALB. O ſave him, ſave him!

GON. This is mere practice, Gloſter:[4]
By the law of arms,[5] thou waſt not bound to anſwer[6]
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it:—Hold, ſir:—
Thou worſe than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
[*Gives the Letter to* EDMUND.

GON. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who ſhall arraign me for't?

ALB. Moſt monſtrous![7]

[3] Where *they ſhall reſt for ever.*] *To that place,* where they ſhall reſt for ever; i. e. thy heart. MALONE.

[4] Alb. *O ſave him, ſave him!*
Gon. *This is mere practice, Gloſter:*] Thus all the copies; but I have ventured to place the two hemiſtichs to Goneril. 'Tis abſurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treaſons, and his own wife's paſſion for him, ſhould be ſolicitous to have his life ſaved. THEOBALD.

Albany deſires that Edmund's life might be ſpared at preſent, only to obtain his confeſſion, and to convict him openly by his own letter. JOHNSON.

The words—*Hold, ſir,* in Albany's next ſpeech, ſhow that the old copies are right. MALONE.

[5] *By the law of* arms,] So the quartos. Folio—of *war.* MALONE.

[6] ——*thou waſt not bound to anſwer*—] One of the quartos reads—
——*thou* art *not bound to* offer &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *Moſt monſtrous!*] So the quarto, of which the firſt ſignature is B, and the folio. The other quarto reads—*Monſter,* know'ſt thou this paper? The folio—Moſt monſtrous, O know'ſt, &c. MALONE.

Know'ſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aſk me not what I know.
[*Exit* GONERIL.

Alb. Go after her: ſhe's deſperate; govern her.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: But what art thou,
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.[8]
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou haſt wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's ſon.
The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us:[9]
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

Edm. Thou haſt ſpoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle;[1] I am here.

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophecy

"Knoweſt thou theſe letters?" ſays Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he ſhows her both her own and her ſiſter's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which ſhe ſnatches the letters and tears them. STEEVENS.

[8] *Let's exchange charity.*] Our author, by negligence, gives his Heathens the ſentiments and practices of Chriſtianity. In *Hamlet* there is the ſame ſolemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the perſonages are Chriſtians:

"Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble Hamlet," &c.
JOHNSON.

[9] ——*to ſcourge us:*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:
——*to* plague *us.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*full circle;*] Quarto, *full circled.* JOHNSON.

A royal nobleneſs:—I muſt embrace thee;
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.[2]

Alb. Where have you hid yourſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?

Edg. By nurſing them, my lord.—Liſt a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burſt!—
The bloody proclamation to eſcape,
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives' ſweetneſs!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,[3]
Rather than die at once!) taught me to ſhift[4]
Into a mad-man's rags; to aſſume a ſemblance
That very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious ſtones new loſt;[5] became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,

[2] *I know it* well.] The adverb—*well*, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

[3] *That* with *the pain of death* &c.] Thus both the quartos. The folio reads unintelligibly, That *we* the pain, &c. The original copies have *would*; but this was, I apprehend, a miſprint in thoſe copies for *w'ould*, i. e. *we would*, or, as we ſhould now write it, *we'd*. In *The Tempeſt* we have *ſh'ould* for *ſhe would*. See Vol. IV. p. 63, n. 7. Malone.

[4] *The bloody proclamation to eſcape,*
——taught me to ſhift—] *A wiſh* to eſcape the bloody proclamation, taught me, &c. Malone.

[5] *——his bleeding rings,*
Their precious ſtones new loſt;] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
"Her *eye* hath, eaſes to thoſe heavenly *jewels*
"Which Pericles hath loſt." Malone.

Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping, of this good ſucceſs,
I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport!)
'Twixt two extremes of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Edm. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good: but ſpeak you on;
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

[*Edg.*[6] This would have ſeem'd a period
To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.[7]

[6] [*Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*This would have ſeem'd a period*
To *ſuch as love not ſorrow*; *but* another,
To amplify too-*much*, *would make much more*,
And top extremity.] The reader eaſily ſees that this reflection refers to the Baſtard's deſiring to hear more; and to Albany's thinking he had ſaid enough. But it is corrupted into miſerable nonſenſe. We ſhould read it thus:

This would have ſeem'd a period. But ſuch
As love to amplify another's ſorrow
To much, would make much more, and top extremity.

i. e. This to a common humanity would have been thought the utmoſt of my ſufferings; but ſuch as love cruelty are always for adding more to much, till they reach the extremity of miſery. WARBURTON.

The ſenſe may probably be this: *This would have ſeemed a period to ſuch as love not ſorrow; but—another*, i. e. but I muſt add *another*, i. e. another period, another kind of concluſion to my ſtory, ſuch as will increaſe the horrors of what has been already told. So, in *King Richard II:*

Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſt eſtate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but then, finding

" I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,
" To lengthen out the worſt." STEEVENS.

This would have ſeem'd a period
To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but another,
To amplify too-much, would make much more,
And top extremity.] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

". Deviſe extremes beyond extremity."

Too-much is here uſed as a ſubſtantive. A *period* is an end or concluſion. So, in *King Richard III:*

" O, let me make the *period* to my curſe."

This reflection perhaps refers, as Dr. Warburton has obſerved, to the Baſtard's deſiring to hear more, and to Albany's thinking that enough had been ſaid. This, ſays Edgar, would have ſeemed the utmoſt completion of woe, to ſuch as do not delight in ſorrow; but *another*, of a different diſpoſition, to amplify miſery, would "*give more ſtrength to that which hath too much.*"

Edgar's words, however, may have no reference to what Edmund has ſaid; and he may only allude to the relation he is about to give of Kent's adding a new ſorrow to what Edgar already ſuffered, by recounting the miſeries which the old king and his faithful follower had endured.

Mr. Steevens points thus:

——————*but another;*—
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity:—

But if ſuch a punctuation be adopted, what ſhall we do with the word *would*, which is thus left without a nominative caſe? A preceding editor, who introduced the above punctuation, to obtain ſome ſenſe, reads and points:

——————*but another:*—
(*To amplify too-much,* to *make much more,*
And top extremity,)
Whilſt I was big &c.

and indeed without that alteration, the words thus pointed afford, in my apprehenſion, no ſenſe. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation may be juſt; and yet it is probable that we are ſtruggling with a paſſage, the obſcurity of which is derived from its corruption. STEEVENS.

Who 'twas that ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms.
He faſten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burſt heaven; threw him on my father:[8]
Told the moſt piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack: Twice then the trumpet ſounded,[9]
And there I left him tranc'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, ſir, the baniſh'd Kent; who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him ſervice
Improper for a ſlave.]

Enter a Gentleman *haſtily, with a bloody Knife.*

Gent. Help! help! O help!

[8] —— *threw* him *on my father*;] The quartos read:
—— *threw* me *on my father.*
The modern editors have corrected the paſſage, as it is now printed, and as I ſuppoſe it to have been originally written. There is tragick propriety in Kent's throwing himſelf on the body of a deceaſed friend; but this propriety is loſt in the act of clumſily tumbling a ſon over the lifeleſs remains of his father.
Steevens.

—— *threw* me *on my father*;] Thus both the quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found. Mr. Theobald, and the ſubſequent editors, read—threw *him* on my father. This is a new and diſtinct idea; but I do not think myſelf warranted to adopt it; the text being intelligible, and it being very improbable that the word *me* ſhould have been printed inſtead of *him*.—Kent in his tranſport of joy, at meeting Edgar, embraced him with ſuch violence, as to throw him on the dead body of Gloſter.
Malone.

[9] —— *the* trumpet *ſounded*,] The quartos, where alone this ſpeech is found, read *trumpets*; but it was certainly a miſprint, for one trumpet only had ſounded. Dr. Johnſon made the correction. Malone.

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmokes;
It came even from the heart of[1]—

Alb. Who, man? ſpeak.[2]

Gent. Your lady, ſir, your lady: and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.[3]

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.[4]

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment[5] of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gentleman.

[1] ——*from the heart of*—] Here the folio, in defiance of metre and propriety, adds—
——*O ſhe's dead!* Steevens.

[2] *Who, man? ſpeak.*] The folio reads, *Who dead? Speak man.* Steevens.

[3] ——*ſhe* confeſſes *it.*] Thus the firſt and ſecond folio. The quartos—ſhe *has* [and *hath*] confeſs'*d* it. As theſe readings are equally proper, I have choſen the more metrical of the two. Steevens.

[4] *Now marry in an inſtant.*] In the folio, after theſe words, we have—
Edg. *Here comes Kent.*
Enter Kent.
and the words—*O, is this he,* are ſpoken by Albany, immediately after *touches us not with pity.* I have followed the quartos. Malone.

[5] *This judgment* &c.] If Shakſpeare had ſtudied Ariſtotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more preciſion the diſtinct operations of *terror* and *pity.* Tyrwhitt.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos have—This *juſtice* &c. Malone.

Enter KENT.

EDG. Here comes Kent, ſir.[6]

ALB. O! it is he.[7]
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

KENT. I am come
To bid my king and maſter aye good night;
Is he not here?

ALB. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?—
See'ſt thou this object, Kent?

[*The Bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*

KENT. Alack, why thus?

EDM. Yet Edmund was belov'd:[8]
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf.

ALB. Even ſo.—Cover their faces.

[6] *Here comes Kent, ſir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, ſeems to require the lines which are inſerted from the firſt edition in the foregoing ſcene. JOHNSON.

[7] *O! it is he.*] Thus the quartos. Folio: O, *is this* he? MALONE.

[8] *Yet Edmund was belov'd:*] Rowe's dying Rake ſuggeſts to himſelf a ſimilar conſolation, ariſing from the remembrance of ſucceſsful gallantry:

"*Yet,* let not this advantage ſwell thy pride;
"I conquer'd in my turn, *in love I triumph'd.*"

Dryden's *Don Sebaſtain* felicitates himſelf on the ſame circumſtance.

Thus alſo in *The Double Marriage* by Fletcher:

"—— this happineſs yet ſtays with me:
"You have been mine." STEEVENS.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Deſpite of mine own nature. Quickly ſend,—
Be brief in it,—to the caſtle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? ſend
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my ſword,
Give it the captain.[9]

Alb. Haſte thee, for thy life.[1] [*Exit* Edgar.

Edm. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair,
That ſhe fordid herſelf.[2]

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile. [Edmund *is borne off.*

[9] *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:
——"Take my ſword, the captain,
"Give it the captain.——" Steevens.

[1] Alb. *Haſte thee, for thy life.*] Thus the quartos. In the folio this ſpeech is improperly aſſigned to *Edgar*, who had the moment before received *the token of reprieve*, which Edmund enjoined him to give the officer, in whoſe cuſtody Lear was. Malone.

[2] *That ſhe* fordid *herſelf.*] To *fordo*, ſignifies to *deſtroy*. It is uſed again in *Hamlet*, Act V:
"——did, with deſperate hand,
"*Fordo* its own life."—— Steevens.

Here the folio and quarto B unneceſſarily add—*That ſhe fordid herſelf*, i. e. deſtroyed herſelf. I have followed the quarto A. Malone.

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his Arms*;[3]
EDGAR, Officer, *and Others.*

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are
men of ſtones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo
That heaven's vault ſhould crack:—O, ſhe is gone
for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glaſs;
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why, then ſhe lives.

KENT. Is this the promis'd end?

EDG. Or image of that horror?[4]

[3] ——*Cordelia dead in his arms;*] This princeſs, according to the old hiſtorians, retired with victory from the battle which ſhe conducted in her father's cauſe, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a ſubſequent one fought againſt her (after the death of the old king) by the ſons of Goneril and Regan, ſhe was taken, and died miſerably in priſon. The poet found this in hiſtory, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramatick writers of this age ſuffered as ſmall a number of their heroes and heroines to eſcape as poſſible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakſpeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes.

STEEVENS.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, the original relater of this ſtory, ſays, that Cordelia was thrown by her nephews into priſon, "where, for grief at the loſs of her kingdom, ſhe *killed herſelf.*"

MALONE.

[4] Kent. *Is this the promis'd end?*
Edg. *Or image of that horror?*] It appears to me that by the *promiſed end* Kent does not mean that concluſion which the ſtate of their affairs ſeemed to promiſe, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Goſpel, when Chriſt foretels to his diſciples the end of the world, and is deſcribing to them the ſigns that were to precede, and mark the approach of, our final diſſolution, he

Alb. Fall, and ceaſe! 5

ſays, "For in thoſe days *ſhall be affliction ſuch as was not from the beginning of the creation which God created, unto this time*, neither ſhall be:" and afterwards he ſays, "Now *the brother ſhall betray the brother to death, and the father the ſon*; and *children ſhall riſe up againſt their parents, and ſhall cauſe them to be put to death.*" Kent in contemplating the unexampled ſcene of exquiſite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan againſt their father's life, recollects theſe paſſages, and aſks, whether that was the end of the world that had been foretold to us. To which Edgar adds, or only a repreſentation or reſemblance of that horror?

So Macbeth, when he calls upon Banquo, Malcolm, &c. to view Duncan murdered, ſays—

"——up, up, and ſee
"*The great doom's image!*"

There is evidently an alluſion to the ſame paſſages in ſcripture, in a ſpeech of Gloſter's, which he makes in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt Act:

"Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us;—love cools; friendſhip falls off; brothers divide; in cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces treaſon; and the bond cracked 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes *under the prediction*; *there's ſon againſt father*; *the king falls from the bias of nature*; *there's father againſt child*: We have ſeen the beſt of our time."

If any criticks ſhould urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the perſons of the drama are pagans, and of conſequence unacquainted with the ſcriptures, they give Shakſpeare credit for more accuracy than I fear he poſſeſſed. M. Mason.

This note deſerves the higheſt praiſe, and is inſerted in the preſent work with the utmoſt degree of gratitude to its author.

Steevens.

I entirely agree with Mr. Maſon, in his happy explanation of this paſſage. In a ſpeech which our poet has put into the mouth of young Clifford in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* a ſimilar imagery is found. On ſeeing the dead body of his father, who was ſlain in battle by the Duke of York, he exclaims—

"—O, let the vile world end,
"And the premiſed flames of the laſt day
"Knit earth and heaven together!
"Now let the general trumpet blow his blaſt,
"Particularities and petty ſounds
"To ceaſe!"

Lear. This feather ſtirs;[6] ſhe lives! if it be ſo,

There is no trace of theſe lines in the old play on which *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* was formed.

Image is again uſed for delineation or repreſentation, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. "No counterfeit, but the true and perfect *image* of life indeed."

Again, in *Hamlet:* "The play is the *image* of a murder done in Vienna."

Mr. M. Maſon has not done juſtice to his ingenious explanation of theſe words, by not quoting the whole of the paſſage in *Macbeth!*

"——up, up, and ſee
"*The great doom's image!* Malcolm! Banquo!
"As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
"To countenance this *horror.*"

Here we find *diſjecti membra poetæ*; the ſecond and fourth line, taken together, furniſhing us with the very expreſſion of the text. Malone.

[6] *Fall, and ceaſe!*] Albany, is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miſeries he muſt ſurvive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having theſe images preſent to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and ceaſe to be, at once, than continue in exiſtence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *ceaſe* is uſed for to *die:* and in *Hamlet*, the death of majeſty is called "the *ceaſe* of majeſty."

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *ceaſe!*
"Both ſuffer under this complaint you bring,
"And both ſhall *ceaſe*, without your remedy."

Steevens.

The word is uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in a former ſcene in this play:

"Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
"Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
"That things might change or *ceaſe.*"

I doubt, however, whether Albany's ſpeech is addreſſed to *Lear.* Malone.

To whom then is it addreſſed? Steevens.

There is a paſſage in *The Double Marriage* of Fletcher, which ſupports Steevens's conjecture: Juliana ſays to Virolet—

"Be what you pleaſe, this happineſs yet ſtays with me,
"You have been mine:—oh my unhappy fortune!

It is a chance that does redeem all ſorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good maſter! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all![7]
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!
What is't thou ſay'ſt?—Her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion

" *Pand.* —— *Nay break, and die.*
" *Jul.* It cannot yet; I muſt live
" Till I ſee this man bleſt in his new love,
" And then—" M. Mason.

[6] *This* feather *ſtirs*;] So, in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612: " Fetch a looking-glaſs, ſee if his breath will not ſtain it; or pull ſome *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips." Steevens.

A common experiment of applying a light feather to the lips of a perſon ſuppoſed to be dead, to ſee whether he breathes. There is the ſame thought in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. ſc. iv.

" ——————By his gates of breath
" There *lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not.*"

And to expreſs a total ſtillneſs in the air, in Donne's poem, called *The Calm*, there is the like ſentiment; which Jonſon, in his converſation with Drummond of Hawthornden, highly commended:

" ——————in one place lay
" *Feathers and duſt*, to-day and yeſterday." Whalley.

[7] ——murderers, *traitors all!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*murderous* traitors all. Malone.

I would have made them ſkip: [8] I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'the beſt:—I'll tell you ſtraight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.[9]

Lear. This is a dull ſight: [1] Are you not Kent?

Kent. The ſame;
Your ſervant Kent: Where is your ſervant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll ſtrike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

[8] *I have ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion*
I would have made them ſkip:] It is difficult for an author who never peruſes his firſt works, to avoid repeating ſome of the ſame thoughts in his latter productions. What Lear has juſt ſaid, had been anticipated by Juſtice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "I have ſeen the time with my long ſword I would have made your four tall fellows ſkip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello:*

"——I have ſeen the day
"That with this little arm and this good ſword
"I have made my way," &c. Steevens.

[9] *If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,*
One of them we behold.] I ſuppoſe by the two whom fortune once loved, and then hated, Kent means, Lear and himſelf; and that each of them, looking on the other, ſaw a rare inſtance of her caprice. He may, however, be only thinking of Lear, the object of her hate.

This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read—lov'd *or* hated; and they may be right, if the interpretation laſt given be the true one. Malone.

The meaning of this paſſage appears to me to be this. If Fortune, to diſplay the plenitude of her power, ſhould brag of two perſons, one of whom ſhe had highly elevated, and the other ſhe had wofully depreſſed, we now behold the latter. The quarto reads—She *lov'd* or *hated*, which ſeems to confirm this explanation; but either reading will expreſs the ſame ſenſe.

M. Mason.

[1] *This is a dull ſight:*] This paſſage is wanting in the quartos. So, in *Macbeth:*

"This is a ſorry ſight." Steevens.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll ſee that ſtraight.

Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay,[2]
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man elſe;[3] all's cheerleſs, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldeſt daughters have ſore-doom'd themſelves,[4]
And deſperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, ſo I think.

Alb. He knows not what he ſays;[5] and vain it is
That we preſent us to him.

Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

[2] ——*of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes. Warburton.

The quartos read:

That from your life *of difference and decay.* Steevens.

[3] *Nor no man elſe;*] Kent means, *I welcome! No,* nor no man elſe. Malone.

[4] ——ſore-doom'd *themſelves,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,—*fordone.*

Have *ſore-doom'd themſelves* is—have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to deſtroy. So, in Taylor, the water-poet's character of a ſtrumpet:

"So deſperately had ne'er *fordone* themſelves."

Again, in *A Warning for faire Women,* &c. 1599: "Speak who has done this deed? thou haſt not *fordone* thyſelf, haſt thou?" Steevens.

See Vol. IV. p. 493, n. 7. Malone.

[5] ——*he* ſays;] The quartos read—he *ſees,* which may be right. Steevens.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,[6]
Shall be applied: For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old majeſty,
To him our abſolute power:—You, to your rights;
[*To* Edgar *and* Kent.
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited.[7]—All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings.—O, ſee, ſee!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd![8] No, no, no life:

[6] *What comfort to this* great decay *may come,*] This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakſpeare poetically calls ſo, and means the ſame as if he had ſaid, *this piece of decay'd royalty,* this *ruin'd majeſty.* Steevens.

A preceding paſſage in which Gloſter laments Lear's frenzy, fully ſupports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"O *ruin'd piece* of nature! This great world
"Shall ſo wear out to nought."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"Thou art the *ruins* of the nobleſt man," &c.
Malone.

[7] ——*You, to your rights;*
With boot, *and ſuch addition as your* honours
Have more than merited.] Theſe lines are addreſſed to Kent as well as to Edgar, elſe the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. By *honours* is meant *honourable conduct.* M. Mason.

With boot,] With advantage, with increaſe. Johnson.

[8] *And my poor fool is hang'd!*] This is an expreſſion of tenderneſs for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as ſome have thought) on whoſe lips he is ſtill intent, and dies away while he is ſearching there for indications of life.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakſpeare, was an expreſſion of endearment. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——*poor* venomous *fool,*
"Be angry and deſpatch."——

Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat, have life,

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yean."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" And, *pretty fool,* it ſtinted and ſaid—ay."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* where Julia is ſpeaking of her lover Proteus:

" Alas, *poor fool!* why do I pity him?"

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the ſpace allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been ſilently withdrawn in the 6th ſcene of the 3d Act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bittereſt of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, ſhould recur to the antick who had formerly diverted him, has ſomewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine ſorrow and deſpair.

Beſides this, Cordelia was recently hanged; but we know not that the *Fool* had ſuffered in the ſame manner, nor can imagine why he ſhould. The party adverſe to Lear was little intereſted in the fate of his jeſter. The only uſe of him was to contraſt and alleviate the ſorrows of his maſter; and, that purpoſe being fully anſwered, the poet's ſolicitude about him was at an end.

The term—*poor fool* might indeed have miſbecome the mouth of a vaſſal commiſerating the untimely end of a princeſs, but has no impropriety when uſed by a weak, old, diſtracted king, in whoſe mind the diſtinctions of nature only ſurvive, while he is uttering his laſt frantick exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it ſerves to introduce ſome contradictory obſervations from a critick, in whoſe taſte and judgment too much confidence cannot eaſily be placed. STEEVENS.

I confeſs, I am one of thoſe who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool,* and not *Cordelia.* If he means *Cordelia,* then what I have always conſidered as a beauty, is of the ſame kind as the accidental ſtroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I uſed to think, was one of thoſe ſtrokes of genius, or of nature, which are ſo often found in Shakſpeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool,* whoſe fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his diſtreſs, ſeems to deſerve all his kindneſs.

Poor fool and knave, ſays he, in the midſt of the thunder-ſtorm, *I have one part in my heart that's ſorry yet for thee.*

And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,

It does not, therefore, appear to me, to be allowing too much conſequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear beſtow a thought on him, even when in ſtill greater diſtreſs. Lear is repreſented as a good-natured, paſſionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cockered ſpoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to ſuch a character thoſe tender domeſtick affections, which would ill become a more heroick character, ſuch as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life*; I ſuppoſe to be ſpoken, not tenderly, but with paſſion: Let nothing now live;—let there be univerſal deſtruction;—*Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat, have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be obſerved, that as there was a neceſſity, the neceſſity of propriety at leaſt, that this *Fool*, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and conſequently of the audience, ſhould not be loſt or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him.—However, it muſt be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakſpeare is not always attentive to finiſh the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, of applying the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I ſhould imagine, think it a ſtrange mode of expreſſing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.—The words *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expreſſive of endearment; and Shakſpeare himſelf, in another place ſpeaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool:* but it never is, nor never can be, uſed with any degree of propriety, but to commiſerate ſome very inferior object, which may be loved, without much eſteem or reſpect.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

It is not without ſome reluctance that I expreſs my diſſent from the friend whoſe name is ſubſcribed to the preceding note; whoſe obſervations on all ſubjects of criticiſm and taſte are ſo ingenious and juſt, that poſterity may be at a loſs to determine, whether his conſummate ſkill and execution in his own art, or his judgment on that and other kindred arts, were ſuperior. But *magis amica veritas* ſhould be the motto of every editor of Shakſpeare; in conformity to which I muſt add, that I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that Mr. Steevens's interpretation of theſe words is the true one. The paſſage indeed before us appears to me ſo clear, and ſo inapplicable to any perſon but Cordelia, that I fear the reader may think any further comment on it altogether ſuperfluous.

Never, never, never, never, never!—

It is obſervable that Lear from the time of his entrance in this ſcene to his uttering theſe words, and from thence to his death, is wholly occupied by the loſs of his daughter. He is diverted indeed from it for a moment by the intruſion of Kent, who forces himſelf on his notice; but he inſtantly returns to his beloved Cordelia, over whoſe dead body he continues to hang. He is now himſelf in the agony of death; and ſurely, at ſuch a time, when his heart is juſt breaking, it would be highly unnatural that he ſhould think of his Fool. But the great and *deciſive* objection to ſuch a ſuppoſition is that which Mr. Steevens has mentioned—that Lear has juſt ſeen his daughter *hanged*, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preſerve her life, though time enough to puniſh the perpetrator of the act: but we have no authority whatſoever for ſuppoſing his Fool hanged alſo.

Whether the expreſſion—*poor fool*—can be applied with propriety only to *inferior objects, for whom we have not much reſpect or eſteem*, is not, I conceive, the queſtion. Shakſpeare does not always uſe his terms with ſtrict propriety, but he is always the beſt commentator on himſelf, and he certainly *has* applied this term in another place to the *young*, the *beautiful*, and *innocent*, Adonis, the object of ſomewhat more than the eſteem of a goddeſs:

" For pity now ſhe can no more detain him;
" The *poor fool* prays her that he may depart."

Again, though leſs appoſitely, in *Twelfth Night:*

" Alas, *poor fool*, how have they baffled thee!"

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

" Lady, you have a merry heart.
" *Beat.* Yes, my lord, I thank it, *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy ſide of care."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" ——Do not weep, *good fools*,
" There is no cauſe."

In *Romeo and Juliet* a ſimilar term of endearment is employed. Mercutio, ſpeaking of Romeo, whom certainly he both eſteemed and loved, ſays—

" The *ape* is dead, and I muſt conjure him."

Nor was the phraſeology, which has occaſioned this long note, peculiar to Shakſpeare. It was long before his time incorporated in our language; as appears from the following paſſage in the old poem entitled *The Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" Yea, he forgets himſelf, he is the wretch ſo bolde
" To talk her name that without force doth him in bondage hold;

Pray you, undo this button: [9] Thank you, ſir.—
Do you ſee this? [1] Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break! [2]

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs! [3] he hates him,

" Ne how to unlooſe his bondes doth the *poor foole* deviſe,
" But only ſeeketh by her ſight to ſeed his hungry eyes."

In old Engliſh a *fool* and an *innocent* were ſynonymous terms. Hence probably the peculiar uſe of the expreſſion—*poor fool.* In the paſſage before us, Lear, I conceive, means by it, *dear, tender, helpleſs innocence!* MALONE.

[9] *Pray you undo this button:*] The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciouſly obſerves, that the ſwelling and heaving of the heart is deſcribed by *this* moſt expreſſive circumſtance.

So, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:

" ——oh my heart!——
" It beats ſo it has *broke my buttons.*"

Again, in *King Richard III:*

" —— Ah, cut my lace aſunder,
" That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
" Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news!"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" O, cut my lace; leſt my heart, cracking it,
" Break too!"

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" ——ſwell heart! *buttons* fly open!
" Thanks gentle doublet, elſe my heart had broke."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Do you ſee this?* &c.] This line and the following hemiſtich, are not in the quartos. After *thank you, ſir*, they have only the interjection *O*, five times repeated. MALONE.

[2] *Break, heart;* &c.] This line is in the quartos given to the dying Lear. MALONE.

[3] —— *O, let him paſs!*] See p. 537, n. 1. MALONE.

That would upon the rack of this tough world[4]
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe. Friends of my ſoul, you twain
[*To* Kent *and* Edgar.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, ſir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls, and I muſt not ſay, no.[5]

[4] —— *this* tough *world*—] Thus all the copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without neceſſity. This *tough* world is this *obdurate rigid* world. Steevens.

[5] —— *I muſt not ſay, no.*] The modern editors have ſuppoſed that Kent expires after he has repeated theſe two laſt lines; but the ſpeech rather appears to be meant for a deſpairing than a dying man; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forborn to inſert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another perſon, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have ſince diſcovered they vary one from another in many inſtances. Steevens.

The ſecond folio, at the end of this ſpeech, has the word—*Dyes*, in the margin. Ritson.

Kent in his entrance in this ſcene ſays—

"I am come
"To bid my king and maſter aye good night;"—

but this, like the ſpeech before us, only marks the deſpondency of the ſpeaker. The word *ſhortly* [i. e. ſome time hence, at no very diſtant period,] deciſively proves, that the poet did not mean to make him die on the ſcene. He merely ſays that he ſhall not *live long*, and therefore cannot undertake the office aſſigned to him.

The marginal direction, *he dies*, was firſt introduced by the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey;[6]
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt: we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*][7]

[6] *The weight of this ſad time* &c.] This ſpeech from the authority of the old quarto is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of cuſtom ſpoken. And the cauſe was this: he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in ſpite of decorum it was thought proper he ſhould have the laſt word. Theobald.

[7] The tragedy of Lear is deſervedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakſpeare. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention ſo ſtrongly fixed; which ſo much agitates our paſſions, and intereſts our curioſity. The artful involutions of diſtinct intereſts, the ſtriking oppoſitions of contrary characters, the ſudden changes of fortune, and the quick ſucceſſion of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no ſcene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the diſtreſs or conduct of the action, and ſcarce a line which does not conduce to the progreſs of the ſcene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind which once ventures within it, is hurried irreſiſtibly along.

On the ſeeming improbability of Lear's conduct, it may be obſerved, that he is repreſented according to hiſtories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this ſtory is referred, it will appear not ſo unlikely as while we eſtimate Lear's manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or reſignation of dominion on ſuch conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagaſcar. Shakſpeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by ſofter manners; and the truth is, that though he ſo nicely diſcriminates, and ſo minutely deſcribes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling cuſtoms ancient and modern, Engliſh and foreign.

My learned friend, Mr. Warton, who has in *The Adventurer* very minutely criticiſed this play, remarks, that the inſtances of

cruelty are too ſavage and ſhocking, and that the intervention of Edmund deſtroys the ſimplicity of the ſtory. Theſe objections may, I think, be anſwered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an hiſtorical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a ſeries of dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plauſibility for the extruſion of Gloſter's eyes, which ſeems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and ſuch as muſt always compel the mind to relieve its diſtreſſes by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would pleaſe the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the ſimplicity of the action is abundantly recompenſed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief deſign, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked ſon with the wicked daughters, to impreſs this important moral, that villainy is never at a ſtop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at laſt terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakſpeare has ſuffered the virtue of Cordelia to periſh in a juſt cauſe, contrary to the natural ideas of juſtice, to the hope of the reader, and what is yet more ſtrange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is juſtified by *The Spectator*, who blames Tate for giving Cordelia ſucceſs and happineſs in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion, *the Tragedy has loſt half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether juſtly or not, that, to ſecure the favourable reception of *Cato, the town was poiſoned with much falſe and abominable criticiſm*, and that endeavours had been uſed to diſcredit and decry poetical juſtice. A play in which the wicked proſper, and the virtuous miſcarry, may doubtleſs be good, becauſe it is a juſt repreſentation of the common events of human life: but ſince all reaſonable beings naturally love juſtice, I cannot eaſily be perſuaded, that the obſervation of juſtice makes a play worſe; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always riſe better pleaſed from the final triumph of perſecuted virtue.

In the preſent caſe the publick has decided.* Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my ſenſations could add any thing to the general ſuf-

* Dr. Johnſon ſhould rather have ſaid that the managers of the theatres-royal have decided, and the publick has been obliged to acquieſce in their deciſion. The altered play has the upper gallery on its ſide; the original drama was patronized by Addiſon:

"Victrix cauſa *Diis* placuit, ſed victa *Catoni*." STEEVENS.

frage, I might relate, I was many years ago ſo ſhocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the laſt ſcenes of the play till I undertook to reviſe them as an editor.

There is another controverſy among the criticks concerning this play. It is diſputed whether the predominant image in Lear's diſordered mind be the loſs of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular paſſages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary ſource of his diſtreſs, and that the loſs of royalty affects him only as a ſecondary and ſubordinate evil. He obſerves, with great juſtneſs, that Lear would move our compaſſion but little, did we not rather conſider the injured father than the degraded king.

The ſtory of this play, except the epiſode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holinſhed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old hiſtorical ballad. My reaſon for believing that the play was poſterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakſpeare's nocturnal tempeſt, which is too ſtriking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it firſt hinted Lear's madneſs, but did not array it in circumſtances. The writer of the ballad added ſomething to the hiſtory, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more muſt have occurred if he had ſeen Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

The epiſode of Gloſter and his ſons is borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, in which we find the following chapter, which is ſaid to be entitled, in the firſt edition of 1590, "The pitifull ſtate and ſtorie of the Paphlagonian unkinde king, and his kind ſonne: firſt related by the ſonne, then by the blind father."

In the ſecond edition printed in folio in 1593, there is no diviſion of chapters. There the ſtory of the king of Paphlagonia commences in p. 69, b, and is related in the following words:

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the ſeaſon being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then ſodainely growne to ſo extreame and foule a ſtorme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought foorth a fowler child; ſo that the princes were euen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to ſeeke ſome ſhrowding place, which a certaine hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts furie. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence thereof was paſſed, they heard the ſpeach of a couple, who, not per-

ceiuing them, (being hidde within that rude canapy) helde a ſtraunge and pitifull diſputation, which made them ſteppe out; yet in ſuch ſort, as they might ſee vnſeene. There they perceaued an aged man, and a young, ſcarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all thoſe miſeries, in both there ſeemed to appeare a kind of nobleneſſe, not ſutable to that affliction. But the firſt words they heard, were theſe of the old man. Well, *Leonatus*, (ſaid he) ſince I cannot perſwade thee to leade mee to that which ſhould end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miſerie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miſerie; feare not the danger of my blind ſteps; I cannot fall worſe then I am. And doo not, I pray thee, doo not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But flie, flie from this region, only worthy of me. Deare father, (anſwered he,) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happineſſe: while I haue power to doo you ſeruice, I am not wholly miſerable: Ah, my ſonne, (ſaid he, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtraue to breake his harte,) how euill fits it me to have ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe vpbraide my wickedneſſe! Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe, (well ſhowing they had not been borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the princes to goe out vnto them, and aſke the younger, what they were. Sirs, (anſwered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiouſnes) I ſee well you are ſtraungers, that know not our miſerie, ſo well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we muſt be miſerable. In deede our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needful vnto vs, as pittie, yet nothing is more dangerous vnto vs then to make our ſelues ſo knowne as may ſtirre pittie. But your preſence promiſeth, that cruelty ſhall not ouer-runne hate. And if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſoncke below the degree of feare.

"This old man whom I leade, was lately rightfull prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-harted vngratefulnes of a ſonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were euer able to ſpoyle him) but of his ſight; the riches which nature graunts to the pooreſt creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath been driuen to ſuch griefe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the toppe of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble gentlemen, (ſaid he) if either of you haue a father, and feele what ductifull affection is engraffed in a ſonnes heart, let me

entreate you to conuay this afflicted prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecuritie. Amongſt your worthie actes it ſhall be none of the leaſt, that a king, of ſuch might and fame, and ſo vniuſtlie oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieved.

" But before they coulde make him aunſwere, his father began to ſpeake. Ah, my ſonne, (ſaid he) how euill an hiſtorian are you, that leaue out the chief knot of all the diſcourſe? my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doeſt it to ſpare my ears, (the onely ſenſe now left mee proper for knowledge,) aſſure thy ſelfe thou doeſt miſtake me. And I take witneſſe of that ſunne which you ſee, (with that he caſt vp his blinde eies, as if he would hunt for light,) and wiſh my ſelfe in worſe caſe then I doe wiſh my ſelfe, which is as euill as may bee, if I ſpeake vntruely, that nothing is ſo welcome to my thoughts, as the publiſhing of my ſhame. Therefore know you, gentlemen, (to whome from my heart I wiſh that it may not proue ſome ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with ſuch a miſer as I am,) that whatſoeuer my ſonne (ô God, that truth bindes me to reproch him with the name of my ſon!) hath ſaide, is true. But beſides thoſe truthes, this alſo is true; that hauing had in lawfull marriage, of a mother fitte to beare roiall children, this ſonne, (ſuch a one as partly you ſee, and better ſhall knowe by my ſhort declaration,) and ſo enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growen to iuſtifie their expectations, (ſo as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue an other ones ſelfe after me,) I was carried by a baſtard ſonne of mine (if at leaſt I be bounde to beleeue the words of that baſe woman my concubine, his mother,) firſt to miſlike, then to hate, laſtly to deſtroy, or to doo my beſt to deſtroy, this ſonne (I thinke you thinke) vndeſeruing deſtruction. What waies he vſed to bring me to it, if I ſhoulde tell you, I ſhoulde tediouſlie trouble you with as much poiſonous hypocriſie, deſperate fraud, ſmooth malice, hidden ambition, and ſmiling enuie, as in any liuing perſon could be harbored. But I liſt it not; no remembraunce of naughtineſſe delightes me, but mine owne; and me thinkes, the accuſing his trappes might in ſome manner excuſe my fault, which certainelie I loth to doo. But the concluſion is, that I gaue order to ſome ſeruauntes of mine, whom I thought as apte for ſuch charities as my ſelfe, to lead him out into a forreſt, and there to kill him.

" But thoſe theeues (better natured to my ſonne than my ſelfe) ſpared his life, letting him goe, to learne to liue poorlie: which he did, giuing himſelfe to be a priuate ſouldier, in a countrey here by. But as he was ready to be greatlie aduaunced for ſome noble peeces of ſeruice which he did, he heard newes

of me: who, dronke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnaturall ſonne of mine, ſuffered my ſelfe ſo to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and puniſhments paſſed by him; all offices, and places of importance, diſtributed to his fauourites; ſo that ere I was aware, I had left my ſelfe nothing but the name of a king: which he ſhortly wearie of too, with manie indignities, if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laide vpon me, threw me out of my ſeate, and put out my eies; and then, proud in his tirannie, let me goe, neither impriſoning nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feele my miſerie; miſerie in deede, if euer there were any; full of wretchedneſſe, fuller of diſgrace, and fulleſt of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by ſo vniuſt meanes, as vniuſtlie he kept it, by force of ſtraunger ſouldiers in cittadels, the neſtes of tirannie, and murderers of libertie; diſarming all his own countrimen, that no man durſt ſhew himſelfe a well-willer of mine; to ſay the truth, (I thinke) few of them being ſo, conſidering my cruell folly to my good ſonne, and fooliſh kindneſſe to my vnkind baſtard: but if there were any who felt a pitty of ſo great a fall, and had yet any ſparkes of vnſlaine duety lefte in them towards me, yet durſt they not ſhewe it, ſcarcely with giuing mee almes at their doores; which yet was the onely ſuſtenaunce of my diſtreſſed life, no body daring to ſhowe ſo much charitie, as to lende mee a hande to guide my darke ſteppes: till this ſonne of mine, (God knowes, woorthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father,) forgetting my abhominable wronges, not recking daunger, and neglecting the preſent good way hee was in of doing himſelfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you ſee him performe towardes me, to my vnſpeakable griefe; not only becauſe his kindnes is a glaſſe euen to my blind eies, of my naughtines, but that, aboue all griefes, it greeues me he ſhould deſperatlie aduenture the loſſe of his well deſeruing life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deſerts; as if hee would cary mudde in a cheſt of chriſtall. For well I know, he that now raigneth, howe much ſoeuer (and with good reaſon) he deſpiſeth me, of all men deſpiſed, yet hee will not let ſlippe any aduantage to make away him, whoſe iuſt title, enobled by courage and goodnes, may one day ſhake the ſeate of a neuerſeene tyrannie. And for this cauſe I craued of him to leade mee to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I muſt confeſſe, with meaning to free him from ſo ſerpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purpoſed, onely therein ſince hee was borne, ſhewed himſelfe diſobedient vnto mee. And now, gentlemen, you haue the true ſtorie, which I pray you publiſh to the world, that my miſchieuous proceedings may bee the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for ſo greate a

merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my ſonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in ſauing any, then in ending me; both becauſe therein my agonies ſhall ende, and ſo ſhall you preſerue this excellent young man, who els wilfully followes his owne ruine.

" The matter in it ſelfe lamentable, lamentably expreſſed by the old prince, which needed not take to himſelfe the geſtures of pitie, ſince his face coulde not put of the markes thereof; greatly moued the two princes to compaſſion, which coulde not ſtay in ſuch harts as theirs without ſecking remedie. But by and by the occaſion was preſented: for *Plexirtus* (ſo was the baſtard called) came thether with fortie horſe, onely of purpoſe to murder this brother; of whoſe comming he had ſoone aduertiſement, and thought no eyes of ſufficient credite in ſuch a matter, but his owne; and therefore came himſelfe to be actor, and ſpectator. And as ſoone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as hee thought) garde of but two men, commaunded ſome of his followers to ſet their handes to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young prince, though not otherwiſe armed but with a ſworde, howe falſely ſoeuer he was dealt with by others, would not betray him ſelfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the firſt that aſſayled him warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were quickly become parties, (ſo iuſt a defence deſerving as much as old friendſhip,) and ſo did behave them among that companie, more iniurious then valiant, that many of them loſt their liues for their wicked maiſter.

" Yet perhaps had the number of them at laſt prevailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made ſo) had not come vnlooked for to their ſuccour. Who, hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon ſome great daunger preſently to follow thoſe two princes whom hee moſt dearely loued, was come in all haſt, following as wel as he could their track with a hundreth horſes, in that countrie which he thought, conſidering who then raigned, a fitte place inough to make the ſtage of any tragedie.

" But then the match had beene ſo ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and worſe gotten honour, ſhould haue tumbled together to deſtruction, had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their ſuite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. Theſe two were brothers, of the nobleſt houſe of that country, brought vppe from their infancy with *Plexirtus*: men of ſuch prowelſe, as not to knowe feare in themſelues, and yet to teach it others that ſhoulde deale with them; for they had often made their liues triumph ouer moſt terrible daungers; neuer diſmaied, and euer fortunate; and truely no more ſelled

in valure, then diſpoſed to goodnes and iuſtice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendſhip a childe, and not the father of vertue. But bringing vp, rather then choiſe, hauing firſt knit their mindes vnto him, (indeede crafty inough, either to hide his faultes, or neuer to ſhowe them, but when they might pay home,) they willingly helde out the courſe, rather to ſatisfie him then all the worlde; and rather to be good friendes, then good men: ſo as though they did not like the euill hee did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not councellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this ſodaine going out, with ſo ſmall a company, in a countrey full of euill-wiſhing mindes toward him, though they knew not the cauſe, followed him; till they founde him in ſuch caſe as they were to venture their liues, or elſe he to looſe his: which they did with ſuch force of minde and bodie, that truely I may iuſtly ſay, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them ſo well repeate their hardeſt leſſon in the feates of armes. And briefly ſo they did, that if they ouercame not, yet were they not ouercome, but caried away that vngratefull maiſter of theirs to a place of ſecurity; howſoeuer the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus farre begun, it became not the conſtancy of the princes ſo to leaue it; but in all haſt making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrigia*, they had in fewe daies lefte him onely that one ſtrong place where he was. For feare hauing beene the onely knot that had faſtned his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force, they all ſcattered from him; like ſo many birdes, whoſe cage had beene broken.

"In which ſeaſon the blinde king, hauing in the chiefe cittie of his realme ſet the crown vppon his ſon *Leonatus* head, with many teares (both of ioy and ſorrow) ſetting forth to the whole people his owne fault and his ſonnes vertue, after he had kiſt him, and forſt his ſonne to accept honour of him, as of his new-become ſubject, euen in a moment died: as it ſhould ſeeme, his heart broken with vnkindenes and affliction, ſtretched ſo farre beyond his limits with this exceſſe of comfort, as it was able no longer to keepe ſafe his vitall ſpirites. But the new king, hauing no leſſe louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue, purſued on the ſiege of his vnnaturall brother, aſmuch for the reuenge of his father, as for the eſtabliſhing of his owne quiet. In which ſiege truely I cannot but acknowledge the proweſſe of thoſe two brothers, then whome the princes neuer found in all their trauaile two of greater hability to performe, nor of habler ſkil for conduct.

"But *Plexirtus* finding, that if nothing elſe, famine would at laſt bring him to deſtruction, thought better by humblenes to

creepe, where by pride he coulde not marche. For certainely ſo had nature formed him, and the exerciſe of craft conformed him, to all turningnes of ſleights, that though no man had leſſe goodnes in his ſoule than he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodneſſe to another: though no man felt leſſe pitie, no man could tel better how to ſtir pitie: no man more impudent to deny, where proofes were not manifeſt; no man more ready to confeſſe with a repenting manner of aggrauating his owne euill, where denial would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a paſport for one (that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to ſpeake with the king his brother, he himſelfe (though much againſt the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wiſhed to die in braue defence,) with a rope about his necke, barefooted, came to offer himſelfe to the diſcretion of *Leonatus*. Where, what ſubmiſſion hee vſed, how cunningly in making greater the faulte he made the faultines the leſſe, how artificially he could ſet out the torments of his owne conſcience, with the burdenſome comber he had found of his ambitious deſires, how finely ſeeming to deſire nothing but death, as aſhamed to liue, he begd life in the refuſing it, I am not cunning inough to be able to expreſſe: but ſo fell out of it, that though at firſt ſight *Leonatus* ſaw him with no other eie then as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuſe of the faulte paſt, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines chiefe miniſters of his wickednes, now betraied by the author thereof, were deliuered to many cruell ſorts of death; he ſo handling it, that it rather ſeemed, hee had more come into the defence of an vnremediable miſchiefe already committed, then that they had done it at firſt by his conſent." MALONE.

A

LAMENTABLE SONG

OF THE DEATH OF

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

King Leir * once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could show the dearest love:
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be:
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

* *King Leir* &c.] This ballad is given from an ancient copy in *The Golden Garland*, black letter, to the tune of—*When flying fame*. It is here reprinted from Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. I. third edit.
STEEVENS.

And ſo will I, the ſecond ſaid;
Dear father, for your ſake,
The worſt of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And ſerve your highneſs night and day
With diligence and love;
That ſweet content and quietneſs
Diſcomforts may remove.

In doing ſo, you glad my ſoul,
The aged king reply'd;
But what ſay'ſt thou, my youngeſt girl,
How is thy love ally'd?
My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll ſhow.

And wilt thou ſhow no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is ſmall,
When as no more I find:
Henceforth I baniſh thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour ſhall be thine.

Thy elder ſiſters' loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally beſtow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal ſtate and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With thoſe thy ſiſters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flattering ſpeeches won renown
By theſe two ſiſters here:
The third had cauſeleſs baniſhment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an Engliſh town:

Until at laſt in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet ſhe was deem'd
The faireſt on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady ſeen,
With full conſent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters ſtaid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full ſoon the ſame decay'd;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldeſt of the twain,
She took from him his chiefeſt means,
And moſt of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after ſcarce to three:
Nay, one ſhe thought too much for him:
So took ſhe all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer ſtay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell;
My ſecond child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full faſt he hies then to her court;
Where when ſhe hears his moan
Return'd him anſwer, That ſhe griev'd
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would ſtay
Within her kitchen, he ſhould have
What ſcullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
He made his anſwer then;
In what I did let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again, quoth he,
Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not uſe me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder ſort.

Where when he came, ſhe gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
(She ſaid) he would not ſtay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What ſcullion boys ſet by.

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which ſhe had promis'd late:
For once refuſing, he ſhould not
Come after to her gate.
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
He wander'd up and down;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngeſt daughter's words,
That ſaid, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had baniſh'd ſo,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe:

Which made him rend his milk-white locks,
And treſſes from his head,
And all with blood beſtain his cheeks,
With age and honour ſpread:
To hills and woods, and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods, and ſenſeleſs things,
Did ſeem to ſigh and groan.

Even thus poſſeſt with diſcontents,
He paſſed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there
To find ſome gentler chance:
Moſt virtuous dame! which when ſhe heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, ſhe quickly ſent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant ſort,
She gave in charge he ſhould be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whoſe royal king, with noble mind,
So freely gave conſent,
To muſter up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And ſo to England came with ſpeed,
To repoſſeſs king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where ſhe, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle ſlain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Poſſeſt his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whoſe cauſe
She did this battle move;
He ſwooning fell upon her breaſt,
From whence he never parted:
But on her boſom left his life,
That was ſo truely hearted.

The lords and nobles when they ſaw
The end of theſe events,
The other ſiſters unto death
They doomed by conſents;
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you ſeen the fall of pride,
And diſobedient ſin. JOHNSON.*

* This ballad, which by no means deſerves a place in any edition of Shakſpeare, is evidently a moſt ſervile purſuit,—not, indeed, of our author's play,

which the writer does not appear to have read, but of Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, where, as in Geoffrey of Monmouth, the King of France is called *Aganippus*. I ſuppoſe, however, that the performance and celebrity of the play might have ſet the ballad-maker at work, and furniſhed him with the circumſtance of Lear's madneſs, of which there is no hint either in the hiſtorian or the old play. The omiſſion of any other ſtriking incident may be fairly imputed to his want of either genius or information. All he had to do was to ſpin out a ſort of narrative in a ſort of verſe, to be ſung about the ſtreets, and make advantage of the publick curioſity. I much doubt whether any common ballad can be produced anterior to a play upon the ſame ſubject, unleſs in the caſe of ſome very recent event. RITSON.

END OF VOL. XVII.

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